THE HISTORIES AND NOVELS

Of the Late

Ingenious Mrs *Behn*:

In One VOLUME.

VIZ.

Oroonoko, or the Royal Slave.
The Fair Jilt, or Prince Tarquin.
Agnes de Castro, or the Force of Generous Love.
Lover's Watch, or the Art of Love.
The Ladies Looking-Glass.
The Lucky Mistake, and Love-Letters: Never before Printed.

Together with

The LIFE and MEMOIRS of Mrs. *Behn.*

Written by One of the Fair Sex.

LONDON,
Printed for *S. Briscoe* in *Covent-Garden*; and Sold by *Richard Wellington* at the *Lute* in St. *Paul's* Church-Yard, 1696.

TO THE

Right Honourable

THE

Lord *MAITLAND*.

My Lord,

SInce the World is grown so Nice and Critical upon Dedications, and will needs be Judging the Book by the Wit of the Patron; we ought with a great deal of Circumspection to chuse a Person against whom there can be no Exception, and whose Wit and Worth (truly Merits all that one is capable of saying upon that Occasion.

The moſt part of Dedications are charg'd with Flattery; and if the World knows a Man has ſome Vices, they will not allow one to ſpeak of his Virtues. This, my Lord, is for want of thinking Rightly; if Men wou'd conſider with Reaſon, they wou'd have another ſort of Opinion, and Eſteem of Dedications; and wou'd believe almoſt every Great Man has enough to make him Worthy of all that can be ſaid of him there. My Lord, a Picture-drawer, when he intends to make a good Picture, eſſays the Face many Ways, and in many Lights, before he begins; that he may chuſe, from the ſeveral turns of it, which is moſt Agreeable, and gives it the beſt Grace; and if there be a Scar, an ungrateful Mole, or any little Defect, they leave it out; and yet

make the Picture extreamly like: But he who has the good Fortune to draw a Face that is exactly Charming in all its Parts and Features, what Colours or Agreements can be added to make it Finer? All that he can give is but its due; and Glories in a Piece whoſe Original alone gives it its Perfection. An ill Hand may diminiſh, but a good Hand cannot augment its Beauty. A Poet is a Painter in his way; he draws to the Life, but in another kind; we draw the Nobler part, the Soul and Mind; the Pictures of the Pen ſhall out-laſt thoſe of the Pencil, and even Worlds themſelves. 'Tis a ſhort Chronicle of thoſe Lives that poſſibly wou'd be forgotten by other Hiſtorians, or lye neglected there, however deſerving an immortal Fame; for

Men of eminent Parts are as Exemplary as even Monarchs themselves; and Virtue is a noble Lesson to be learn'd, and 'tis by Comparison we can Judge and Chuse. 'Tis by such illustrious Presidents, as your Lordship, the World can be Better'd and Refin'd; when a great part of the lazy Nobility shall, with Shame, behold the admirable Accomplishments of a Man so Great, and so Young.

Your Lordship has Read innumerable Volumes of Men, and Books; not vainly for the gust of Novelty, but Knowledge, excellent Knowledge: Like the industrious Bee, from every Flower you return Laden with the precious Dew, which you are sure to turn to the Publick Good. You hoard no one Perfection, but lay it all out in the Glorious Service

of your Religion and Country; to both which you are a uſeful and neceſſary Honour: They both want ſuch Supporters; and 'tis only Men of ſo elevated Parts, and fine Knowledge, ſuch noble Principles of Loyalty and Religion this Nation Sighs for. Where ſhall we find a Man ſo Young, like St. *Auguſtine*, in the midſt of all his Youth and Gaiety, Teaching the World divine Precepts, true Notions of Faith, and Excellent Morality, and, at the ſame time, be alſo a perfect Pattern of all that accompliſh a Great Man? You have, my Lord, all that refin'd Wit that Charms, and the Affability that Obliges; a Generoſity that gives a Luſtre to your Nobility; that Hoſpitality, and Greatneſs of Mind, that ingages the World; and that admirable Con-

duct, that ſo well Inſtructs it. Our Nation ought to regret and bemoan their Misfortunes, for not being able to claim the Honour of the Birth of a Man who is ſo fit to ſerve his Majeſty, and his Kingdoms, in all Great and Publick Affairs: And to the Glory of your Nation be it ſpoken, it produces more conſiderable Men, for all fine Sence, Wit, Wiſdom, Breeding, and Generoſity (for the generality of the Nobility) than all other Nations can Boaſt; and the Fruitfulneſs of your Virtues ſufficiently make amends for the Barrenneſs of your Soil: Which however cannot be incommode to your Lordſhip; ſince your Quality, and the Veneration that the Commonalty naturally pay their Lords, creates a flowing Plenty there -- that makes you

Happy. And to compleat your Happineſs, my Lord, Heaven has bleſt you with a Lady, to whom it has given all the Graces, Beauties, and Virtues of her Sex; all the Youth, Sweetneſs of Nature; of a moſt illuſtrious Family; and who is a moſt rare Example to all Wives of Quality, for her eminent Piety, Eaſineſs, and Condeſcention; and as abſolutely merits Reſpect from all the World, as ſhe does that Paſſion and Reſignation ſhe receives from your Lordſhip; and which is, on her part, with ſo much Tenderneſs return'd. Methinks your tranquil Lives are an Image of the new Made and Beautiful Pair in Paradiſe: And 'tis the Prayers and Wiſhes of all, who have the Honour to know you, that it may Eternally ſo continue, with Additions of all the Bleſſings this World can give you. My

My Lord, the Obligations I have to some of the Great Men of your Nation, particularly to your Lordship, gives me an Ambition of making my Acknowledgments, by all the Opportunities I can; and such humble Fruits, as my Industry produces, I lay at your Lordship's Feet. This is a true Story, of a Man gallant enough to merit your Protection; and, had he always been so Fortunate, he had not made so Inglorious an End: The *Royal Slave* I had the Honour to know in my Travels to the other World; and though I had none above me in that Country, yet I wanted power to preserve this Great Man. If there be any thing that seems Romantick, I beseech your Lordship to consider, these Countries do, in all things, so far differ from ours, that

that they produce unconceivable Wonders; at leaſt, they appear ſo to us, becauſe New and Strange. What I have mention'd I have taken care ſhou'd be Truth, let the Critical Reader judge as he pleaſes. 'Twill be no Commendation to the Book, to aſſure your Lordſhip I writ it in a few Hours, though it may ſerve to Excuſe ſome of its Faults of Connexion; for I never reſted my Pen a Moment for Thought: 'Tis purely the Merit of my Slave that muſt render it worthy of the Honour it begs; and the Author of that of Subſcribing her ſelf,

My Lord,

Your Lordſhip's moſt oblig'd
and obedient Servant,

A. BEHN.

ME-

MEMOIRS
ON THE
LIFE
OF
Mrs. *BEHN.*

Written by a Gentlewoman of her Acquaintance.

MY intimate Acquaintance with the admirable Aſtrea, *gave me, naturally, a very great Eſteem for her; for it both freed me from that Folly of my Sex of envying or ſlighting Excellencies I cou'd not obtain; and inſpir'd me with a noble Fire to celebrate that Woman, who*

was

was an Honour and Glory to our Sex; and this Re-printing her incomparable Novels, presented me with a lucky Occasion of exerting that Desire into Action.

She was a Gentlewoman, by Birth, of a good Family in the City of Canterbury, *in* Kent; *her paternal Name was* Johnson, *whose Relation to the Lord* Willoughby, *drew him for the advantageous Post of Lieutenant-General of many Isles, besides the Continent of* Surinam, *from his quiet Retreat at* Canterbury, *to run the hazardous Voyage of the* West-Indies; *with him he took his chief Riches, his Wife and Children; and in that Number* Afra, *his Promising Darling, our Future* Heroine, *and Admir'd* Astrea; *Who, ev'n in the first Bud of Infancy, discover'd such early Hopes of her riper Years, that she was equally her Parent's Joy*

and

and Fears; for they too often mistrust the Loss of a Child, whose Wit and Understanding outstrip its Years, as too great a Blessing to be long enjoy'd. Whether that Fear proceed from our Superstition, or Diffidence of our present Happiness, I shall not determine; but must pursue my Discourse, with assuring you, none had greater Fears of that Nature, or greater Cause for 'em; for, besides the Vivacity and Wit of her Conversation, at the first Use almost of Reason in Discourse, she wou'd Write the prettiest, soft-engaging Verses in the World. Thus qualify'd, she accompany'd her Parents in their long Voyage to Surinam, leaving behind her the Sighs and Tears of all her Friends, and breaking Hearts of her Lovers, that sigh'd to possess, what was scarce yet arriv'd to a Capacity of easing their Pain, if she had been

willing.

willing. But as she was Mistress of uncommon Charms of Body, as well as Mind, she gave infinite and raging Desires, before she cou'd know the least her self.

Her Father liv'd not to see that Land flowing with Milk and Honey; that Paradise, which she so admirably describes in Oroonoko, where you may also find what Adventures happen'd to her in that Country, the Misfortunes of that Prince had been unknown to us, if the Divine Astrea had not been there, and his Suff'rings had wanted that satisfaction which her Pen has giv'n 'em in the Immortality of his Virtues, and Constancy; the very Memory of which, move a generous Pity in all, and a Contempt of the brutal Actors in that unfortunate Tragedy. Here I can add nothing to what she has given the World already, but a Vindication of her from

some

[illegible] Aspersions I find, are in-
[illegible] this Town in Relation
[illegible] I knew her intimate
[illegible] and I believe she wou'd not
have conceal'd any Love-affair from
[illegible] one of her own Sex, whose
[illegible] and Secrecy she had ex-
[illegible], which makes me assure the
World, there was no Affair between
this Prince and Astrea, but what
the whole Plantation were witnesses
of; A generous Value for his uncom-
mon Virtues, e'ry one that but hears
em, finds in himself, and his Pre-
sence gave her no more. Beside, his
Heart was too violently set on the
everlasting Charms of his Imoinda,
to be shook with those more faint (in
his Eye) of a White Beauty; and
Astrea's Relations, there present, had
too watchful an Eye over her to per-
mit the Frailty of her Youth, if that
had been powerful enough. As this
is false, so are the Consequences of

it so; for the Lord, her Father's friend, that was not then arriv'd, perish'd in a Hurricane, without having it in his power to resent it. Nor had his Resentments been any thing to her, who only waited the Arrival of the next Ships, to convey her back to her desir'd England: Where she soon after, to her satisfaction, arriv'd, and gave King Charles the Second, so pleasant and rational an Account of his Affairs there, and particularly of the Misfortunes of Oroonoko, that he desir'd her to deliver them publickly to the World; and satisfy'd on her Abilities in the Management of Business, and the Fidelity of our Heroine to his Int'rest: After she was Marry'd to Mr. Behn, a Merchant of this City, tho' of Dutch Extraction, he committed to her Secrecy, and Conduct-Affairs of the highest Importance in the Dutch War; which Obliging

liging her to stay at Antwerp, *presented her with* The Adventures of Prince *Tarquin*, and his false wicked Fair One *Miranda*: *the full Account of which, you will find admirably writ in the following Volume.*

But I must not omit entirely some other Adventures, that happend to her during this Negotiation, tho I cannot give so just and large a Representation of them as I willingly wou'd.

I have told you, that as her Mind, so her Body was Adorn'd with all the Advantages of our Sex. Wit, Beauty, and Judgment, seldom meet in one, especially in Woman, (you may allow this from a Woman) but in her they were Eminent; and this made her turn all the Advantages each gave her to the Int'rest she had devoted her self to serve: And whereas the Beauty of the Face is that

which generally takes with Mankind, so it gives 'em most commonly an assurance, and security from Designs; for they suppose that a beautiful Woman as she is made for the Pleasure of others, so chiefly to mind her own; and in that they are not much mistaken, for they pursue the same Course with the Rest of the World, Pleasure; but then 'tis as various as their Tempers, and what they generally imagine may have the least share in many of them. The even, I'm sure, shew'd that in Astrea *(at this time at least) the Pleasures of Love had not the Predominance, when she diverted the Hopes, which the Vanity of a* Dutch *Merchant of great Int'rest and Authority in* Holland, *to the Service of her Prince, and his own shameful Disappointment.*

They are mistaken who imagine that a Dutch-Man *can't Love; for tho' they are generally more phlegmatick than other Men, yet it sometimes happens that Love does penetrate the Lump, and dis-*

pense

penſe an enlivening Fire, that deſtroys its graver, and cooler Conſiderations; at leaſt it once prov'd ſo on this Spark, whom we muſt call by the Name of Vander Albert *of* Utrecht.

Antwerp *is a City of great Opulence and Compaſs, and before the Separation of the Seven Provinces from the other Ten, the* Emperium *of* Flanders, *and is yet a Town of Conſiderable Trade and Reſort; 'tis in the* Spaniſh Netherlands, *and yet near Neighbour to the Dominions of the* States. *For which Reaſon, our* Aſtrea *choſe it for the Place of her Abode, where ſhe might with the greater Eaſe hear from, and meet with* Vander Albert; *who before the War, in her Husband's time, had been in love with her in* England, *and on which ſhe grounded the Succeſs of her Negotiation.* Albert, *as ſoon as he knew of her Arrival at* Antwerp, *and the publick Poſts he was in wou'd give him leave, made a ſhort Voyage to meet her, with all the Love*

his Nature was capable of, (and which by chance was much, and more refin'd than moſt of his Countrymen, at leaſt according to our common Notions of 'em,) and after a Repetition of all his former Profeſſions for his Service, preſs'd her extreamly to let him by ſome ſignal Means give undeniable Proofs of the Vehemence and Sincerity of his Paſſion; for which he wou'd ask no Reward, till he had by long and faithful Services convinc'd her that he deſerv'd it.

This Propoſal was ſo reaſonable, and ſo extreamly ſuitable to her preſent Aim in the Service of her Country, that ſhe accepted it; and having the Reward in her own Power, as well as the Judgment of his Deſerts, ſhe put him to that uſe, which made her very ſerviceable to the King. The Particulars of which, are not proper to inſert in this Eſſay; I ſhall only proceed to the Concluſion of her Affair with the Dutch-Man, which was pleaſant enough, and by which means ſhe

might

might preserve her Honour, without injuring her Gratitude; for she cou'd not deny but he had done such Services that did justly challenge a Return for so much Love as produc'd 'em.

There was a Woman of some Remains of Beauty in Antwerp, *that had often given* Astrea *warning of the Infidelity of* Albert, *assuring her he was of so fickle a Nature, that he never lov'd past Enjoyment, and sometimes made his Change, before he had ev'n that pretence, of which Number her self was, whom he had profess'd so much Love for as to Marry her, and desert her that very Night in the height of her Expectations: This Woman came now into* Astrea's *Mind at the same time, to gratifie her Admirer with a belief of his Happiness, and do Justice to an injur'd Woman. She gives her Notice of her Design, and orders the Appointment so, that* Albert *met* Catalina, *(for that was her Name) for* Astrea, *and possess'd her with all the satisfaction*

of a longing Lover. But Catalina, infinitely pleas'd with the Adventure, appoints the next Night, and the following; and finding his Tranſports ſtill freſh and high, began to confide in her own Charms; and keeping him longer than uſual, made the Day diſcover a double Diſappointment of her in her future Pleaſures, and him in the paſt, for he cou'd not forgive her ev'n the Joys he had imparted by the falſe Bait of anothers Charms, but flung from her with higheſt Reſentment and Indignation, aud return'd to Aſtrea to upbraid her with her ungenerous Dealing; who, for her Plea, urg'd his Duty to his Wife, and how unreaſonable it was in him to deſire the ſacrificing of the Reputation of the Woman he profeſs'd to love.

Tho' Albert was forc'd to acquieſce in what ſhe ſaid, he cou'd not loſe his Deſire, now increas'd by the pleaſure of Revenge, which he promis'd himſelf in the Enjoyment of her, ev'n againſt her Will,

Will, and almost without her Knowledge. Mrs. Behn had an Old Woman of near Threescore, which, out of Charity, she kept as her Companion, having been an old decay'd Gentlewoman; but she, guilty of the Common Vice, of Age, Avarice, coveteous of what they cannot enjoy, was corrupted by Albert's Gold, to put him dress'd in her Night-cloaths to bed in her place (for she made her her Bed fellow) when Astrea was out at a Merchants of Antwerp, passing the Ev'ning in Play, and Mirth as her Age, and Gaiety requir'd: The Son of which Merchant was a brisk, lively, frolicksome young Fellow, and with his two Sisters, and some Servants, waited on Astrea home; and as a conclusion of that Night's Mirth, propos'd to go to bed to the old Woman and surprize her, whilst they shou'd all come in with the Candles and compleat the merry Scene: As it was agreed, so they did; but the young Spark was more surpriz'd when, in the Encounter, he found himself met with an unexpected

pected Ardour, and a Man's Voice, saying, Have I now caught thee, thou malicious Charmer; now I'll not let thee go till thou has done me Justice for all the Wrongs thou hast offer'd my doating Love.

By this time the rest of the Company were come in, all extreamly surpriz'd to find Albert in Astrea's Bed, instead of the Old Woman; who being thus discover'd, and Albert appeas'd with a Promise to Marry him at her Arrival in England, was discarded to provide for her self according to her Deserts: But Albert taking his leave of her with a heavy Heart, and returning into Holland to make all things ready for his Voyage to England, and Matrimony, dy'd at Amsterdam of a Feaver. Whilst Astrea proceeded in her Journey to Ostend, and Dunkirk, where, with Sir Bernard Gascoign, and others, she took Shipping for England; in which short Voyage she met with a strange Appearance,

that

that was visible to all the Passengers and Ship's Crew. Sir Bernard Galcoign *had brought with him from* Italy *several admirable Telescopes and Prospective-Glasses, and looking through one of them, when the Day was very calm and clear, espy'd a strange Apparition floating on the Water, which was also seen by all in their turns that look'd through it, which made 'em conclude that they were painted Glasses that were put at the Ends on purpose to surprize and amuse those that look'd through 'em; till after having taken 'em out, rubb'd, and put 'em in again, they found the same thing floating toward the Ship, and which was now come so near as to be within View without the Glass; I've often heard her assert, that the whole Company saw it: the Figure was this: A foursquare Floor of various colour'd Marble, from which ascended rows of fluted and twisted Pillars, emboss'd round with climbing Vines and Flowers, and waving Streamers, that re-*

ceiv'd

ceiv'd an easie Motion from the Air; up the Pillars a hundred little Cupids clamber'd with flutt'ring Wings. This strange Pageant came almost near enough for one to step out of the Ship into it before it vanish'd; after which, and a short Calm, follow'd so violent a Storm, that having driv'n the Ship upon the Coasts, she split in sight of Land, but the People, by the help of the Inhabitants, and Boats from shoar, were all sav'd; and our Astrea arriv'd safe, tho' tir'd, to London, from a Voyage that gain'd her more Reputation than Profit.

The Rest of her Life was entirely dedicated to Pleasure and Poetry; the success in which, gain'd her the Acquaintance and Friendship of the most sensible Men of the Age.

Here therefore I must draw to an End; for tho' considerable Trusts were repos'd in her, yet they were of that import, that I must not presume here to insert 'em: But shall conclude with her Death, occasion'd by an unskilful Physician about March or A-

pril

pril 1686, and was bury'd in the Cloysters of Westminster-Abby, cover'd only with a plain Marble Stone with two wretched Verses on it, made, as I'm inform'd, by a very ingenious Gentleman, tho' no Poet, the very Person whom the Envious of our Sex, and the Malicious of the other, wou'd needs have the Author of most of hers; which, to my Knowledge, were her own Product, without the Assistance of any thing but Nature, which shews it self indeed without the Ambarrassments of Art in e'ry thing she has Writ.

She was of a generous and open Temper, something passionate, very serviceable to her Friends in all that was in her Power; and cou'd sooner forgive an Injury, than do one. She had Wit, Honour, good Humour and Judgment. She was Mistress of all the pleasing Arts of Conversation, but us'd 'em not to any but those who lov'd not Plain-dealing. She was a Woman of Sense, and by Consequence a lover of Pleasure, as indeed all, both Men and Women, are; but only

some

some would be thought to be above the Conditions of Humanity, and place their chief Pleasure in a proud, vain Hypocrisie: For my part, I knew her intimately, and never saw ought unbecoming the just Modesty of our Sex, tho' more gay and free than the Folly of the Precise will allow. She was, I'm satisfy'd, a greater Honour to our Sex than all the canting Tribe of Dissemblers, that die with the false Reputation of Saints. This I may venture to say, because I'm unknown, and the revengeful Censures of my Sex will not reach me, since they will never be able to draw the Veil, and discover the Speaker of these bold Truths. If I have done my dead Friend any manner of Justice, I am satisfy'd, having obtain'd my End: If not, the Reader must remember that there are few Astrea's arise in our Age; and till such a One does appear, all our Endeavours in Encomiums on the last, must be vain and impotent.

THE

THE HISTORY OF THE Royal Slave.

I Do not pretend, in giving you the Hiſtory of this *Royal Slave*, to entertain my Reader with the Adventures of a feign'd *Hero*, whoſe Life and Fortunes Fancy may manage at the Poet's Pleaſure; nor in relating the Truth, deſign to adorn it with any Accidents, but ſuch as arriv'd in earneſt to him: And it ſhall come ſimply into the World, recommended by its own proper Merits, and natural Intrigues; there being enough of Reality to ſupport it, and to render it diverting, without the Addition of Invention.

I was my ſelf an Eye-witneſs, to a great part, of what you will find here ſet down; and what I cou'd not be Witneſs of, I receiv'd from the Mouth of the chief Actor in this Hiſtory, the *Hero* himſelf, who gave us the whole Tranſactions of his Youth; and though I ſhall omit, for Brevity's ſake, a thouſand little Ac-

cidents of his Life, which, however pleaſant to us, where Hiſtory was ſcarce, and Adventures very rare; yet might prove tedious and heavy to my Reader, in a World where he finds Diverſions for every Minute, new and ſtrange: But we who were perfectly charm'd with the Character of this great Man, were curious to gather every Circumſtance of his Life.

The Scene of the laſt part of his Adventures lies in a Colony in *America*, called *Surinam*, in the *Weſt-Indies*.

But before I give you the Story of this *Gallant Slave*, 'tis fit I tell you the manner of bringing them to theſe new *Colonies*; for thoſe they make uſe of there, are not *Natives* of the place; for thoſe we live with in perfect Amity, without daring to command 'em; but on the contrary, careſs 'em with all the brotherly and friendly Affection in the World; trading with 'em for their Fiſh, Veniſon, Buffilo's, Skins, and little Rarities; as Marmoſets, a ſort of *Monkey* as big as a Rat or Weeſel, but of a marvellous and delicate ſhape, and has Face and Hands like an Humane Creature: and *Couſheries*, a little Beaſt in the form and faſhion of a Lion, as big as a Kitten; but ſo exactly made in all parts like that noble Beaſt, that it is it in *Minature*. Then for little *Parakeetoes*, great Parrots, *Muckaws*, and a thouſand other Birds and Beaſts of wonderful and ſurprizing Forms, Shapes, and Colours. For Skins of prodigious Snakes, of which there are ſome threeſcore Yards in length; as is the Skin of one that may be ſeen at His Majeſty's *Antiquaries*: Where are alſo ſome rare Flies, of amazing

mazing Forms and Colours, preſented to 'em by my ſelf; ſome as big as my Fiſt, ſome leſs; and all of various Excellencies, ſuch as Art cannot imitate. Then we trade for Feathers, which they order into all Shapes, make themſelves little ſhort Habits of 'em, and glorious Wreaths for their Heads, Necks, Arms and Legs, whoſe Tinctures are unconceivable. I had a Sett of theſe preſented to me, and I gave 'em to the King's Theatre, and it was the Dreſs of the *Indian Queen*, infinitely admir'd by Perſons of Quality; and were unimitable. Beſides theſe, a thouſand little Knacks, and Rarities in Nature, and ſome of Art; as their Baskets, Weapons, Aprons, *&c.* We dealt with 'em with Beads of all Colours, Knives, Axes, Pins and Needles; which they us'd only as Tools to drill Holes with in their Ears, Noſes and Lips, where they hang a great many little things; as long Beads, bits of Tin, Braſs, or Silver, beat thin; and any ſhining Trincket. The Beads they weave into Aprons about a quarter of an Ell long, and of the ſame breadth; working them very prettily in Flowers of ſeveral Colours of Beads; which Apron they wear juſt before 'em, as *Adam* and *Eve* did the Fig-leaves; the Men wearing a long Stripe of Linen, which they deal with us for. They thread theſe Beads alſo on long Cotton-threads, and make Girdles to tie their Aprons to, which come twenty times, or more, about the Waſte; and then croſs, like a Shoulder-belt, both ways, and round their Necks, Arms and Legs. This Adornment, with their long black Hair, and the Face painted in little Specks or Flowers

here and there, makes 'em a wonderful Figure to behold. Some of the Beauties which indeed are finely ſhap'd, as almoſt all are, and who have pretty Features, are very charming and novel; for they have all that is called Beauty, except the Colour, which is a reddiſh Yellow; or after a new Oiling, which they often uſe to themſelves, they are of the colour of a new Brick, but ſmooth, ſoft and ſleek. They are extream modeſt and baſhful, very ſhy, and nice of being touch'd. And though they are all thus naked, if one lives for ever among 'em, there is not to be ſeen an indecent Action, or Glance; and being continually us'd to ſee one another ſo unadorn'd, ſo like our firſt Parents before the Fall, it ſeems as if they had no Wiſhes; there being nothing to heighten Curioſity, but all you can ſee, you ſee at once, and every Moment ſee; and where there is no Novelty, there can be no Curioſity. Not but I have ſeen a handſom young *Indian*, dying for Love of a very beautiful young *Indian* Maid; but all his Courtſhip was, to fold his Arms, purſue her with his Eyes, and Sighs were all his Language: While ſhe, as if no ſuch Lover were preſent; or rather, as if ſhe deſired none ſuch, carefully guarded her Eyes from beholding him; and never approach'd him, but ſhe look'd down with all the bluſhing Modeſty I have ſeen in the moſt ſevere and cautious of our World. And theſe People repreſented to me an abſolute *Idea* of the firſt State of Innocence, before Man knew how to ſin: And 'tis moſt evident and plain, that ſimple Nature is the moſt harmleſs, inoffenſive and vertuous Miſtreſs. 'Tis ſhe alone,

alone, if ſhe were permitted, that better inſtructs the World, than all the Inventions of Man: Religion wou'd here but deſtroy that Tranquillity, they poſſeſs by Ignorance; and Laws wou'd but teach 'em to know Offence, of which now they have no Notion. They once made Mourning and Faſting for the Death of the *Engliſh* Governor, who had given his Hand to come on ſuch a Day to 'em, and neither came nor ſent; believing, when once a Man's Word was paſt, nothing but Death cou'd or ſhou'd prevent his keeping it: And when they ſaw he was not dead, they ask'd him, what Name they had for a Man who promis'd a thing he did not do? The Governor told them, Such a man was a *Lyar*, which was a Word of Infamy to a Gentleman. Then one of 'em reply'd, *Governor, you are a Lyar, and guilty of that Infamy.* They have a Native Juſtice, which knows no Fraud; and they underſtand no Vice, or Cunning, but when they are taught by the *White Men.* They have Plurality of Wives, which, when they grow old, they ſerve thoſe that ſucceed 'em, who are young; but with a Servitude eaſie and reſpected; and unleſs they take Slaves in War, they have no other Attendants.

Thoſe on that *Continent* where I was, had no King; but the oldeſt War-Captain was obey'd with great Reſignation.

A War-Captain is a Man who has led them on to Battel with Conduct, and Succeſs; of whom I ſhall have Occaſion to ſpeak more hereafter, and of ſome other of their Cuſtoms and Manners, as they fall in my way.

With theſe People, as I ſaid, we live in perfect Tranquillity, and good Underſtanding, as it behooves us to do; they knowing all the places where to ſeek the beſt Food of the Country, and the Means of getting it; and for very ſmall and unvaluable Trifles, ſupply us with what 'tis impoſſible for us to get; for they do not only in the Wood, and over the *Savana's*, in Hunting, ſupply the parts of Hounds, by ſwiftly ſcouring through thoſe almoſt impaſſable places; and by the meer Activity of their Feet, run down the nimbleſt Deer, and other eatable Beaſts: But in the water, one wou'd think they were Gods of the Rivers, or Fellow-Citizens of the Deep; ſo rare an Art they have in Swimming, Diving, and almoſt Living in Water; by which they command the leſs ſwift Inhabitants of the Floods. And then for Shooting; what they cannot take, or reach with their Hands, they do with Arrows; and have ſo admirable an Aim, that they will ſplit almoſt an Hair; and at any diſtance that an Arrow can reach, they will ſhoot down Oranges, and other Fruit, and only touch the Stalk with the Dart's Points, that they may not hurt the Fruit. So that they being, on all Occaſions, very uſeful to us, we find it abſolutely neceſſary to careſs 'em as Friends, and not to treat 'em as Slaves; nor dare we do other, their Numbers ſo far ſurpaſſing ours in that *Continent*.

Thoſe then whom we make uſe of to work in our Plantations of Sugar, are *Negro's*, *Black*-Slaves altogether; which are tranſported thither in this manner.

Thoſe

Thoſe who want Slaves, make a Bargain with a Maſter, or a Captain of a Ship, and contract to pay him ſo much a-piece, a matter of twenty Pound a Head for as many as he agrees for, and to pay for 'em when they ſhall be delive'rd on ſuch a Plantation: So that when there arrives a Ship laden with Slaves, they who have ſo contracted, go a-board, and receive their Number by Lot; and perhaps in one Lot that may be for ten, there may happen to be three or four Men; the reſt, Women and Children: Or be there more or leſs of either Sex, you are oblig'd to be contented with your Lot.

Coramantien, a Country of *Blacks* ſo called, was one of thoſe places in which they found the moſt advantageous Trading for theſe Slaves; and thither moſt of our great Traders in that Merchandice traffick'd; for that Nation is very war-like and brave; and having a continual Campaign, being always in Hoſtility with one neighbouring Prince or other, they had the fortune to take a great many Captives; for all they took in Battel, were ſold as Slaves; at leaſt, thoſe common Men who cou'd not ranſom themſelves. Of theſe Slaves ſo taken, the General only has all the profit; and of theſe Generals, our Captains and Maſters of Ships buy all their Freights.

The King of *Coramantien* was himſelf a Man of a Hundred and odd Years old, and had no Son, though he had many beautiful *Black*-Wives; for moſt certainly, there are Beauties that can charm of that Colour. In his younger Years he had had many gallant Men to his

Sons, thirteen of which died in Battel, conquering when they fell; and he had only left him for his Succeſſor, one Grand-Child, Son to one of theſe dead Victors; who, as ſoon as he coud'd bear a Bow in his Hand, and a Quiver at his Back, was ſent into the Field, to be trained up by one of the oldeſt Generals, to War; where, from his natural Inclination to Arms, and the Occaſions given him, with the good Conduct of the old General, he became, at the Age of Seventeen, one of the moſt expert Captains, and braveſt Soldiers, that ever ſaw the Field of *Mars*: So that he was ador'd as the Wonder of all that World, and the Darling of the Soldiers. Beſides, he was adorn'd with a native Beauty ſo tranſcending all thoſe of his gloomy Race, that he ſtrook an Awe and Reverence, even in thoſe that knew not his Quality; as he did in me, who beheld him with Surprize and Wonder, when afterwards he arriv'd in our World.

He had ſcarce arriv'd at his Seventeenth Year, when fighting by his Side, the General was kill'd with an Arrow in his Eye, which the Prince *Oroonoko* (for ſo was this gallant *Moor* call'd) very narrowly avoided; nor had he, if the General, who ſaw the Arrow ſhot, and perceiving it aim'd at the Prince, had not bow'd his Head between, on purpoſe to receive it in his own Body, rather than it ſhou'd touch that of the Prince, and ſo ſaved him.

'Twas then, afflicted as *Oroonoko* was, that he was proclaim'd General in the old Man's place; and then it was, at the finiſhing of that War, which had continu'd for two Years, that the

the Prince came to Court; where he had hardly been a Month together, from the time of his fifth Year, to that of Seventeen; and 'twas amazing to imagine where it was he learn'd ſo much Humanity; or, to give his Accompliſhments a juſter Name, where 'twas he got that real Greatneſs of Soul, thoſe refin'd Notions of true Honour, that abſolute Generoſity, and that Softneſs that was capable of the higheſt Paſſions of Love and Gallantry, whoſe Objects were almoſt continually fighting Men, or thoſe mangl'd, or dead; who heard no Sounds, but thoſe of War and Groans: Some part of it we may attribute to the Care of a *French*-Man of Wit and Learning; who finding it turn to very good Account to be a ſort of Royal Tutor to this young *Black*, and perceiving him very ready, apt, and quick of Apprehenſion, took a great pleaſure to teach him Morals, Language and Science; and was for it extreamly belov'd and valu'd by him. Another Reaſon was, He lov'd, when he came from War, to ſee all the *Engliſh* Gentlemen that traded thither; and did not only learn their Language, but that of the *Spaniards* alſo, with whom he traded afterwards for Slaves.

I have often ſeen and convers'd with this great Man, and been a Witneſs to many of his mighty Actions; and do aſſure my Reader, the moſt Illuſtrious Courts cou'd not have produc'd a braver Man, both for Greatneſs of Courage and Mind, a Judgment more ſolid, a Wit more quick, and a Converſation more ſweet and diverting. He knew almoſt as much as if he had read much: He had heard of,

and

and admir'd the *Romans*; he had heard of the late Civil Wars in *England*, and the deplorable Death of our great Monarch; and wou'd diſcourſe of it with all the Senſe, and Abhorrence of the Injuſtice imaginable. He had an extream good and graceful Mien, and all the Civility of a well-bred great Man. He had nothing of Barbarity in his Nature, but in all Points addreſs'd himſelf, as if his Education had been in ſome *European* Court.

This great and juſt Character of *Oroonoko* gave me an extream Curioſity to ſee him, eſpecially when I knew he ſpoke *French* and *Engliſh*, and that I cou'd talk with him. But though I had heard ſo much of him, I was as greatly ſurpriz'd when I ſaw him, as if I had heard nothing of him; ſo beyond all Report I found him. He came into the Room, and addreſs'd himſelf to me, and ſome other Women, with the beſt Grace in the World. He was pretty tall, but of a Shape the moſt exact that can be fanſy'd: The moſt famous Statuary cou'd not form the Figure of a Man more admirably turn'd from Head to Foot. His Face was not of that brown, ruſty Black which moſt of that Nation are, but a perfect Ebony, or poliſh'd Jett. His Eyes were the moſt awful that cou'd be ſeen, and very piercing; the White of 'em being like Snow, as were his Teeth. His Noſe was riſing and *Roman*, inſtead of *African* and flat. His Mouth, the fineſt ſhap'd that cou'd be ſeen; far from thoſe great turn'd Lips, which are ſo natural to the reſt of the *Negroes*. The whole Proportion and Air of his Face was ſo noble, and exactly

form'd,

form'd, that, bating his Colour, there cou'd be nothing in Nature more beautiful, agreeable and handſome. There was no one Grace wanting, that bears the Standard of true Beauty: His Hair came down to his Shoulders, by the Aids of Art; which was, by pulling it out with a Quill, and keeping it comb'd; of which he took particular Care. Nor did the Perfections of his Mind come ſhort of thoſe of his Perſon; for his Diſcourſe was admirable upon almoſt any Subject; and who-ever had heard him ſpeak, wou'd have been convinc'd of their Errors, that all fine Wit is confin'd to the *White* Men, eſpecially to thoſe of *Chriſtendom*; and wou'd have confeſs'd that *Oroonoko* was as capable even of reigning well, and of governing as wiſely, had as great a Soul, as politick Maxims, and was as ſenſible of Power as any Prince civiliz'd in the moſt refin'd Schools of Humanity and Learning, or the moſt Illuſtrious Courts.

This Prince, ſuch as I have deſcrib'd him, whoſe Soul and Body were ſo admirably adorn'd, was (while yet he was in the Court of his Grandfather) as I ſaid, as capable of Love, as 'twas poſſible for a brave and gallant Man to be; and in ſaying that, I have nam'd the higheſt Degree of Love; for ſure, great Souls are moſt capable of that Paſſion.

I have already ſaid, the old General was kill'd by the ſhot of an Arrow, by the Side of this Prince, in Battel; and that *Oroonoko* was made General. This old dead *Hero* had one only Daughter left of his Race; a Beauty that, to deſcribe her truly, one need ſay only, ſhe

was

was Female to the noble Male; the beautiful *Black Venus*, to our young *Mars*; as charming in her Perſon as he, and of delicate Vertues. I have ſeen an hundred *White* Men ſighing after her, and making a thouſand Vows at her Feet, all vain, and unſucceſsful: And ſhe was, indeed, too great for any, but a Prince of her own Nation to adore.

Oroonoko coming from the Wars, (which were now ended) after he had made his Court to his Grandfather, he thought in Honour he ought to make a Viſit to *Imoinda*, the Daughter of his Foſter-father, the dead General; and to make ſome Excuſes to her, becauſe his Preſervation was the Occaſion of her Father's Death; and to preſent her with thoſe Slaves that had been taken in this laſt Battel, as the Trophies of her Father's Victories. When he came, attended by all the young Soldiers of any Merit, he was infinitely ſurpriz'd at the Beauty of this fair Queen of Night, whoſe Face and Perſon was ſo exceeding all he had ever beheld, that lovely Modeſty with which ſhe receiv'd him, that Softneſs in her Look, and Sighs, upon the melancholy Occaſion of this Honour that was done by ſo great a Man as *Oroonoko*, and a Prince of whom ſhe had heard ſuch admirable things; the Awfulneſs wherewith ſhe receiv'd him, and the Sweetneſs of her Words and Behaviour while he ſtay'd, gain'd a perfect Conqueſt over his fierce Heart, and made him feel, the Victor cou'd be ſubdu'd. So that having made his firſt Complements, and preſented her an hundred and fifty Slaves in Fetters, he told her with his Eyes, that he was not inſenſible

ſenſible of her Charms; while *Imoinda*, who wiſh'd for nothing more than ſo glorious a Conqueſt, was pleas'd to believe, ſhe underſtood that ſilent Language of new-born Love; and from that Moment, put on all her Additions to Beauty.

The Prince return'd to Court with quite another Humour than before; and though he did not ſpeak much of the fair *Imoinda*, he had the pleaſure to hear all his Followers ſpeak of nothing but the Charms of that Maid; inſomuch that, even in the Preſence of the old King, they were extolling her, and heightning, if poſſible, the Beauties they had found in her: So that nothing elſe was talk'd of, no other Sound was heard in every Corner where there were Whiſperers, but *Imoinda! Imoinda!*

'Twill be imagin'd *Oroonoko* ſtay'd not long before he made his ſecond Viſit; nor, conſidering his Quality, not much longer before he told her, he ador'd her. I have often heard him ſay, that he admir'd by what ſtrange Inſpiration he came to talk things ſo ſoft, and ſo paſſionate, who never knew Love, nor was us'd to the Converſation of Women; but (to uſe his own Words) he ſaid, Moſt happily, ſome new, and till then unknown Power inſtructed his Heart and Tongue in the Language of Love, and at the ſame time, in favour of him, inſpir'd *Imoinda* with a Senſe of his Paſſion. She was touch'd with what he ſaid, and return'd it all in ſuch Anſwers as went to his very Heart, with a Pleaſure unknown before: Nor did he uſe thoſe Obligations ill, that Love had done him; but turn'd all his happy Moments to the

beſt

beſt advantage; and as he knew no Vice, his Flame aim'd at nothing but Honour, if ſuch a diſtinction may be made in Love; and eſpecially in that Country, where Men take to themſelves as many as they can maintain; and where the only Crime and Sin with Woman is, to turn her off, to abandon her to Want, Shame and Miſery: Such ill Morals are only practis'd in *Chriſtian*-Countries, where they prefer the bare Name of Religion; and, without Vertue or Morality, think that ſufficient. But *Oroonoko* was none of thoſe Profeſſors; but as he had right Notions of Honour, ſo he made her ſuch Propoſitions as were not only and barely ſuch; but, contrary to the Cuſtom of his Country, he made her Vows, ſhe ſhou'd be the only Woman he wou'd poſſeſs while he liv'd; that no Age or Wrinkles ſhou'd incline him to change, for her Soul wou'd be always fine, and always young; and he ſhou'd have an eternal *Idea* in his Mind of the Charms ſhe now bore, and ſhou'd look into his Heart for that *Idea*, when he cou'd find it no longer in her Face.

After a thouſand Aſſurances of his laſting Flame, and her eternal Empire over him, ſhe condeſcended to receive him for her Husband; or rather, receiv'd him, as the greateſt Honour the God's cou'd do her.

There is a certain Ceremony in theſe Caſes to be obſerv'd, which I forgot to ask him how perform'd; but 'twas concluded on both ſides, that, in Obedience to him, the Grandfather was to be firſt made acquainted with the Deſign: for they pay a moſt abſolute Reſignation to the Monarch, eſpecially when he is a Parent alſo.

On

On the other ſide, the old King, who had many Wives, and many Concubines, wanted not Court-Flatterers to inſinuate in his Heart a thouſand tender Thoughts for this young Beauty; and who repreſented her to his Fancy, as the moſt charming he had ever poſſeſs'd in all the long Race of his numerous Years. At this Character his old Heart, like an extinguiſh'd Brand, moſt apt to take Fire, felt new Sparks of Love, and began to kindle; and now grown to his ſecond Childhood, long'd with Impatience to behold this gay thing, with whom, alas! he cou'd but innocently play. But how he ſhou'd be confirm'd ſhe was this *Wonder*, before he us'd his Power to call her to Court (where Maidens never came, unleſs for the King's private Uſe) he was next to conſider; and while he was ſo doing, he had Intelligence brought him, that *Imoinda* was moſt certainly Miſtreſs to the Prince *Oroonoko*. This gave him ſome *Shagrien*; however, it gave him alſo an Opportunity, one Day, when the Prince was a-hunting, to wait on a Man of Quality, as his Slave and Attendant, who ſhou'd go and make a Preſent to *Imoinda*, as from the Prince; he ſhou'd then, unknown, ſee this fair Maid, and have an Opportunity to hear what Meſſage ſhe wou'd return the Prince for his Preſent; and from thence gather the ſtate of her Heart, and degree of her Inclination. This was put in Execution, and the old Monarch ſaw, and burnt: He found her all he had heard, and wou'd not delay his Happineſs, but found he ſhou'd have ſome Obſtacle to overcome her Heart; for ſhe expreſs'd her Senſe of the

the Preſent the Prince had ſent her, in terms ſo ſweet, ſo ſoft and pretty, with an Air of Love and Joy that cou'd not be diſſembl'd; inſomuch that 'twas paſt doubt whether ſhe lov'd *Oroonoko* entirely. This gave the old King ſome Affliction; but he ſalv'd it with this, that the Obedience the People pay their King, was not at all inferior to what they pay'd their Gods: And what Love wou'd not oblige *Imoinda* to do, Duty wou'd compel her to.

He was therefore no ſooner got to his Apartment, but he ſent the Royal Veil to *Imoinda*; that is, the Ceremony of Invitation; he ſends the Lady, he has a Mind to honour with his Bed, a Veil, with which ſhe is cover'd, and ſecur'd for the King's Uſe; and 'tis Death to diſobey; beſides, held a moſt impious Diſobedience.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Surprize and Grief that ſeiz'd this lovely Maid at this News and Sight. However, as Delays in theſe Caſes are dangerous, and Pleading worſe than Treaſon; trembling, and almoſt fainting, ſhe was oblig'd to ſuffer her ſelf to be cover'd, and led away.

They brought her thus to Court; and the King, who had caus'd a very rich Bath to be prepar'd, was led into it, where he ſate under a Canopy, in State, to receive this long'd-for Virgin; whom he having commanded ſhou'd be brought to him, they (after diſ-robing her) led her to the Bath, and making faſt the Doors, left her to deſcend. The King, without more Courtſhip, bad her throw off her Mantle, and come to his Arms. But *Imoinda*, all in Tears, threw

threw her ſelf on the Marble, on the Brink of the Bath, and beſought him to hear her. She told him, as ſhe was a Maid, how proud of the Divine Glory ſhe ſhould have been of having it in her power to oblige her King: but as by the Laws, he cou'd not; and from his Royal Goodneſs, wou'd not take from any Man his wedded Wife: So ſhe believ'd ſhe ſhou'd be the Occaſion of making him commit a great Sin, if ſhe did not reveal her State and Condition; and tell him, ſhe was anothers, and cou'd not be ſo happy to be his.

The King, enrag'd at this Delay, haſtily demanded the Name of the bold Man, that had marry'd a Woman of her Degree, without his Conſent. *Imoinda*, ſeeing his Eyes fierce, and his Hands tremble; whether with Age, or Anger, I know not; but ſhe fanſy'd the laſt, almoſt repented ſhe had ſaid ſo much, for now ſhe fear'd the Storm wou'd fall on the Prince; ſhe therefore ſaid a thouſand things to appeaſe the raging of his Flame, and to prepare him to hear who it was with Calmneſs; but before ſhe ſpoke, he imagin'd who ſhe meant, but wou'd not ſeem to do ſo, but commanded her to lay aſide her Mantle, and ſuffer her ſelf to receive his Careſſes; or, by his Gods, he ſwore, that happy Man whom ſhe was going to name ſhou'd die though it were even *Oroonoko* himſelf. *Therefore* (ſaid he) *deny this Marriage, and ſwear thy ſelf a Maid. That* (reply'd *Imoinda*) *by all our Powers I do; for I am not yet known to my Husband.* *'Tis enough* (ſaid the King;) *'tis enough to ſatisfie both my Con-*

ſcience, and my Heart. And riſing from his Seat, he went, and led her into the Bath; it being in vain for her to reſiſt.

In this time the Prince, who was return'd from Hunting, went to viſit his *Imoinda*, but found her gone; and not only ſo, but heard ſhe had receiv'd the Royal Veil. This rais'd him to a Storm; and in his Madneſs, they had much ado to ſave him from laying violent Hands on himſelf. Force firſt prevail'd, and then Reaſon: They urg'd all to him, that might oppoſe his Rage; but nothing weigh'd ſo greatly with him as the King's Old Age uncapable of injuring him with *Imoinda*. He wou'd give way to that Hope, becauſe it pleas'd him moſt, and flatter'd beſt his Heart. Yet this ſerv'd not altogether to make him ceaſe his different Paſſions, which ſometimes rag'd within him, and ſometimes ſoftned into Showers. 'Twas not enough to appeaſe him, to tell him, his Grandfather was old, and cou'd not that way injure him, while he retain'd that awful Duty which the young Men are us'd there to pay to their grave Relations. He cou'd not be convinc'd he had no Cauſe to ſigh and mourn for the Loſs of a Miſtreſs, he cou'd not with all his Strength and Courage retrieve. And he wou'd often cry, *O my Friends! were ſhe in wall'd Cities, or confin'd from me in Fortifications of the greateſt Strength; did Inchantments or Monſters detain her from me, I wou'd venture through any Hazard to free her: But here, in the Arms of a feeble old Man, my Youth, my violent Love, my Trade in Arms, and all my vaſt Deſire of Glory, avail me nothing:* Imoinda *is as irrecoverably*

coverably loſt to me, as if ſhe were ſnatch'd by the cold Arms of Death: Oh! ſhe is never to be retriev'd. If I wou'd wait tedious Years, till Fate ſhou'd bow the old King to his Grave; even that wou'd not leave me Imoinda *free; but ſtill that Cuſtom that makes it ſo vile a Crime for a Son to marry his Father's Wives or Miſtreſſes, wou'd hinder my Happineſs; unleſs I wou'd either ignobly ſet an ill Preſident to my Succeſſors, or abandon my Country, and fly with her to ſome unknown World, who never heard our Story.*

But it was objected to him, that his Caſe was not the ſame; for *Imoinda* being his lawful Wife, by ſolemn Contract, 'twas he was the injur'd Man, and might, if he ſo pleas'd, take *Imoinda* back, the Breach of the Law being on his Grandfather's ſide; and that if he cou'd circumvent him, and redeem her from the *Otan*, which is the Palace of the King's Women, a ſort of *Seraglio*, it was both juſt and lawful for him ſo to do.

This Reaſoning had ſome force upon him, and he ſhou'd have been entirely comforted, but for the Thought that ſhe was poſſeſs'd by his Grandfather. However, he lov'd ſo well, that he was reſolv'd to believe what moſt favour'd his Hope; and to endeavour to learn from *Imoinda*'s own Mouth, what only ſhe cou'd ſatisfie him in; whether ſhe was robb'd of that Bleſſing, which was only due to his Faith and Love. But as it was very hard to get a Sight of the Women, (for no Men ever enter'd into the *Otan*, but when the King went to entertain himſelf with ſome one of his Wives, or Miſtreſſes; and 'twas Death at any other

time, for any other to go in;) ſo he knew not how to contrive to get a Sight of her.

While *Oroonoko* felt all the Agonies of Love, and ſuffer'd under a Torment the moſt painful in the World, the old King was not exempted from his ſhare of Affliction. He was troubl'd for having been forc'd by an irreſiſtable Paſſion, to rob his Son of a Treaſure, he knew, cou'd not but be extreamly dear to him, ſince ſhe was the moſt beautiful that ever had been ſeen; and had beſides, all the Sweetneſs and Innocence of Youth and Modeſty, with a Charm of Wit ſurpaſſing all. He found that, however ſhe was forc'd to expoſe her lovely Perſon to his wither'd Arms, ſhe cou'd only ſigh and weep there, and think of *Oroonoko*; and oftentimes cou'd not forbear ſpeaking of him, though her Liſe were, by Cuſtom, forfeited by owning her Paſſion. But ſhe ſpoke not of a Lover only, but of a Prince dear to him, to whom ſhe ſpoke; and of the Praiſes of a Man, who, till now, fill'd the old Man's Soul with Joy at every Recital of his Bravery, or even his Name. And 'twas this Dotage on our young *Hero*, that gave *Imoinda* a thouſand Privileges to ſpeak of him, without offending; and this Condeſcention in the old King, that made her take the Satisfaction of ſpeaking of him ſo very often.

Beſides, he many times enquir'd how the Prince bore himſelf; and thoſe of whom he ask'd, being entirely Slaves to the Merits and Vertues of the Prince, ſtill anſwer'd what they thought conduc'd beſt to his Service; which was, to make the old King fanſy that the Prince had no more Intereſt in *Imoinda*, and had reſign'd her

her willingly to the Pleaſure of the King; that he diverted himſelf with his Mathematicians, his Fortifications, his Officers, and his Hunting.

This pleas'd the old Lover, who fail'd not to report theſe things again to *Imoinda*, that ſhe might, by the Example of her young Lover, withdraw her Heart, and reſt better contented in his Arms. But however ſhe was forc'd to receive this unwelcome News, in all Appearance, with Unconcern, and Content, her Heart was burſting within, and ſhe was only happy when ſhe cou'd get alone, to vent her Griefs and Moans with Sighs and Tears.

What Reports of the Prince's Conduct were made to the King, he thought good to juſtifie as far as poſſibly he cou'd by his Actions; and when he appear'd in the Preſence of the King, he ſhew'd a Face not at all betraying his Heart: So that in a little time the old Man, being entirely convinc'd that he was no longer a Lover of *Imoinda*, he carry'd him with him, in his Train, to the *Otan*, often to banquet with his Miſtreſs. But as ſoon as he enter'd, one Day, into the Apartment of *Imoinda*, with the King, at the firſt Glance from her Eyes, notwithſtanding all his determin'd Reſolution, he was ready to ſink in the place where he ſtood; and had certainly done ſo, but for the Support of *Aboan*, a young Man, who was next to him; which, with his Change of Countenance, had betray'd him, had the King chanc'd to look that way. And I have obſerv'd, 'tis a very great Error in thoſe, who laugh when one ſays, *A* Negro *can change Colour*; for I have

ſeen 'em as frequently bluſh, and look pale, and that as viſibly as ever I ſaw in the moſt beautiful *White*. And 'tis certain that both theſe Changes were evident, this Day, in both theſe Lovers. And *Imoinda*, who ſaw with ſome Joy the Change in the Prince's Face, and found it in her own, ſtrove to divert the King from beholding either, by a forc'd Careſs, with which ſhe met him; which was a new Wound in the Heart of the poor dying Prince. But as ſoon as the King was buſy'd in looking on ſome fine thing of *Imoinda*'s making, ſhe had time to tell the Prince with her angry, but Love-darting Eyes, that ſhe reſented his Coldneſs, and bemoan'd her own miſerable Captivity. Nor were his Eyes ſilent, but anſwer'd hers again, as much as Eyes cou'd do, inſtructed by the moſt tender, and moſt paſſionate Heart that ever lov'd: And they ſpoke ſo well, and ſo effectually, as *Imoinda* no longer doubted, but ſhe was the only Delight, and Darling of that Soul ſhe found pleading in 'em its Right of Love, which none was more willing to reſign than ſhe. And 'twas this powerful Language alone that in an inſtant convey'd all the Thoughts of their Souls to each other; that they both found, there wanted but Opportunity to make them both entirely happy. But when he ſaw another Door open'd by *Onahal*, a former old Wife of the King's, who now had Charge of *Imoinda*; and ſaw the Proſpect of a Bed of State made ready, with Sweets and Flowers for the Dalliance of the King; who immediately lead the trembling Victim from his Sight, into that prepar'd Repoſe. What Rage! what

what wild Frenzies ſeiz'd his Heart! which forcing to keep within Bounds, and to ſuffer without Noiſe, it became the more inſupportable, and rent his Soul with ten thouſand pains. He was forc'd to retire, to vent his Groans; where he fell down on a Carpet, and lay ſtruggling a long time, and only breathing now and then, — O *Imoinda!* When *Onahal* had finiſht her neceſſary Affair within, ſhutting the Door, ſhe came forth to wait, till the King call'd; and hearing ſome one ſighing in the other Room, ſhe paſs'd on, and found the Prince in that deplorable Condition, which ſhe thought needed her Aid: She gave him Cordials, but all in vain; till finding the nature of his Diſeaſe, by his Sighs, and naming *Imoinda.* She told him, he had not ſo much Cauſe as he imagin'd, to afflict himſelf; for if he knew the King ſo well as ſhe did, he wou'd not loſe a Moment in Jealouſie, and that ſhe was confident that *Imoinda* bore, at this Minute, part in his Affliction. *Aboan* was of the ſame Opinion; and both together, perſwaded him to re-aſſume his Courage; and all ſitting down on the Carpet, the Prince ſaid ſo many obliging things to *Onahal*, that he half perſwaded her to be of his Party. And ſhe promis'd him, ſhe wou'd thus far comply with his juſt Deſires, that ſhe wou'd let *Imoinda* know how faithful he was, what he ſuffer'd, and what he ſaid.

This Diſcourſe laſted till the King call'd, which gave *Oroonoko* a certain Satisfaction; and with the Hope *Onahal* had made him conceive, he aſſum'd a Look as gay as 'twas poſſible a Man in his Circumſtances cou'd do; and preſently

ſently after, he was call'd in with the reſt who waited without. The King commanded Muſick to be brought, and ſeveral of his young Wives and Miſtreſſes came all together by his Command, to dance before him; where *Imoinda* perform'd her Part with an Air and Grace ſo paſſing all the reſt, as her Beauty was above 'em; and receiv'd the Preſent, ordain'd as a Prize. The Prince was every Moment more charm'd with the new Beauties and Graces he beheld in this fair One: And while he gaz'd, and ſhe danc'd, *Onahal* was retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This *Onahal*, as I ſaid, was one of the Caſt-Miſtreſſes of the old King; and 'twas theſe (now paſt their Beauty) that were made Guardians, or Governants to the new, and the young Ones; and whoſe Buſineſs it was, to teach them all thoſe wanton Arts of Love, with which they prevail'd and charm'd heretofore in their Turn; and who now treated the triumphing happy Ones with all the Severity, as to Liberty and Freedom, that was poſſible, in revenge of thoſe Honours they rob them of; envying them thoſe Satisfactions, thoſe Gallantries and Preſents, that were once made to themſelves, while Youth and Beauty laſted, and which they now ſaw paſs were regardleſs by, and pay'd only to the Bloomings. And certainly, nothing is more afflicting to a decay'd Beauty, than to behold in it ſelf declining Charms, that were once ador'd; and to find thoſe Careſſes paid to new Beauties, to which once ſhe laid a Claim; to hear 'em whiſper as ſhe paſſes by, *That once was a deli-*

cate

cate Woman. Theſe abandon'd Ladies therefore endeavour to revenge all the Deſpights, and Decays of Time, on theſe flouriſhing happy Ones. And 'twas this Severity, that gave *Oroonoko* a thouſand Fears he ſhou'd never prevail with *Onahal*, to ſee *Imoinda*. But, as I ſaid, ſhe was now retir'd to a Window with *Aboan*.

This young Man was not only one of the beſt Quality, but a Man extreamly well made, and beautiful; and coming often to attend the King to the *Otan*, he had ſubdu'd the Heart of the antiquated *Onahal*, which had not forgot how pleaſant it was to be in Love: And though ſhe had ſome Decays in her Face, ſhe had none in her Sence and Wit; ſhe was there agreeable ſtill, even to *Aboan*'s Youth; ſo that he took pleaſure in entertaining her with Diſcourſes of Love. He knew alſo, that to make his Court to theſe She-Favourites, was the way to be great; theſe being the Perſons that do all Affairs and Buſineſs at Court. He had alſo obſerv'd that ſhe had given him Glances more tender and inviting, than ſhe had done to others of his Quality: And now, when he ſaw that her Favour cou'd ſo abſolutely oblige the Prince, he fail'd not to ſigh in her Ear, and to look with Eyes all ſoft upon her, and give her Hope that ſhe had made ſome Impreſſions on his Heart. He found her pleas'd at this, and making a thouſand Advances to him; but the Ceremony ending, and the King departing, broke up the Company for that Day, and his Converſation.

Aboan fail'd not that Night to tell the Prince of his Succeſs, and how advantageous the Service of *Onahal* might be to his Amour with *Imoinda*. The Prince was over-joy'd with this good News, and beſought him, if it were poſſible, to careſs her ſo, as to engage her entirely; which he cou'd not fail to do, if he comply'd with her Deſires: *For then* (ſaid the Prince) *her Life lying at your Mercy, ſhe muſt grant you the Requeſt you make in my Behalf* *Aboan* underſtood him; and aſſur'd him, he would make Love ſo effectually, that he wou'd defie the moſt expert Miſtreſs of the Art, to find out whether he diſſembl'd it, or had it really. And 'twas with Impatience they waited the next Opportunity of going to the *Otan*.

The Wars came on, the Time of taking the Field approach'd, and 'twas impoſſible for the Prince to delay his going at the Head of his Army, to encounter the Enemy: So that every Day ſeem'd a tedious Year, till he ſaw his *Imoinda*; for he believ'd he cou'd not live, if he were forc'd away without being ſo happy. 'Twas with Impatience therefore, that he expected the next Viſit the King wou'd make; and, according to his Wiſh, it was not long.

The Parley of the Eyes of theſe two Lovers had not paſs'd ſo ſecretly, but an old jealous Lover cou'd ſpy it; or rather, he wanted not Flatterers, who told him, they obſerv'd it: So that the Prince was haſten'd to the Camp, and this was the laſt Viſit he found he ſhou'd make to the *Otan*; he therefore urg'd *Aboan* to make the beſt of this laſt Effort, and to explain himſelf ſo to *Onahal*, that ſhe, deferring her

her Enjoyment of her young Lover no longer, might make way for the Prince to ſpeak to *Imoinda*.

The whole Affair being agreed on between the Prince and *Aboan*, they attended the King, as the Cuſtom was, to the *Otan*; where, while the whole Company was taken up in beholding the Dancing, and antick Poſtures the Women Royal made, to divert the King, *Onahal* ſingl'd out *Aboan*, whom ſhe found moſt pliable to her Wiſh. When ſhe had him where ſhe believ'd ſhe cou'd not be heard, ſhe ſigh'd to him, and ſoftly cry'd, *Ah*, Aboan! *When will you be ſenſible of my Paſſion? I confeſs it with my Mouth, becauſe I wou'd not give my Eyes the Lye; and you have but too much already perceiv'd they have confeſs'd my Flame: Nor wou'd I have you believe, that becauſe I am the abandon'd Miſtreſs of a King, I eſteem my ſelf altogether diveſted of Charms. No,* Aboan; *I have ſtill a Reſt of Beauty enough engaging, and have learn'd to pleaſe too well, not to be deſirable. I can have Lovers ſtill, but will have none but* Aboan. *Madam* (reply'd the half-feigning Youth) *you have already, by my Eyes, found, you can ſtill conquer; and I believe 'tis in pity of me, you condeſcend to this kind Confeſſion. But, Madam, Words are us'd to be ſo ſmall a part of our Country-Courtſhip, that 'tis rare one can get ſo happy an Opportunity as to tell one's Heart; and thoſe few Minutes we have are forc'd to be ſnatch'd for more certain Proofs of Love, than ſpeaking and ſighing; and ſuch I languiſh for.*

He ſpoke this with ſuch a Tone, that ſhe hop'd it true, and cou'd not forbear believing it;

it; and being wholly tranſported with Joy, for having ſubdu'd the fineſt of all the King's Subjects to her Deſires, ſhe took from her Ears two large Pearls, and commanded him to wear 'em in his. He wou'd have refus'd 'em, crying, *Madam, theſe are not the Proofs of your Love that I expect; 'tis Opportunity, 'tis a Lone-hour only, that can make me happy.* But forcing the Pearls into his Hand, ſhe whiſper'd ſoftly to him, *Oh! Do not fear a Woman's Invention, when Love ſets her a-thinking.* And preſſing his Hand, ſhe cry'd, *This Night you ſhall be happy. Come to the Gate of the Orange-Groves, behind the* Otan; *and I will be ready, about Mid-night, to receive you.* 'Twas thus agreed, and ſhe left him, that no notice might be taken of their ſpeaking together.

The Ladies were ſtill dancing, and the King, laid on a Carpet. with a great deal of pleaſure, was beholding them, eſpecially *Imoinda*; who that Day appear'd more lovely than ever, being enliven'd with the good Tidings *Onahal* had brought her of the conſtant Paſſion the Prince had for her. The Prince was laid on another Carpet, at the other end of the Room, with his Eyes fix'd on the Object of his Soul; and as ſhe turn'd, or mov'd, ſo did they; and ſhe alone gave his Eyes and Soul their Motions: Nor did *Imoinda* employ her Eyes to any other Uſe, than in beholding with infinite Pleaſure the Joy ſhe produc'd in thoſe of the Prince. But while ſhe was more regarding him, than the Steps ſhe took, ſhe chanc'd to fall; and ſo near him, as that leaping with extream force from the Carpet, he caught her in his Arms

as

as ſhe fell; and 'twas viſible to the whole Preſence, the Joy wherewith he receiv'd her: He claſp'd her cloſe to his Boſom, and quite forgot that Reverence that was due to the Miſtreſs of a King, and that Puniſhment that is the Reward of a Boldneſs of this nature; and had not the Preſence of Mind of *Imoinda* (fonder of his Safety, than her own) befriended him, in making her ſpring from his Arms, and fall into her Dance again, he had, at that Inſtant, met his Death; for the old King, jealous to the laſt degree, roſe up in Rage, broke all the Diverſion, and led *Imoinda* to her Apartment, and ſent out Word to the Prince, to go immediately to the Camp; and that if he were found another Night in Court, he ſhou'd ſuffer the Death ordain'd for diſobedient Offenders.

You may imagine how welcome this News was to *Oroonoko* whoſe unſeaſonable Tranſport and Careſs of *Imoinda* was blam'd by all Men that lov'd him; and now he perceiv'd his Fault, yet cry'd, *That for ſuch another Moment, he wou'd be content to die.*

All the *Otan* was in diſorder about this Accident; and *Onahal* was particularly concern'd, becauſe on the Prince's Stay depended her Happineſs; for ſhe cou'd no longer expect that of *Aboan*. So that, e'er they departed, they contriv'd it ſo, that the Prince and he ſhou'd come both that Night to the Grove of the *Otan*, which was all of Oranges and Citrons; and that there they ſhou'd wait her Orders.

They

They parted thus, with Grief enough, till Night; leaving the King in poſſeſſion of the lovely Maid. But nothing cou'd appeaſe the Jealouſie of the old Lover: He wou'd not be impos'd on, but wou'd have it, that *Imoinda* made a falſe Step on purpoſe to fall into *Oroonoko*'s Boſom, and that all things look'd like a Deſign on both ſides, and 'twas in vain ſhe proteſted her Innocence: He was old and obſtinate, and left her more than half aſſur'd that his Fear was true.

The King going to his Apartment, ſent to know where the Prince was, and if he intended to obey his Command. The Meſſenger return'd and told him, he found the Prince penſive, and altogether unpreparing for the Campaign; that he lay negligently on the Ground, and anſwer'd very little. This confirm'd the Jealouſie of the King, and he commanded that they ſhou'd very narrowly and privately watch his Motions; and that he ſhou'd not ſtir from his Apartment, but one Spy or other ſhou'd be employ'd to watch him: So that the Hour approaching, wherein he was to go to the Citron Grove; and taking only *Aboan* along with him, he leaves his Apartment, and was watch'd to the very Gate of the *Otan*; where he was ſeen to enter, and where they left him, to carry back the Tidings to the King.

Oroonoko and *Aboan* were no ſooner enter'd, but *Onahal* led the Prince to the Apartment of *Imoinda*; who, not knowing any thing of her Happineſs, was laid in Bed. But *Onahal* only left him in her Chamber, to make the beſt of his Opportunity, and took her dear *Aboan* to her

her own; where he ſhew'd the heighth of Complaiſance for his Prince, when, to give him an Opportunity, he ſuffer'd himſelf to be careſs'd in Bed by *Onahal.*

The Prince ſoftly waken'd *Imoinda*, who was not a little ſurpriz'd with Joy to find him there; and yet ſhe trembl'd with a thouſand Fears. I believe, he omitted ſaying nothing to this young Maid, that might perſwade her to ſuffer him to ſeize his own, and take the Rights of Love; and I believe ſhe was not long reſiſting thoſe Arms, where ſhe ſo long'd to be; and having Opportunity, Night and Silence, Youth, Love and Deſire, he ſoon prevail'd; and raviſh'd in a Moment, what his old Grandfather had been endeavouring for ſo many Months.

'Tis not to be imagin'd the Satisfaction of theſe two young Lovers; nor the Vows ſhe made him, that ſhe remain'd a ſpotleſs Maid, till that Night; and that what ſhe did with his Grand-father, had robb'd him of no part of her Virgin-Honour, the Gods, in Mercy and Juſtice, having reſerv'd that for her plighted Lord, to whom of Right it belong'd. And 'tis impoſſible to expreſs the Tranſports he ſuffer'd, while he liſten'd to a Diſcourſe ſo charming, from her lov'd Lips; and claſp'd that Body in his Arms, for whom he had ſo long languiſh'd; and nothing now afflicted him, but his ſuddain Departure from her; for he told her the Neceſſity, and his Commands; but ſhou'd depart ſatisfy'd in this, That ſince the old King had hitherto not been able to deprive him of thoſe Enjoyments which only belong'd to him, he believ'd for the future he wou'd be leſs able to injure

injure him; ſo that, abating the Scandal of the Veil, which was no otherwiſe ſo, than that ſhe was Wife to another: He believ'd her ſafe, even in the Arms of the King, and innocent; yet wou'd he have ventur'd at the Conqueſt of the World, and have given it all, to have had her avoided that Honour of receiving the *Royal Veil.* 'Twas thus, between a thouſand Careſſes, that both bemoan'd the hard Fate of Youth and Beauty, ſo liable to that cruel promotion: 'Twas a Glory that cou'd well have been ſpar'd here, though deſir'd, and aim'd at by all the young Females of that Kingdom.

But while they were thus fondly employ'd, forgetting how Time ran on, and that the Dawn muſt conduct him far away from his only Happineſs, they heard a great Noiſe in the *Otan,* and unuſual Voices of Men; at which the Prince, ſtarting from the Arms of the frighted *Imoinda,* ran to a little Battel-Ax he us'd to wear by his Side; and having not ſo much leiſure, as to put on his Habit, he oppos'd himſelf againſt ſome who were already opening the Door; which they did with ſo much Violence, that *Oroonoko* was not able to defend it: but was forc'd to cry out with a commanding Voice, *Whoever ye are that have the Boldneſs to attempt to approach this Apartment thus rudely, know, that I, the Prince* Oroonoko, *will revenge it with the certain Death of him that firſt enters: Therefore ſtand back, and know, this place is ſacred to Love, and me this Night; to Morrow 'tis the King's.*

This he ſpoke with a Voice ſo reſolv'd and aſſur'd, that they ſoon retir'd from the Door, but

but cry'd, *'Tis by the King's Command we are come; and being ſatisfy'd by thy Voice, O Prince, as much as if we had enter'd, we can report to the King the Truth of all his Fears, and leave thee to provide for thy own Safety, as thou art adviſ'd by thy Friends.*

At theſe Words they departed, and left the Prince to take a ſhort and ſad Leave of his *Imoinda*; who truſting in the ſtrength of her Charms, believ'd ſhe ſhou'd appeaſe the Fury of a jealous King, by ſaying, She was ſurpriz'd, and that it was by force of Arms he got into her Apartment. All her Concern now was for his Life, and therefore ſhe haſten'd him to the Camp; and with much a-do, prevail'd on him to go: Nor was it ſhe alone that prevail'd, *Aboan* and *Onahal* both pleaded, and both aſſur'd him of a Lye that ſhou'd be well enough contriv'd to ſecure *Imoinda*. So that, at laſt, with a Heart ſad as Death, dying Eyes, and ſighing Soul, *Oroonoko* departed, and took his way to the Camp.

It was not long after the King in perſon came to the *Otan*; where beholding *Imoinda* with Rage in his Eyes, he upbraided her Wickedneſs and Perfidy, and threatning her Royal Lover, ſhe fell on her Face at his Feet, bedewing the Floor with her Tears, and imploring his Pardon for a Fault which ſhe had not with her Will committed; as *Onahal*, who was alſo proſtrate with her, cou'd teſtifie: That, unknown to her, he had broke into her Apartment, and raviſh'd her. She ſpoke this much againſt her Conſcience; but to ſave her own Life, 'twas abſolutely neceſſary

ſhe ſhou'd feign this Falſity. She knew it cou'd not injure the Prince, he being fled to an Army that wou'd ſtand by him, againſt any Injuries that ſhou'd aſſault him. However, this laſt Thought of *Imonida's* being raviſh'd, chang'd the Meaſures of his Revenge; and whereas before he deſign'd to be himſelf her Executioner, he now reſolv'd ſhe ſhou'd not die. But as it is the greateſt Crime in nature amongſt 'em to touch a Woman, after having been poſſeſs'd by a Son, a Father or a Brother; ſo now he look'd on *Imoinda* as a polluted thing, wholly unfit for his Embrace; nor wou'd he reſign her to his Grand-ſon, becauſe ſhe had receiv'd the *Royal Veil*. He therefore removes her from the *Otan*, with *Onahal*; whom he put into ſafe Hands, with Order they ſhou'd be both ſold off, as Slaves, to another Country, either *Chriſtian*, or *Heathen*; 'twas no matter where.

This cruel Sentence, worſe than Death, they implor'd, might be revers'd; but their Prayers were vain, and it was put in Execution accordingly, and that with ſo much Secrecy, that none, either without, or within the *Otan*, knew ony thing of their Abſence, or their Deſtiny.

The old King, nevertheleſs, executed this with a great deal of Reluctancy; but he believ'd he had made a very great Conqueſt over himſelf, when he had once reſolv'd, and had perform'd what he reſolv'd. He believ'd now, that his Love had been unjuſt; and that he cou'd not expect the Gods, or Captain of the Clouds, (as they call the unknown Power) ſhou'd

ſhou'd ſuffer a better Conſequence from ſo ill a Cauſe. He now begins to hold *Oroonoko* excus'd; and to ſay, he had Reaſon for what he did: And now every Body cou'd aſſure the King, how paſſionately *Imoinda* was belov'd by the Prince; even thoſe confeſs'd it now, who ſaid the contrary before his Flame was abated. So that the King being old, and not able to defend himſelf in War, and having no Sons of all his Race remaining alive, but only this, to maintain him on his Throne; and looking on this as a Man diſoblig'd, firſt by the Rape of his Miſtreſs, or rather, Wife; and now by depriving of him wholly of her, he fear'd, might make him deſperate, and do ſome cruel thing, either to himſelf, or his old Grandfather, the Offender; he began to repent him extreamly of the Contempt he had, in his Rage, put on *Imoinda*. Beſides, he conſider'd he ought in Honour to have kill'd her, for this Offence, if it had been one: He ought to have had ſo much Value and Conſideration for a Maid of her Quality, as to have nobly put her to death; and not to have ſold her like a common Slave, the greateſt Revenge, and the moſt diſgraceful of any; and to which they a thouſand times prefer Death, and implore it; as *Imoinda* did, but cou'd not obtain that Honour. Seeing therefore it was certain that *Oroonoko* wou'd highly reſent this Affront, he thought good to make ſome Excuſe for his Raſhneſs to him; and to that End he ſent a Meſſenger to the Camp, with Orders to treat with him about the Matter, to gain his Pardon, and to endeavour to mitigate his Grief;

but that by no means he ſhou'd tell him, ſhe was ſold, but ſecretly put to death; for he knew he ſhou'd never obtain his Pardon for the other.

When the Meſſenger came, he found the Prince upon the point of Engaging with the Enemy; but as ſoon as he heard of the Arrival of the Meſſenger, he commanded him to his Tent, where he embrac'd him, and receiv'd him with Joy; which was ſoon abated, by the down-caſt Looks of the Meſſenger, who was inſtantly demanded the Cauſe by *Oroonoko*, who, impatient of Delay, ask'd a thouſand Queſtions in a Breath; and all concerning *Imoinda*: But there needed little Return, for he cou'd almoſt anſwer himſelf of all he demanded, from his Sighs and Eyes. At laſt, the Meſſenger caſting himſelf at the Prince's Feet, and kiſſing them, with all the Submiſſion of a Man that had ſomething to implore which he dreaded to utter, he beſought him to hear with Calmneſs what he had to deliver to him, and to call up all his noble and Heroick Courage, to encounter with his Words, and defend himſelf againſt the ungrateful things he muſt relate. *Oroonoko* reply'd, with a deep Sigh, and a languiſhing Voice,—*I am arm'd againſt their worſt Efforts*——; *for I know they will tell me*, Imoinda *is no more*——; *and after that, you may ſpare the reſt.* Then, commanding him to riſe, he laid himſelf on a Carpet, under a rich Pavillion, and remain'd a good while ſilent, and was hardly heard to ſigh. When he was come a little to himſelf, the Meſſenger ask'd him leave to deliver that part of his Embaſſy, which the Prince

Prince had not yet devin'd: And the Prince cry'd, *I permit thee*—— Then he told him the Affliction the old King was in, for the Raſhneſs he had committed in his Cruelty to *Imoinda*; and how he daign'd to ask Pardon for his Offence, and to implore the Prince wou'd not ſuffer that Loſs to touch his Heart too ſenſibly, which now all the Gods cou'd not reſtore him, but might recompence him in Glory, which he begg'd he wou'd purſue; and that Death, that common Revenger of all Injuries, wou'd ſoon even the Account between him, and a feeble old Man.

Oroonoko bad him return his Duty to his Lord and Maſter; and to aſſure him, there was no Account of Revenge to be adjuſted between them; if there were, 'twas he was the Agreſſor, and that Death wou'd be juſt, and, maugre his Age, wou'd ſee him righted; and he was contented to leave his Share of Glory to Youths more fortunate, and worthy of that Favour from the Gods. That henceforth he wou'd never lift a Weapon, or draw a Bow; but abandon the ſmall Remains of his Life to Sighs and Tears, and the continual Thoughts of what his Lord and Grandfather had thought good to ſend out of the World, with all that Youth, that Innocence, and Beauty.

After having ſpoken this, what ever his greateſt Officers, and Men of the beſt Rank cou'd do, they cou'd not raiſe him from the Carpet, or perſwade him to Action, and Reſolutions of Life; but commanding all to retire, he ſhut himſelf into his Pavillion all that Day, while the Enemy was ready to engage;

and wondring at the Delay, the whole Body of the chief of the Army then addreſs'd themſelves to him, and to whom they had much a-do to get Admittance. They fell on their Faces at the Foot of his Carpet; where they lay, and beſought him with earneſt Prayers and Tears, to lead 'em forth to Battel, and not let the Enemy take Advantages of them; and implor'd him to have regard to his Glory, and to the World, that depended on his Courage and Conduct. But he made no other Reply to all their Supplications but this, That he had now no more Buſineſs for Glory; and for the World, it was a Trifle not worth his Care. *Go* (continu'd he, ſighing) *and divide it amongſt you; and reap with Joy what you ſo vainly prize, and leave me to my more welcome Deſtiny.*

They then demanded what they ſhou'd do, and whom he wou'd conſtitute in his Room, that the Confuſion of ambitious Youth and Power might not ruin their Order, and make them a Prey to the Enemy. He reply'd, He wou'd not give himſelf the Trouble —; but wiſh'd 'em to chuſe the braveſt Man amongſt 'em, let his Quality or Birth be what it wou'd: *For, O my Friends* (ſaid he!) *it is not Titles make Men brave, or good; or Birth that beſtows Courage and Generoſity, or makes the Owner happy. Believe this, when you behold* Oroonoko, *the moſt wretched, and abandon'd by Fortune, of all the Creation of the Gods.* So turning himſelf about, he wou'd make no more Reply to all they cou'd urge or implore.

The Army beholding their Officers return unſucceſsful, with ſad Faces, and ominous Looks,

Looks, that preſag'd no good Luck, ſuffer'd a thouſand Fears to take Poſſeſſion of their Hearts, and the Enemy to come even upon 'em, before they wou'd provide for their Safety, by any Defence; and though they were aſſur'd by ſome, who had a mind to animate 'em, that they ſhou'd be immediately headed by the Prince, and that in the mean time *Aboan* had Orders to command as General; yet they were ſo diſmay'd for want of that great Example of Bravery, that they cou'd make but a very feeble Reſiſtance; and at laſt, downright, fled before the Enemy, who purſu'd 'em to the very Tents, killing 'em: Nor cou'd all *Aboan*'s Courage, which that Day gain'd him immortal Glory, ſhame 'em into a Manly Defence of themſelves. The Guards that were left behind, about the Prince's Tent, ſeeing the Soldiers flee before the Enemy, and ſcatter themſelves all over the Plain, in great Diſorder, made ſuch Out-cries as rouz'd the Prince from his amorous Slumber, in which he had remain'd bury'd for two Days, without permitting any Suſtenance to approach him: But, in ſpight of all his Reſolutions, he had not the Conſtancy of Grief to that Degree, as to make him inſenſible of the Danger of his Army; and in that Inſtant he leap'd from his Couch, and cry'd,—*Come, if we muſt die, let us meet Death the nobleſt Way; and 'twill be more like* Oroonoko *to encounter him at an Army's Head, oppoſing the Torrent of a conquering Foe, than lazily, on a Couch, to wait his lingering Pleaſure, and die every Moment by a thouſand wracking Thoughts; or be tamely taken by an Enemy, and led a whining,*

Love-ſick Slave, to adorn the Triumphs of Jamoan, *that young Victor, who already is enter'd beyond the Limits I had preſcrib'd him.*

While he was ſpeaking, he ſuffer'd his People to dreſs him for the Field; and ſallying out of his Pavillion, with more Life and Vigour in his Countenance than ever he ſhew'd, he appear'd like ſome Divine Power deſcended to ſave his Country from Deſtruction; and his People had purpoſely put him on all things that might make him ſhine with moſt Splendor, to ſtrike a reverend Awe into the Beholders. He flew into the thickeſt of thoſe that were purſuing his Men; and being animated with Deſpair, he fought as if he came on purpoſe to die, and did ſuch things as will not be believ'd that Humane Strength cou'd perform; and ſuch as ſoon inſpir'd all the reſt with new Courage, and new Order: And now it was, that they began to fight indeed; and ſo, as if they wou'd not be out-done, even by their ador'd *Hero*; who turning the Tide of the Victory, changing abſolutely the Fate of the Day, gain'd an entire Conqueſt; and *Oroonoko* having the good Fortune to ſingle out *Jamoan*, he took him Priſoner with his own Hand, having wounded him almoſt to death.

This *Jamoan* afterwards became very dear to him, being a Man very gallant, and of excellent Graces, and fine Parts; ſo that he never put him amongſt the Rank of Captives, as they us'd to do, without diſtinction, for the common Sale, or Market; but kept him in his own Court, where he retain'd nothing of the Priſoner, but the Name, and return'd no more

into

into his own Country, ſo great an Affection he took for *Oroonoko*; and by a thouſand Tales and Adventures of Love and Gallantry, flatter'd his Diſeaſe of Melancholy and Languiſhment; which I have often heard him ſay, had certainly kill'd him, but for the Converſation of this Prince and *Aboan*, the *French* Governor he had from his Childhood, of whom I have ſpoken before, and who was a Man of admirable Wit, great Ingenuity and Learning; all which he had infus'd into his young Pupil. This *French*-Man was baniſh'd out of his own Country, for ſome Heretical Notions he held; and though he was a Man of very little Religion, he had admirable Morals, and a brave Soul.

After the total Defeat of *Jamoan*'s Army, which all fled, or were left dead upon the Place, they ſpent ſome time in the Camp; *Oroonoko* chuſing rather to remain a while there in his Tents, than to enter into a Place, or live in a Court where he had ſo lately ſuffer'd ſo great a Loſs. The Officers therefore, who ſaw and knew his Cauſe of Diſcontent, invented all ſorts of Diverſions and Sports, to entertain their Prince: So that what with thoſe Amuzements abroad, and others at home, that is, within their Tents, with the Perſwaſions, Arguments and Care of his Friends and Servants that he more peculiarly priz'd, he wore off in time a great part of that *Shagrien*, and Torture of Deſpair, which the firſt Efforts of *Imoinda*'s Death had given him: Inſomuch as having receiv'd a thouſand kind Embaſſies from the King, and Invitations to return to Court, he obey'd; though

though with no little Reluctancy; and when he did ſo, there was a viſible Change in him, and for a long time he was much more melancholy than before. But Time leſſens all Extreams, and reduces 'em to *Mediums* and Unconcern; but no Motives or Beauties, though all endeavour'd it, cou'd engage him in any ſort of Amour, though he had all the Invitations to it, both from his own Youth, and others Ambitions and Deſigns.

Oroonoko was no ſooner return'd from this laſt Conqueſt, and receiv'd at Court with all the Joy and Magnificence that cou'd be expreſs'd to a young Victor, who was not only return'd triumphant, but belov'd like a Deity, when there arriv'd in the Port an *Engliſh* Ship.

This Perſon had often before been in theſe Countries, and was very well known to *Oroonoko*, with whom he had traffick'd for Slaves, and had us'd to do the ſame with his Predeceſſors.

This Commander was a Man of a finer ſort of Addreſs, and Converſation, better bred, and more engaging, than moſt of that ſort of Men are; ſo that he ſeem'd rather never to have been bred out of a Court, than almoſt all his Life at Sea. This Captain therefore was always better receiv'd at Court, than moſt of the Traders to thoſe Countries were; and eſpecially by *Oroonoko*, who was more civiliz'd, according to the *European* Mode, than any other had been, and took more Delight in the *White* Nations; and, above all, Men of Parts and Wit. To this Captain he ſold abundance of his

his Slaves; and for the Favour and Eſteem he had for him, made him many Preſents, and oblig'd him to ſtay at Court as long as poſſibly he cou'd. Which the Captain ſeem'd to take as a very great Honour done him, entertaining the Prince every Day with Globes and Maps, and Mathematical Diſcourſes and Inſtruments; eating, drinking, hunting and living with him with ſo much Familiarity, that it was not to be doubted, but he had gain'd very greatly upon the Heart of this gallant young Man. And the Captain, in Return of all theſe mighty Favours, beſought the Prince to honour his Veſſel with his Preſence, ſome Day or other, to Dinner, before he ſhou'd ſet Sail; which he condeſcended to accept, and appointed his Day. The Captain, on his part, fail'd not to have all things in a Readineſs, in the moſt magnificent Order he cou'd poſſibly: And the Day being come, the Captain, in his Boat, richly adorn'd with Carpets and Velvet-Cuſhions, row'd to the Shoar to receive the Prince; with another Long-Boat, where was plac'd all his Muſick and Trumpets, with which *Oroonoko* was extreamly delighted; who met him on the Shoar, attended by his *French* Governor, *Jamoan*, *Aboan*, and about an hundred of the nobleſt of the Youths of the Court: And after they had firſt carry'd the Prince on Board, the Boats fetch'd the reſt off; where they found a very ſplendid Treat, with all ſorts of fine Wines; and were as well entertain'd as 'twas poſſible in ſuch a place to be.

The Prince having drunk hard of Punch, and ſeveral Sorts of Wine, as did all the reſt (for

(for great Care was taken, they ſhou'd want nothing of that part of the Entertainment) was very merry, and in great Admiration of the Ship, for he had never been in one before; ſo that he was curious of beholding every place, where he decently might deſcend. The reſt, no leſs curious, who were not quite overcome with Drinking, rambl'd at their pleaſure *Fore* and *Aft*, as their Fancies guided 'em: So that the Captain, who had well laid his Deſign before, gave the Word, and ſeiz'd on all his Gueſts; they clapping great Irons ſuddenly on the Prince, when he was leap'd down in the Hold, to view that part of the Veſſel; and locking him faſt down, ſecur'd him. The ſame Treachery was us'd to all the reſt; and all in one Inſtant, in ſeveral places of the Ship, were laſh'd faſt in Irons, and betray'd to Slavery. That great Deſign over, they ſet all Hands to work to hoiſe Sail; and with as treacherous and fair a Wind they made from the Shoar with this innocent and glorious Prize, who thought of nothing leſs than ſuch an Entertainment.

Some have commended this Act, as brave, in the Captain; but I will ſpare my Sence of it, and leave it to my Reader, to judge as he pleaſes. It may be eaſily gueſs'd, in what manner the Prince reſented this Indignity, who may be beſt reſembl'd to a Lion taken in a Toil; ſo he rag'd, ſo he ſtruggl'd for Liberty, but all in vain; and they had ſo wiſely manag'd his Fetters, that he cou'd not uſe a Hand in his Defence, to quit himſelf of a Life that wou'd by no Means endure Slavery; nor cou'd he move from the Place where he was ty'd to any

any ſolid part of the Ship, againſt which he might have beat his Head, and have finiſh'd his Diſgrace that way: So that being deprived of all other means, he reſolv'd to periſh for want of Food: And pleaſed at laſt with that Thought, and toil'd and tired by Rage and Indignation, he laid himſelf down, and ſullenly reſolved upon dying, and refuſed all things that were brought him.

This did not a little vex the Captain, and the more ſo, becauſe, he found almoſt all of 'em of the ſame Humour; ſo that the loſs of ſo many brave Slaves, ſo tall and goodly to behold, wou'd have been very conſiderable: He therefore order'd one to go from him (for he wou'd not be ſeen himſelf) to *Oroonoko*, and to aſſure him he was afflicted for having raſhly done ſo unhoſpitable a Deed, and which cou'd not be now remedied, ſince they were far from ſhore; but ſince he reſented it in ſo high a nature, he aſſur'd him he wou'd revoke his Reſolution, and ſet both him and his Friends a-ſhore on the next Land they ſhou'd touch at; and of this the Meſſenger gave him his Oath, provided he wou'd reſolve to live: And *Oroonoko*, whoſe Honour was ſuch as he never had violated a Word in his Life himſelf, much leſs a ſolemn Aſſeveration; believ'd in an inſtant what this Man ſaid, but reply'd, He expected for a Confirmation of this, to have his ſhameſull Fetters diſmiſs'd. This Demand was carried to the *Captain*, who return'd him anſwer, That the Offence had been ſo great which he had put upon the Prince, that he durſt not truſt him with Liberty while he remained in the Ship,

for

for fear left by a Valour natural to him, and a Revenge that would animate that Valour, he might commit ſome Outrage fatal to himſelf and the *King* his Maſter, to whom his Veſſel did belong. To this *Oroonoko* replied, he would engage his Honour to behave himſelf in all friendly Order and Manner, and obey the Command of the *Captain*, as he was Lord of the *King*'s Veſſel, and General of thoſe Men under his Command.

This was deliver'd to the ſtill doubting *Captain*, who could not reſolve to truſt a *Heathen* he ſaid, upon his parole, a Man that had no ſence or notion of the God that he Worſhipp'd. *Oroonoko* then replied, He was very ſorry to hear that the *Captain* pretended to the Knowledge and Worſhip of any *Gods*, who had taught him no better Principles, than not to Credit as he would be Credited: but they told him the Difference of their Faith occaſion'd that Diſtruſt: For the *Captain* had proteſted to him upon the Word of a *Chriſtian*, and ſworn in the Name of a Great *GOD*; which if he ſhou'd violate, he would expect eternal Torment in the World to come. *Is that all the obligation he has to be Juſt to his Oath*, replied *Oroonoko*? *Let him know I Swear by my Honour, which to violate, wou'd not only render me contemptible and deſpiſed by all brave and honeſt Men, and ſo give my ſelf perpetual pain, but it wou'd be eternally offending and diſeaſing all Mankind; harming, betraying, circumventing and outraging all Men; but Puniſhments hereafter are ſuffer'd by ones ſelf; and the World takes no cognizances whether this* God *have revenged 'em, or not, 'tis done*

done ſo ſecretly, and deferr'd ſo long: While the Man of no Honour, ſuffers every moment the ſcorn and contempt of the boneſter World, and dies every day ignominiouſly in his Fame, which is more valuable than Life: I ſpeak not this to move Belief, but to ſhew you how you miſtake, when you imagine, That he who will violate his Honour, will keep his Word with his Gods. So turning from him with a diſdainful ſmile, he refuſed to anſwer him, when he urg'd him to know what Anſwer he ſhou'd carry back to his *Captain*; ſo that he departed without ſaying any more.

The *Captain* pondering and conſulting what to do, it was concluded that nothing but *Oroonoko*'s Liberty wou'd encourage any of the reſt to eat, except the *French*-man. whom the *Captain* cou'd not pretend to keep Priſoner, but only told him he was ſecured becauſe he might act ſomething in favour of the Prince; but that he ſhou'd be freed as ſoon as they came to Land. So that they concluded it wholly neceſſary to free the Prince from his Irons, that he might ſhow himſelf to the reſt; that they might have an Eye upon him, and that they cou'd not fear a ſingle Man.

This being reſolv'd, to make the Obligation the greater, the Captain himſelf went to *Oroonoko*; where, after many Complements, and Aſſurances of what he had already promis'd, he receiving from the Prince his *Parole*, and his Hand, for his good Behaviour, diſmiſs'd his Irons, and brought him to his own Cabin; where, after having treated and repos'd him a while, for he had neither eat nor ſlept in four Days before, he beſought him to viſit thoſe obſtinate

obſtinate People in Chains, who refus'd all manner of Suſtenance; and intreated him to oblige 'em to eat, and aſſure 'em of their Liberty the firſt Opportunity.

Oroonoko, who was too generous, not to give Credit to his Words, ſhew'd himſelf to his People, who were tranſported with Exceſs of Joy at the ſight of their Darling Prince; falling at his Feet, and kiſſing and embracing 'em; believing, as ſome Divine Oracle, all he aſſur'd 'em. But he beſought 'em to bear their Chains with that Bravery that became thoſe whom he had ſeen act ſo nobly in Arms; and that they cou'd not give him greater Proofs of their Love and Friendſhip, ſince 'twas all the Security the Captain (his Friend) cou'd have, againſt the Revenge, he ſaid, they might poſſibly juſtly take, for the Injuries ſuſtain'd by him. And they all, with one Accord, aſſur'd him, they cou'd not ſuffer enough, when it was for his Repoſe and Safety.

After this they no longer refus'd to eat, but took what was brought 'em, and were pleas'd with their Captivity, ſince by it they hop'd to redeem the Prince, who, all the reſt of the Voyage, was treated with all the Reſpect due to his Birth, though nothing cou'd divert his Melancholy; and he wou'd often ſigh for *Imoinda*, and think this a Puniſhment due to his Misfortune, in having left that noble Maid behind him, that fatal Night, in the *Otan*, when he fled to the Camp.

Poſſeſs'd with a thouſand Thoughts of paſt Joys with this fair young Perſon, and a thouſand Griefs for her eternal Loſs, he endur'd a tedious

tedious Voyage, and at laſt arriv'd at the Mouth of the River of *Surinam*, a Colony belonging to the King of *England*, and where they were to deliver ſome part of their Slaves. There the Merchants and Gentlemen of the Country going on Board, to demand thoſe Lots of Slaves they had already agreed on; and, amongſt thoſe, the Over-ſeers of thoſe Plantations where I then chanc'd to be, the Captain, who had given the Word, order'd his Men to bring up thoſe noble Slaves in Fetters, whom I have ſpoken of; and having put 'em, ſome in one, and ſome in other Lots, with Women and Children (which they call *Pickaninies*,) they ſold 'em off, as Slaves, to ſeveral Merchants and Gentlemen; not putting any two in one Lot, becauſe they wou'd ſeparate 'em far from each other; not daring to truſt 'em together, leſt Rage and Courage ſhou'd put 'em upon contriving ſome great Action, to the Ruin of the Colony.

Oroonoko was firſt ſeiz'd on, and ſold to our Over-ſeer, who had the firſt Lot, with ſeventeen more of all ſorts and ſizes, but not one of Quality with him. When he ſaw this, he found what they meant; for, as I ſaid, he underſtood *Engliſh* pretty well; and being wholly unarm'd and defenceleſs, ſo as it was in vain to make any Reſiſtance, he only beheld the Captain with a Look all fierce and diſdainful, upbraiding him with Eyes, that forc'd Bluſhes on his guilty Cheeks, he only cry'd, in paſſing over the Side of the Ship, *Farewel, Sir: 'Tis worth my Suffering, to gain ſo true a Knowledge both of you, and of your Gods by whom you ſwear.*

And deſiring thoſe that held him to forbear their pains, and telling 'em he wou'd make no Reſiſtance, he cry'd, *Come, my Fellow-Slaves; let us deſcend, and ſee if we can meet with more Honour and Honeſty in the next World we ſhall touch upon.* So he nimbly leapt into the Boat, and ſhewing no more Concern, ſuffer'd himſelf to be row'd up the River, with his ſeventeen Companions.

The Gentleman that bought him was a young *Corniſh* Gentleman, whoſe Name was *Trefry*; a Man of great Wit, and fine Learning, and was carry'd into thoſe Parts by the Lord —— Governor, to manage all his Affairs. He reflecting on the laſt Words of *Oroonoko* to the Captain, and beholding the Richneſs of his Veſt, no ſooner came into the Boat, but he fix'd his Eyes on him; and finding ſomething ſo extraordinary in his Face, his Shape and Mien, a Greatneſs of Look, and Haughtineſs in his Air, and finding he ſpoke *Engliſh*, had a great mind to be enquiring into his Quality and Fortune; which, though *Oroonoko* endeavour'd to hide, by only confeſſing he was above the Rank of common Slaves, *Trefry* ſoon found he was yet ſomething greater than he confeſs'd; and from that Moment began to conceive ſo vaſt an Eſteem for him, that he ever after lov'd him as his deareſt Brother, and ſhew'd him all the Civilities due to ſo great a Man.

Trefry was a very good Mathematician, and a Linguiſt; cou'd ſpeak *French* and *Spaniſh*; and in the three Days they remain'd in the Boat (for ſo long were they going from the Ship,

Ship, to the Plantation) he entertain'd *Oroonoko* ſo agreeably with his Art and Diſcourſe, that he was no leſs pleas'd with *Trefry*, than he was with the Prince; and he thought himſelf, at leaſt, fortunate in this, that ſince he was a Slave, as long as he wou'd ſuffer himſelf to remain ſo, he had a Man of ſo excellent Wit and Parts for a Maſter: So that before they had finiſh'd their Voyage up the River, he made no ſcruple of declaring to *Trefry* all his Fortunes, and moſt part of what I have here related, and put himſelf wholly into the Hands of his new Friend, whom he found reſenting all the Injuries were done him, and was charm'd with all the Grearneſſes of his Actions; which were recited with that Modeſty, and delicate Sence, as wholly vanquiſh'd him, and ſubdu'd him to his Intereſt. And he promis'd him on his Word and Honour, he wou'd find the Means to re-conduct him to his own Country again: aſſuring him, he had a perfect Abhorrence of ſo diſhonourable an Action; and that he wou'd ſooner have dy'd, than have been the Author of ſuch a Perfidy. He found the Prince was very much concern'd to know what became of his Friends, and how they took their Slavery; and *Trefry* promis'd to take care about the enquiring after their Condition, and that he ſhou'd have an Account of 'em.

Though, as *Oroonoko* afterwards ſaid, he had little Reaſon to credit the Words of a *Backearary*, yet he knew not why; but he ſaw a kind of Sincerity, and awful Truth in the Face of *Trefry*; he ſaw an Honeſty in his Eyes, and

he found him wiſe and witty enough to underſtand Honour; for it was one of his Maxims, *A Man of Wit cou'd not be a Knave or Villain.*

In their paſſage up the River, they put in at ſeveral Houſes for Refreſhment; and ever when they landed, numbers of People wou'd flock to behold this Man; not but their Eyes were daily entertain'd with the ſight of Slaves, but the Fame of *Oroonoko* was gone before him, and all People were in Admiration of his Beauty. Beſides, he had a rich Habit on, in which he was taken, ſo different from the reſt, and which the Captain cou'd not ſtrip him of, becauſe he was forc'd to ſurprize his Perſon in the Minute he ſold him. When he found his Habit made him liable, as he thought, to be gaz'd at the more, he begg'd *Trefry* to give him ſomething more befitting a Slave; which he did, and took off his Robes. Nevertheleſs, he ſhone through all; and his *Oſenbrigs* (a ſort of brown *Holland* Suit he had on) cou'd not conceal the Graces of his Looks and Mien; and he had no leſs Admirers, than when he had his dazeling Habit on: The Royal Youth appear'd in ſpight of the Slave, and People cou'd not help treating him after a different manner, without deſigning it: As ſoon as they approach'd him, they venerated and eſteem'd him; his Eyes inſenſibly commanded Reſpect, and his Behaviour inſinuated it into every Soul. So that there was nothing talk'd of but this young and gallant Slave, even by thoſe who yet knew not that he was a Prince.

I ought to tell you, that the *Chriſtians* never buy any Slaves but they give 'em ſome Name

of

of their own, their native ones being likely very barbarous, and hard to pronounce; ſo that Mr. *Trefry* gave *Oroonoko* that of *Cæſar*; which Name will live in that Country as long as that (ſcarce more) glorious one of the great *Roman*; for 'tis moſt evident, he wanted no part of the Perſonal Courage of that *Cæſar*, and acted things as memorable, had they been done in ſome part of the World repleniſh'd with People, and Hiſtorians, that might have given him his due. But his Misfortune was, to fall in an obſcure World, that afforded only a Female Pen to celebrate his Fame; though I doubt not but it had liv'd from others Endeavours, if the *Dutch*, who, immediately after his Time, took that Country, had not kill'd, baniſh'd and diſpers'd all thoſe that were capable of giving the World this great Man's Life, much better than I have done. And Mr. *Trefry*, who deſign'd it, dy'd before he began it; and bemoan'd himſelf for not having undertook it in time.

For the future therefore, I muſt call *Oroonoko*, *Cæſar*, ſince by that Name only he was known in our Weſtern World, and by that Name he was receiv'd on Shoar at *Parham-Houſe*, where he was deſtin'd a Slave. But if the King himſelf (God bleſs him) had come a-ſhore, there cou'd not have been greater Expectations by all the whole Plantation, and thoſe neighbouring ones, than was on ours at that time; and he was receiv'd more like a Governor, than a Slave. Notwithſtanding, as the Cuſtom was, they aſſign'd him his Portion of Land, his Houſe, and his Buſineſs, up in the

Plantation. But as it was more for Form, than any Deſign, to put him to his Task, he endur'd no more of the Slave but the Name, and remain'd ſome Days in the Houſe, receiving all Viſits that were made him, without ſtirring towards that part of the Plantation where the *Negroes* were.

At laſt, he wou'd needs go view his Land, his Houſe, and the Buſineſs aſſign'd him. But he no ſooner came to the Houſes of the Slaves, which are like a little Town by it ſelf, the *Negroes* all having left Work, but they all came forth to behold him, and found he was that Prince who had, at ſeveral times, ſold moſt of 'em to theſe Parts; and, from a Veneration they pay to great Men, eſpecially if they know 'em, and from the Surprize and Awe they had at the ſight of him, they all caſt themſelves at his Feet, crying out, in their Language, *Live, O King! Long live, O King!* And kiſſing his Feet, paid him even Divine Homage.

Several *Engliſh* Gentlemen were with him; and what Mr. *Trefry* had told 'em, was here confirm'd; of which he himſelf before had no other Witneſs than *Cæſar* himſelf: But he was infinitely glad to find his Grandure confirm'd by the Adoration of all the Slaves.

Cæſar troubl'd with their Over-Joy, and Over-Ceremony, beſought 'em to riſe, and to receive him as their Fellow-Slave; aſſuring them, he was no better. At which they ſet up with one Accord a moſt terrible and hidious Mourning and Condoling, which he and the *Engliſh* had much a-do to appeaſe; but at laſt they prevail'd with 'em, and they prepar'd all

all their barbarous Muſick, and every one kill'd and dreſs'd ſomething of his own Stock (for every Family has their Land a-part, on which, at their leiſure-times, they breed all eatable things; and clubbing it together, made a moſt magnificent Supper, inviting their *Grandee Captain*, their *Prince*, to honour it with his Preſence; which he did, and ſeveral *Engliſh* with him; where they all waited on him, ſome playing, others dancing before him all the time, according to the Manners of their ſeveral Nations; and with unwearied Induſtry, endeavouring to pleaſe and delight him.

While they ſat at Meat, Mr. *Trefry* told *Cæſar*, that moſt of theſe young *Slaves* were undone in Love, with a fine She-*Slave*, whom they had had about Six Months on their Land; the *Prince*, who never heard the Name of *Love* without a Sigh, nor any mention of it without the Curioſity of examining further into that tale, which of all Diſcourſes was moſt agreeable to him, asked, how they came to be ſo Unhappy, as to be all Undone for one fair *Slave?* *Trefry*, who was naturally Amorous, and lov'd to talk of Love as well as any body, proceeded to tell him, they had the moſt charming *Black* that ever was beheld on their *Plantation*, about fifteen or ſixteen Years old, as he gueſs'd; that, for his part, he had done nothing but Sigh for her ever ſince ſhe came; and that all the *White* Beauties he had ſeen, never charm'd him ſo abſolutely as this fine Creature had done; and that no Man, of any Nation, ever beheld her, that did not fall in Love with her; and that ſhe had all the *Slaves* perpetu-

ally at her Feet; and the whole Country reſounded with the Fame of *Clemene*, for ſo, ſaid he, we have Chriſt'ned her: But ſhe denies us all with ſuch a noble Diſdain, that 'tis a Miracle to ſee, that ſhe, who can give ſuch eternal Deſires, ſhou'd her ſelf be all Ice, and all Unconcern. She is adorn'd with the moſt Graceful Modeſty that every beautify'd Youth; the ſofteſt Sigher——that, if ſhe were capable of Love, one wou'd ſwear ſhe languiſh'd for ſome abſent happy Man; and ſo retir'd, as if ſhe fear'd a Rape even from the God of Day; or that the Breezes wou'd ſteal Kiſſes from her delicate Mouth. Her Task of Work ſome ſighing Lover every Day makes it his Petition to perform for her, which ſhe excepts Bluſhing, and with Reluctancy, for fear he will ask her a Look for a Recompence, which he dares not preſume to hope; ſo great an Awe ſhe ſtrikes into the Hearts of her Admirers. *I do not wonder*, replied the Prince, *that* Clemene *ſhou'd refuſe Slaves, being, as you ſay, ſo Beautiful; but wonder how ſhe eſcapes thoſe who can entertain her as you can do: or why, being your Slave, you do not oblige her to yield. I confeſs*, ſaid *Trefry*, *when I have, againſt her Will, entertain'd her with Love ſo long, as to be tranſported with my Paſſion; even above Decency, I have been ready to make uſe of thoſe advantages of Strength and Force Nature has given me. But oh! ſhe diſarms me, with that Modeſty and Weeping, ſo tender and ſo moving, that I retire, and thank my Stars ſhe overcame me.* The Company laugh'd at his Civiſity to a *Slave*, and *Cæſar* only applauded the Nobleneſs of his Paſſion and Nature; ſince that

Slave

Slave might be Noble, or, what was better, have true Notions of Honour and Vertue in her. Thus paſs'd they this Night, after having received, from the *Slaves*, all imaginable Reſpect and Obedience.

The next Day *Trefry* ask'd *Cæſar* to walk, when the Heat was allay'd, and deſignedly carried him by the Cottage of the *fair Slave*; and told him, ſhe whom he ſpoke of laſt Night liv'd there retir'd. *But*, ſays he, *I would not wiſh you to Approach, for, I am ſure, you will be in Love as ſoon as you behold her.* *Cæſar* aſſur'd him, he was proof againſt all the Charms of that Sex; and that if he imagin'd his Heart cou'd be ſo perfidious to Love again, after *Imoinda*, he believ'd he ſhou'd tear it from his Boſom: They had no ſooner ſpoke, but a little ſhock Dog, that *Clemene* had preſented her, which ſhe took great Delight in, ran out; and ſhe, not knowing any body was there, ran to get it in again, and bolted out on thoſe who were juſt Speaking of her: When ſeeing them, ſhe wou'd have run in again; but *Trefry* caught her by the Hand, and cry'd, Clemene, *however you fly a Lover, you ought to pay ſome Reſpect to this Stranger:* (pointing to *Cæſar*) But ſhe, as if ſhe had reſolv'd never to raiſe her Eyes to the Face of a Man again, bent 'em the more to the Earth, when he ſpoke, and gave the *Prince* the Leaſure to look the more at her. There needed no long Gazing, or Conſideration, to examin who this fair Creature was; he ſoon ſaw *Imoinda* all over her; in a Minute he ſaw her Face, her Shape, her Air, her Modeſty, and all that call'd forth his Soul with Joy at his

his Eyes, and left his Body deſtitute of almoſt Life; it ſtood without Motion, and, for a Minute, knew not that it had a Being; and, I believe, he had never come to himſelf, ſo oppreſs'd he was with Over-joy, if he had not met with this Allay, that he perceiv'd *Imoinda* fall dead in the Hands of *Trefry*: This awaken'd him, and he ran to her Aid, and caught her in his Arms, where, by degrees, ſhe came to her ſelf; and 'tis needleſs to tell with what Tranſports, what Extaſies of Joy, they both a while beheld each other, without Speaking; then Snatch'd each other to their Arms; then Gaze again, as if they ſtill doubted whether they poſſeſs'd the Bleſſing: They Graſp'd; but when they recover'd their Speech, 'tis not to be imagin'd, what tender Things they expreſs'd to each other; wondering what ſtrange Fate had brought 'em again together. They ſoon inform'd each other of their Fortunes, and equally bewail'd their Fate; but, at the ſame time, they mutually proteſted, that even Fetters and Slavery were Soft and Eaſie; and wou'd be ſupported with Joy and Pleaſure, while they cou'd be ſo happy to poſſeſs each other, and to be able to make good their Vows. *Cæſar* ſwore he diſdain'd the Empire of the World, while he cou'd behold his *Imoinda*; and ſhe deſpis'd Grandure and Pomp, thoſe Vanities of her Sex, when ſhe cou'd Gaze on *Oroonoko*. He ador'd the very Cottage where ſhe reſided, and ſaid, That little Inch of the World wou'd give him more Happineſs than all the Univerſe cou'd do; and ſhe vow'd, It was a Palace, while adorn'd with the Preſence of *Oroonoko*.

Trefry was infinitely pleas'd with this Novel, and found this *Clemene* was the Fair Miſtreſs of whom *Cæſar* had before ſpoke; and was not a little ſatisfied, that Heaven was ſo kind to the *Prince*, as to ſweeten his Misfortunes by ſo lucky an Accident; and leaving the Lovers to themſelves, was impatient to come down to *Parham-Houſe*, (which was on the ſame *Plantation*) to give me an Account of what had hapned. I was as impatient to make theſe Lovers a Viſit, having already made a Friendſhip with *Cæſar*; and from his own Mouth learn'd what I have related, which was confirmed by his Frenchman, who was ſet on Shoar to ſeek his Fortunes; and of whom they cou'd not make a Slave, becauſe a Chriſtian; and he came daily to *Parham-Hill* to ſee and pay his Reſpects to his Puple *Prince*: So that concerning and intreſting my ſelf, in all that related to *Cæſar*, whom I had aſſur'd of Liberty, as ſoon as the Governor arriv'd, I haſted preſently to the Place were the Lovers were, and was infinitely glad to find this Beautiful young *Slave* (who had already gain'd all our Eſteems, for her Modeſty and her extraordinary Prettyneſs) to be the ſame I had heard *Cæſar* ſpeak ſo much of. One may imagine then we paid her a treble Reſpect; and though from her being carv'd in fine Flowers and Birds all over her Body, we took her to be of Quality before, yet, when he knew *Clemene* was *Imoinda*, we cou'd not enough admire her.

I had for got to tell you, that thoſe who are Nobly born of that Country, are ſo delicately Cut and Rac'd all over the fore-part of the

Trunk

Trunk of their Bodies, that it looks as if it were Japan'd; the Works being raiſed like high Poynt round the Edges of the Flowers: Some are only Carv'd with a little Flower, or Bird, at the Sides of the Temples as was *Cæſar*; and thoſe who are ſo Carv'd over the Body, reſemble our Ancient *Picts*, that are figur'd in the Chronicles, but theſe Carvings are more delicate.

From that happy Day *Cæſar* took *Clemene* for his Wife, to the general Joy of all People; and there was as much Magnificence as the Country wou'd afford at the Celebration of this Wedding: and in a very ſhort time after ſhe conceiv'd with Child; which made *Cæſar* even adore her, knowing he was the laſt of his Great Race. This new Accident made him more Impatient of Liberty, and he was every Day treating with *Trefry* for his and *Clemene's* Liberty; and offer'd either Gold, or a vaſt quantity of Slaves, which ſhou'd be paid before they let him go, provided he cou'd have any Security that he ſhou'd go when his Ranſom was paid: They fed him from Day to Day with Promiſes, and delay'd him, till the Lord Governor ſhou'd come; ſo that he began to ſuſpect them of falſhood, and that they wou'd delay him till the time of his Wives delivery, and make a Slave of that too, for all the Breed is theirs to whom the Parents belong: This Thought made him very uneaſy, and his Sullenneſs gave them ſome Jealouſies of him; ſo that I was oblig'd by ſome Perſons, who fear'd a Mutiny (which is very Fatal ſometimes in thoſe Colonies, that abound ſo with Slaves, that

that they exceed the Whites in vaſt Numbers) to diſcourſe with *Cæſar*, and to give him all the Satisfaction I poſſibly cou'd; they knew he and *Clemene* were ſcarce an Hour in a Day from my Lodgings; that they eat with me, and that I oblig'd 'em in all things I was capable of: I entertain'd him with the Lives of the Romans, and great Men, which charm'd him to my Company; and her, with teaching her all the pretty Works that I was Miſtreſs of; and telling her Stories of Nuns, and endeavouring to bring her to the knowledge of the true God. But of all Diſcourſes *Cæſar* lik'd that the worſt, and wou'd never be reconcil'd to our Notions of the Trinity, of which he ever made a Jeſt; it was a Riddle, he ſaid, wou'd turn his Brain to conceive, and one cou'd not make him underſtand what Faith was. However, theſe Converſations fail'd not altogether ſo well to divert him, that he lik'd the Company of us Women much above the Men; for he cou'd not Drink; and he is but an ill Companion in that Country that cannot: So that obliging him to love us very well, we had all the Liberty of Speech with him, eſpecially my ſelf, whom he call'd his *Great Miſtreſs*; and indeed my Word wou'd go a great way with him. For theſe Reaſons, I had Opportunity to take notice to him, that he was not well pleas'd of late, as he us'd to be; was more retir'd and thoughtful; and told him, I took it ill he ſhou'd Suſpect we wou'd break our Words with him, and not permit both him and *Clemene* to return to his own Kingdom, which was not ſo long a way, but when he was once on his Voyage

age he wou'd quickly arrive there. He made me ſome Anſwers that ſhew'd a doubt in him, which made me ask what advantage it wou'd be to doubt? it would but give us a Fear of him, and poſſibly compel us to treat him ſo as I ſhou'd be very loath to behold: that is, it might occaſion his Confinement. Perhaps this was not ſo Luckily ſpoke of me, for I perceiv'd he reſented that Word, which I ſtrove to Soften again in vain: However, he aſſur'd me, that whatſoever Reſolutions he ſhou'd take, he wou'd Act nothing upon the White-People; and as for my ſelf, and thoſe upon that *Plantation* where he was, he wou'd ſooner forfeit his eternal Liberty, and Life it ſelf, than lift his Hand againſt his greateſt Enemy on that Place: He beſought me to ſuffer no Fears upon his Account, for he cou'd do nothing that Honour ſhou'd not dictate; but he accus'd himſelf for having ſuffer'd Slavery ſo long; yet he charg'd that weakneſs on Love alone, who was capable of making him neglect even Glory it it ſelf; and, for which, now he reproaches himſelf every moment of the Day. Much more to this effect he ſpoke, with an Air impatient enough to make me know he wou'd not be long in Bondage; and though he ſuffer'd only the Name of a Slave, and had nothing of the Toil and Labour of one, yet that was ſufficient to render him Uneaſy; and he had been too long Idle, who us'd to be always in Action, and in Arms: He had a Spirit all Rough and Fierce, and that cou'd not be tam'd to lazy Reſt; and though all endeavours were us'd to exerciſe himſelf in ſuch Actions and Sports as this

World

World afforded, as Running, Wreſtling, Pitching the Bar; Hunting and Fiſhing, Chaſing and Killing *Tigers* of a monſtrous Size, which this Continent affords in abundance; and wonderful *Snakes*, ſuch as *Alexander* is reported to have incounter'd at the River of *Amozons*, and which *Cæſar* took great Delight to overcome; yet theſe were not Actions great enough for his large Soul, which was ſtill panting after more renown'd Action.

Before I parted that Day with him, I got, with much ado, a Promiſe from him to reſt yet a litle longer with Patience, and wait the coming of the Lord Governor, who was every Day expected on our Shore; he aſſur'd me he wou'd, and this Promiſe he deſired me to know was given perfectly in Complaiſance to me, in whom he had an intire Confidence.

After this, I neither thought it convenient to truſt him much out of our View, nor did the Country who fear'd him; but with one accord it was adviſ'd to treat him Fairly, and oblige him to remain within ſuch a compaſs, and that he ſhou'd be permitted, as ſeldom as cou'd be, to go up to the Plantations of the Negroes; or, if he did, to be accompany'd by ſome that ſhou'd be rather in appearance Attendants than Spys. This Care was for ſome time taken, and *Cæſar* look'd upon it as a Mark of extraordinary Reſpect, and was glad his diſcontent had oblig'd 'em to be more obſervant to him; he received new aſſurance from the Overſeer, which was confirmed to him by the Opinion of all the Gentlemen of the Country, who made their court to him: During this time that we had his

his Company more frequently than hitherto we had had, it may not be unpleaſant to relate to you the Diverſions we entertain'd him with, or rather he us.

My ſtay was to be ſhort in that Country, becauſe my Father dy'd at Sea, and never arriv'd to poſſeſs the Honour was deſign'd him, (which was Lieutenant-General of Six and thirty Iſlands, beſides the Continent of *Surinam*) nor the advantages he hop'd to reap by them; ſo that though we were oblig'd to continue on our Voyage, we did not intend to ſtay upon the Place. Though, in a Word I muſt ſay thus much of it, That certainly had his late Majeſty, of ſacred Memory, but ſeen and known what a vaſt and charming World he had been Maſter of in that Continent, he would never have parted ſo Eaſily with it to the *Dutch*. 'Tis a Continent whoſe vaſt Extent was never yet known, and may contain more Noble Earth than all the Univerſe beſides; for, they ſay, it reaches from Eaſt to Weſt one Way as far as *China*, and another to *Peru*: It affords all things both for Beauty and Uſe; 'tis there Eternal Spring, always the very Months of *April*, *May* and *June*; the Shades are perpetual, the Trees, bearing at once all degrees of Leaves and Fruit, from blooming Buds to ride Autumn; Groves of Oranges, Limons, Citrons, Figs, Nutmegs, and noble Aromaticks, continually bearing their Fragrancies. The Trees appearing all like Noſegays adorn'd with Flowers of different kind; ſome are all White, ſome Purple, ſome Scarlet, ſome Blew, ſome Yellow; bearing, at the ſame time, Ripe Fruit and Blooming Young, or producing

ducing every Day new. The very Wood of all theſe Trees have an intrinſick Value above common Timber; for they are, when cut, of different Colours, glorious to behold; and bear a Price conſiderable, to inlay withal. Beſides this, they yield rich Balm, and Gums; ſo that we make our Candles of ſuch an Aromatick Subſtance, as does not only give a ſufficient Light, but, as they Burn, they caſt their Perfumes all about. Cedar is the common Firing, and all the Houſes are built with it. The very Meat we eat, when ſet on the Table, if it be Native, I mean of the Country, perfumes the whole Room; eſpecially a little Beaſt call'd an *Armadilly*, a thing which I can liken to nothing ſo well as a *Rhinoceros*; 'tis all in white Armor ſo joynted, that it moves as well in it, as if it had nothing on; this Beaſt is about the bigneſs of a Pig of Six Weeks old. But it were endleſs to give an Account of all the divers Wonderfull and Strange things that Country affords, and which we took a very great Delight to go in ſearch of; though thoſe Adventures are oftentimes Fatal and at leaſt Dangerous: But while we had *Cæſar* in our Company on theſe Deſigns we fear'd no harm, nor ſuffer'd any.

As ſoon as I came into the Country, the beſt Houſe in it was preſented me call'd St. *John's Hill*. It ſtood on a vaſt Rock of white Marble, at the Foot of which the River ran a vaſt depth down, and not to be deſcended on that ſide; the little Waves ſtill daſhing and waſhing the foot of this Rock, made the ſofteſt Murmurs and Purlings in the World; and the Oppoſite Bank was adorn'd with ſuch vaſt quantities of

different Flowers eternally Blowing, and every Day and Hour new, fenc'd behind 'em with lofty Trees of a Thouſand rare Forms and Colours, that the Proſpect was the moſt raving that Sands can create. On the Edge of this white Rock, towards the River, was a Walk or Grove of Orange and Limon Trees, about half the length of the Marl here, whoſe Flowery and Fruity bear Branches meet at the top, and hinder'd the Sun, whoſe Rays are very fierce there, from entering a Beam into the Grove; and the cool Air that came from the River made it not only fit to entertain People in, at all the hotteſt Hours of the Day, but refreſh'd the ſweet Bloſſoms, and made it always Sweet and Charming; and ſure the whole Globe of the World cannot ſhow ſo delightful a Place as this Grove was: Not all the Gardens of boaſted *Italy* can produce a Shade to out-vie this, which Nature had joyn'd with Art to render ſo exceeding Fine; and 'tis a marvel to ſee how ſuch vaſt Trees, as big as *Engliſh* Oaks, cou'd take footing on ſo ſolid a Rock, and in ſo little Earth, as cover'd that Rock; but all things by Nature there are Rare, Delightful and Wonderful. But to our Sports.

Sometimes we wou'd go ſurprizing, and in ſearch of young *Tigers* in their Dens, watching when the old Ones went forth to forage for Prey; and oftentimes we have been in great Danger, and have fled a-pace for our Lives, when ſurpriz'd by the Dams. But once, above all other times, we went on this Deſign, and *Cæſar* was with us, who had no ſooner ſtol'n a young *Tiger* from her Neſt; but going off, we

we incounter'd the Dam, bearing a Buttock of a Cow, which he had torn off with his mighty Paw, and going with it towards his *Den*; we had only four Women, *Cæſar*, and an *Engliſh* Gentleman, Brother to *Harry Martin*, the great *Oliverian*; we found there was no eſcaping this inrag'd and ravenous Beaſt. However, we Women fled as faſt as we cou'd from it; but our Heels had not ſav'd our Lives, if *Cæſar* had not laid down his *Cub*, when he found the *Tiger* quit her Prey to make the more ſpeed towards him; and taking Mr. *Martin*'s Sword, deſir'd him to ſtand aſide, or follow the Ladies. He obey'd him, and *Cæſar* met this monſtrous Beaſt of might, ſize, and vaſt Limbs, who came with open Jaws upon him; and fixing his Awful ſtern Eyes full upon thoſe of the Beaſt, and putting himſelf into a very ſteddy and good aiming poſture of Defence, ran his Sword quite through his Breaſt down to his very Heart, home to the Hilt of the Sword; the dying Beaſt ſtretch'd forth her Paw, and going to graſp his Thigh, ſurpriz'd with Death in that very moment, did him no other harm than fixing her long Nails in his Fleſh very deep, feebly wounded him, but cou'd not graſp the Fleſh to tear off any. When he had done this, he hollow'd to us to return; which, after ſome aſſurance of his Victory, we did, and found him lugging out the Sword from the Boſom of the *Tiger*, who was laid in her Blood on the Ground; he took up the *Cub*, and with an unconcern, that had nothing of the Joy or Gladneſs of a Victory, he came and laid the Whelp at my Feet: We

all extreamly wonder'd at his Daring, and at the Bigneſs of the Beaſt, which was about the highth of an Heifer, but of mighty, great, and ſtrong Limbs.

Another time, being in the Woods he kill'd a *Tiger*, which had long infeſted that part, and born away abundance of Sheep and Oxen, and other things, that were for the ſupport of thoſe to whom they belong'd; abundance of People aſſail'd this Beaſt, ſome affirming they had ſhot her with ſeveral Bullets quite through the Body, at ſeveral times; and ſome ſwearing they ſhot her through the very Heart, and they believ'd ſhe was a Devil rather than a Mortal thing. *Cæſar*, had often ſaid, he had a mind to encounter this Monſter, and ſpoke with ſeveral Gentlemen who had attempted her; one crying, I ſhot her with ſo many poyſon'd Arrows, another with his Gun in this part of her, and another in that; ſo that he remarking all theſe Places where ſhe was ſhot, fancy'd ſtill he ſhou'd overcome her, by giving her another ſort of a Wound than any had yet done; and one day ſaid (at the Table) *What Trophies and Garlands Ladies will you make me, if I bring you home the Heart of this Ravenous Beaſt, that eats up all your Lambs and Pigs?* We all promis'd he ſhou'd be rewarded at all our Hands. So taking a Bow, which he chus'd out of a great many, he went up in the Wood, with two Gentlemen, where he imagin'd this Devourer to be; they had not paſt very far in it, but they heard her Voice, growling and grumbling, as if ſhe were pleas'd with ſomething ſhe was doing. When they came in view,

view, they found her muzzling in the Belly of a new raviſh'd Sheep, which ſhe had torn open; and ſeeing her ſelf approach'd, ſhe took faſt hold of her Prey, with her fore Paws, and ſet a very fierce raging Look on *Cæſar*, without offering to approach him; for fear, at the ſame time, of loſing what ſhe had in Poſſeſſion. So that *Cæſar* remain'd a good while, only taking aim, and getting an opportunity to ſhoot her where he deſign'd; 'twas ſome time before he cou'd accompliſh it, and to wound her, and not kill her, wou'd but have enrag'd her more, and indanger'd him: He had a Quiver of Arrows at his ſide, ſo that if one fail'd he cou'd be ſupply'd; at laſt, retiring a little, he gave her opportunity to eat, for he found ſhe was Ravenous, and fell too as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him retire; being more eager of her Prey than of doing new Miſchiefs. When he going ſoftly to one ſide of her, and hiding his Perſon behind certain Herbage that grew high and thick, he took ſo good aim, that, as he intended, he ſhot her juſt into the Eye, and the Arrow was ſent with ſo good a will, and ſo ſure a hand, that it ſtuck in her Brain, and made her caper, and become mad for a moment or two; but being ſeconded by another Arrow, he fell dead upon the Prey: *Cæſar* cut him Open with a Knife, to ſee where thoſe Wounds were that had been reported to him, and why he did not Die of 'em. But I ſhall now relate a thing that poſſibly will find no Credit among Men, becauſe 'tis a Notion commonly receiv'd with us, That nothing can receive a Wound in the Heart and Live; but when the Heart of

this courageous Animal was taken out, there were Seven Bullets of Lead in it, and the Wounds ſeam'd up with great Scars, and ſhe liv'd with the Bullets a great while, for it was long ſince they were ſhot: This Heart the Conqueror brought up to us, and 'twas a very great Curioſity, which all the Country came to ſee; and which gave *Cæſar* occaſion of many fine Diſcourſes; of Accidents in War, and ſtrange Eſcapes.

At other times he wou'd go a Fiſhing; and diſcourſing on that Diverſion, he found we had in that Country a very ſtrange Fiſh, call'd, a *Numb Eel*, (an *Eel* of which I have eaten) that while it is alive, it has a quality ſo Cold, that thoſe who are Angling, though with a Line of never ſo great a length, with a Rod at the end of it, it ſhall, in the ſame minute the Bait is touched by this *Eel*, ſeize him or her that holds the Rod with benumb'dneſs, that ſhall deprive 'em of Senſe, for a while; and ſome have fall'n into the Water, and others drop'd as dead on the Banks of the Rivers where they ſtood, as ſoon as this Fiſh touches the Bait. *Cæſar* us'd to laugh at this, and believ'd it impoſſible a Man cou'd loſe his Force at the touch of a Fiſh; and cou'd not underſtand that Philoſophy, that a cold Quality ſhould be of that Nature: However, he had a great Curioſity to try whether it wou'd have the ſame effect on him it had on others, and often try'd, but in vain; at laſt, the ſought-for Fiſh came to the Bait, as he ſtood Angling on the Bank; and inſtead of throwing away the Rod, or giving it a ſudden twitch out of the Water, whereby he

he might have caught both the *Eel*, and have diſmiſs'd the Rod, before it cou'd have too much Power over him; for Experiment-ſake, he graſp'd it but the harder, and fainting fell into the River; and being ſtill poſſeſs'd of the Rod, the Tide carry'd him ſenſeleſs as he was a great way, till an *Indian* Boat took him up; and perceiv'd, when they touch'd him, a Numbneſs ſeize them, and by that knew the Rod was in his Hand; which, with a Paddle, (that is, a ſhort Oar) they ſtruck away, and ſnatch'd it into the Boat, *Eel* and all. If *Cæſar* were almoſt Dead, with the effect of this Fiſh, he was more ſo with that of the Water, where he had remain'd the ſpace of going a League; and they found they had much a-do to bring him back to Life: But, at laſt, they did, and brought him home, where he was in a few Hours well Recover'd and Refreſh'd; and not a little A-ſham'd to find he ſhou'd be overcome by an *Eel*; and that all the People, who heard his Defiance, wou'd Laugh at him. But we chear-ed him up; and he, being convinc'd, we had the *Eel* at Supper; which was a quarter of an Ell about, and moſt delicate Meat; and was of the more Value, ſince it coſt ſo Dear, as almoſt the Life of ſo gallant a Man.

About this time we were in many mortal Fears, about ſome Diſputes the *Engliſh* had with the *Indians*; ſo that we cou'd ſcarce truſt our ſelves, without great Numbers, to go to any *Indian* Towns, or Place, where they a-bode; for fear they ſhou'd fall upon us, as they did immediately after my coming away; and that it was in the poſſeſſion of the *Dutch*, who

us'd 'em not ſo civilly as the *Engliſh*; ſo that they cut in pieces all they cou'd take, getting into Houſes, and hanging up the Mother, and all her Children about her; and cut a Footman, I left behind me, all in Joynts, and nail'd him to Trees.

This feud began while I was there; ſo that I loſt half the ſatisfaction I propos'd, in not ſeeing and viſiting the *Indian* Towns. But one Day, bemoaning of our Misfortunes upon this account, *Cæſar* told us, we need not Fear; for if we had a mind to go, he wou'd undertake to be our Guard: Some wou'd, but moſt wou'd not venture; about Eighteen of us reſolv'd, and took Barge; and after Eight Days, arriv'd near an *Indian* Town: But approaching it, the Hearts of ſome of our Company fail'd, and they wou'd not venture on Shore; ſo we Poll'd who wou'd, and who wou'd not: For my part, I ſaid, If *Cæſar* wou'd, I wou'd go; he reſolv'd, ſo did my Brother, and my Woman, a Maid of good Courage. Now none of us ſpeaking the Language of the People, and imagining we ſhou'd have a half Diverſion in Gazing only; and not knowing what they ſaid, we took a Fiſherman that liv'd at the Mouth of the River, who had been a long Inhabitant there, and oblig'd him to go with us: But becauſe he was known to the *Indians*, as trading among 'em; and being, by long Living there, become a perfect *Indian* in Colour, we who reſolv'd to ſurprize 'em, by making 'em ſee ſomething they never had ſeen, (that is, White People) reſolv'd only my ſelf, my Brother, and Woman ſhou'd go; ſo *Cæſar*, the Fiſherman, and the reſt, hiding behind

ſome

ſome thick Reeds and Flowers, that grew on the Banks, let us paſs on towards the Town, which was on the Bank of the River all along. A little diſtant from the Houſes, or Hutts; we ſaw ſome Dancing, others buſy'd in fetching and carrying of Water from the River: They had no ſooner ſpy'd us, but they ſet up a loud Cry, that frighted us at firſt; we thought it had been for thoſe that ſhould Kill us, but it ſeems it was of Wonder and Amazement. They were all Naked, and we were Dreſs'd, ſo as is moſt comode for the hot Countries, very Glittering and Rich; ſo that we appear'd extreamly fine; my own Hair was cut ſhort, and I had a Taffaty Cap, with Black Feathers, on my Head, my Brother was in a Stuff Sute, with Silver Loops and Buttons, and abundance of Green Ribbon; this was all infinitely ſurpriſing to them, and becauſe we ſaw them ſtand ſtill, till we approach'd 'em, we took Heart and advanc'd; came up to 'em, and offer'd 'em our Hands; which they took, and look'd on us round about, calling ſtill for more Company; who came ſwarming out, all wondering, and crying out *Tepeeme*; taking their Hair up in their Hands, and ſpreading it wide to thoſe they call'd out too; as if they wou'd ſay (as indeed it ſignify'd) *Numberleſs Wonders*, or not to be recounted, no more than to number the Hair of their Heads. By degrees they grew more bold, and from gazing upon us round, they touch'd us; laying their Hands upon all the Features of our Faces, feeling our Breaſts and Arms, taking up one Petticoat, then wondering to ſee another; admiring our Shooes and Stockings,

Stockings, but more our Garters, which we gave 'em; and they ty'd about their Legs, being Lac'd with Silver Lace at the ends, for they much Eſteem any ſhining things: In fine, we ſuffer'd 'em to ſurvey us as they pleas'd, and we thought they wou'd never have done admiring us. When *Cæſar*, and the reſt, ſaw we were receiv'd with ſuch wonder, they came up to us; and finding the *Indian* Trader whom they knew, (for 'tis by theſe Fiſhermen, call'd *Indian* Traders, we hold a Commerce with 'em; for they love not to go far from home, and we never go to them) when they ſaw him therefore they ſet up a new Joy; and cry'd, in their Language, *Oh! here's our* Tiguamy, *and we ſhall now know whether thoſe things can ſpeak:* So advancing to him, ſome of 'em gave him their Hands, and cry'd *Amora Tiguamy*, which is as much as, *How do you*, or *Welcome Friend*; and all, with one din, began to gabble to him, and ask'd, If we had Senſe, and Wit? if we cou'd talk of Affairs of Life, and War, as they cou'd do? if we cou'd Hunt, Swim, and do a thouſand things they uſe? He anſwer'd 'em, We cou'd. Then they invited us into their Houſes, and dreſs'd Veniſon and Buffelo for us; and, going out, gathered a Leaf of a Tree, call'd a *Sarumbo* Leaf, of Six Yards long, and ſpread it on the Ground for a Table-Cloth; and cutting another in pieces inſtead of Plates, ſetting us on little bow *Indian* Stools, which they cut out of one intire piece of Wood, and Paint, in a ſort of Japan-Work: They ſerve every one their Meſs on theſe pieces of Leaves, and it was very good, but too high ſeaſon'd with Pepper. When we had eat, my Brother,

Brother, and I, took out our Flutes, and play'd to 'em, which gave 'em new Wonder; and I ſoon perceiv'd, by an admiration, that is natural to theſe People; and by the extream Ignorance and Simplicity of 'em, it were not difficult to eſtabliſh any unknown or extravagant Religion among them; and to impoſe any Notions or Fictions upon 'em. For ſeeing a Kinſman of mine ſet ſome Paper a Fire, with a Burning glaſs, a Trick they had never before ſeen, they were like to have Ador'd him for a God; and beg'd he wou'd give them the Characters or Figures of his Name, that they might oppoſe it againſt Winds and Storms; which he did, and they held it up in thoſe Seaſons, and fancy'd it had a Charm to conquer them; and kept it like a Holy Relique. They are very Superſtitious, and call'd him the Great *Peeie*, that is, *Prophet*. They ſhow'd us their *Indian Peeie*, a Youth of about Sixteen Years old, as handſom as Nature cou'd make a Man. They conſecrate a beautiful Youth from his Infancy, and all Arts are us'd to compleat him in the fineſt manner, both in Beauty and Shape: He is bred to all the little Arts and Cunning they are capable of; to all the Legerdemain Tricks, and Slight of Hand, whereby he impoſes upon the Rabble; and is both a Doctor in Phyſick and Divinity. And by theſe Tricks makes the Sick believe he ſometimes eaſes their Pains; by drawing from the afflicted part little Serpents, or odd Flies, or Worms, or any Strange thing; and though they have beſides undoubted good Remedies, for almoſt all their Diſeaſes, they cure the Patient more by Fancy than by Medicines;

dicines; and make themſelves Fear'd, Lov'd, and Reverenc'd. This young *Peeie* had a very young Wife, who ſeeing my Brother kiſs her, came running and kiſs'd me; after this they kiſs'd one another, and made it a very great Jeſt, it being ſo Novel; and new Admiration and Laughing went round the Multitude, that they never will forget that Ceremony, never before us'd or known. *Cæſar* had a mind to ſee and talk with their War-*Captains*, and we were conducted to one of their Houſes; where we beheld ſeveral of the great *Captains*, who had been at Councel: But ſo frightful a Viſion it was to ſee 'em no Fancy can create; no ſuch Dreams can repreſent ſo dreadful a Spectacle. For my part I took 'em for Hobgoblins, or Fiends, rather than Men; but however their Shapes appear'd, their Souls were very Humane and Noble; but ſome wanted their Noſes, ſome their Lips, ſome both Noſes and Lips, ſome their Ears, and others Cut through each Cheek, with long Slaſhes, through which their Teeth appear'd; they had other ſeveral formidable Wounds and Scars, or rather Diſmemberings; they had *Comitias*, or little Aprons before 'em; and Girdles of Cotton, with their Knives naked ſtuck in it; a Bow at their Backs, and a Quiver of Arrows on their Thighs; and moſt had Feathers on their Heads of divers Colours. They cry'd, *Amora Tigame* to us, at our entrance, and were pleas'd we ſaid as much to 'em; they ſeated us, and gave us Drink of the beſt Sort; and wonder'd, as much as the others had done before, to ſee us. *Cæſar* was marvelling as much at their

their Faces, wondering how they ſhou'd all be ſo Wounded in War; he was Impatient to know how they all came by thoſe frightful Marks of Rage or Malice, rather than Wounds got in Noble Battel: They told us, by our Interpreter, That when any War was waging, two Men choſen out by ſome old *Captain*, whoſe Fighting was paſt, and who cou'd only teach the Theory of War, theſe two Men were to ſtand in Competition for the Generalſhip, or Great War Captain; and being brought before the old Judges, now paſt Labour, they are ask'd, What they dare do to ſhew they are worthy to lead an Army? When he, who is firſt ask'd, making no Reply, Cuts off his Noſe, and throws it contemptibly on the Ground; and the other does ſomething to himſelf that he thinks ſurpaſſes him, and perhaps deprives himſelf of Lips and an Eye; ſo they Slaſh on till one gives out, and many have dy'd in this Debate. And it's by a paſſive Valour they ſhew and prove their Activity; a ſort of Courage too Brutal to be applauded by our Black Hero; nevertheleſs he expreſs'd his Eſteem of 'em.

In this Voyage *Cæſar* begot ſo good an underſtanding between the *Indians* and the *Engliſh*, that there were no more Fears, or Heart-burnings during our ſtay; but we had a perfect, open, and free Trade with 'em: Many things Remarkable, and worthy Reciting, we met with in this ſhort Voyage; becauſe *Cæſar* made it his Buſineſs to ſearch out and provide for our Entertainment, eſpecially to pleaſe his dearly Ador'd *Imoinda*, who was a ſharer in all our Adventures; we being reſolv'd to make her

her Chains as eaſy as we cou'd, and to Complement the Prince in that manner that moſt oblig'd him.

As we were coming up again, we met with ſome *Indians* of ſtrange Aſpects; that is, of a larger Size, and other ſort of Features, than thoſe of our Country: Our *Indian Slaves*, that Row'd us, ask'd 'em ſome Queſtions, but they cou'd not underſtand us; but ſhew'd us a long Cotton String, with ſeveral Knots on it; and told us, they had been coming from the Mountains ſo many Moons as there were Knots; they were habited in Skins of a ſtrange Beaſt, and brought along with 'em Bags of Gold Duſt; which, as well as they cou'd give us to underſtand, came ſtreaming in little ſmall Chanels down the high Mountains, when the Rains fell; and offer'd to be the Convoy to any Body, or Perſons, that wou'd go to the Mountains. We carry'd theſe Men up to *Parham*, where they were kept till the Lord Governour came: And becauſe all the Country was mad to be going on this Golden Adventure, the Governour, by his Letters, commanded (for they ſent ſome of the Gold to him) that a Guard ſhou'd be ſet at the Mouth of the River of *Amazons*, (a River ſo call'd, almoſt as broad as the River of *Thames*) and prohibited all People from going up that River, it conducting to thoſe Mountains of Gold. But we going off for *England* before the Project was further proſecuted, and the Governour being drown'd in a Hurricane, either the Deſign dy'd, or the *Dutch* have the Advantage of it: And 'tis to be bemoan'd what his Majeſty loſt by loſing that part of *America*. Though

Though this Digreſſion is a little from my Story, however ſince it contains ſome Proofs of the Curioſity and Daring of this great Man, I was content to omit nothing of his Character.

It was thus, for ſometime we diverted him; but now *Imoinda* began to ſhew ſhe was with Child, and did nothing but Sigh and Weep for the Captivity of her Lord, her Self, and the Infant yet Unborn; and believ'd, if it were ſo hard to gain the Liberty of Two, 'twou'd be more difficult to get that for Three. Her Griefs were ſo many Darts in the great Heart of *Cæſar*; and taking his Opportunity one *Sunday*, when all the Whites were overtaken in Drink, as there were abundance of ſeveral Trades, and *Slaves* for Four Years, that Inhabited among the *Negro* Houſes; and *Sunday* was their Day of Debauch, (otherwiſe they were a ſort of Spies upon *Cæſar*;) he went pretending out of Goodneſs to 'em, to Feaſt amongſt 'em; and ſent all his Muſick, and order'd a great Treat for the whole Gang, about Three Hundred *Negroes*, and about a Hundred and Fifty were able to bear Arms, ſuch as they had, which were ſufficient to do Execution with Spirits accordingly; For the *Engliſh* had none but ruſty Swords, that no Strength cou'd draw from a Scabbard; except the People of particular Quality, who took care to Oyl 'em and keep 'em in good Order: The Guns alſo, unleſs here and there one, or thoſe newly carry'd from *England*, wou'd do no good or harm; for 'tis the Nature of that Country to Ruſt and Eat up Iron, or any Metals, but Gold and Silver. And they are very Unexpert at the Bow, which the *Negroes* and *Indians* are perfect Maſters of.

Cæſar

Cæſar, having ſing'd out theſe Men from the Women and Children, made an Harangue to 'em of the Miſeries, and Ignominies of Slavery; counting up all their Toyls and Sufferings, under ſuch Loads, Burdens, and Drudgeries, as were fitter for Beaſts than Men; Senſeleſs Brutes, than Humane Souls. He told 'em it was not for Days, Months, or Years, but for Eternity; there was no end to be of their Misfortunes: They ſuffer'd not like Men who might find a Glory, and Fortitude in Oppreſſion; but like Dogs that lov'd the Whip and Bell, and fawn'd the more they were beaten: That they had loſt the Divine Quality of Men, and were become inſenſible Aſſes, fit only to bear; nay worſe: an Aſs, or Dog, or Horſe having done his Duty, cou'd lye down in Retreat, and riſe to Work again, and while he did his Duty indur'd no Stripes; but Men, Villanous, Senſeleſs Men, ſuch as they, Toyl'd on all the tedious Week till Black *Friday*; and then, whether they Work'd or not, whether they were Faulty or Meriting, they promiſcuouſly, the Innocent with the Guilty, ſuffer'd the infamous Whip, the ſordid Stripes, from their Fellow *Slaves*, till their Blood trickled from all Parts of their Body; Blood, whoſe every drop ought to be Reveng'd with a Life of ſome of thoſe Tyrants, that impoſe it; *And why*, ſaid he, *my dear Friends and Fellow-ſufferers, ſhou'd we be Slaves to an unknown People? Have they Vanquiſh'd us Nobly in Fight? Have they Wone us in Honourable Battel? And are we, by the chance of War, become their Slaves? This wou'd not anger a Noble Heart, this wou'd*

not

not animate a Souldier's Soul; no, but we are Bought and Sold like Apes, or Monkeys, to be the Sport of Women, Fools and Cowards; and the Support of Rogues, Runagades, that have abandon'd their own Countries, for Rapin, Murders, Thefts and Villanies: Do you not hear every Day how they upbraid each other with infamy of Life, below the Wildeſt Salvages; and ſhall we render Obedience to ſuch a degenerate Race, who have no one Humane Vertue left, to diſtinguiſh 'em from the vileſt Creatures? Will you, I ſay, ſuffer the Laſh from ſuch Hands? They all Reply'd with one accord, *No, no, no*; Cæſar *has ſpoke like a Great Captain; like a Great King.*

After this he wou'd have proceeded, but was interrupted by a tall *Negro* of ſome more Quality than the reſt, his Name was *Tuſcan*; who Bowing at the Feet of *Cæſar*, cry'd, *My Lord, we have liſten'd with Joy and Attention to what you have ſaid; and, were we only Men, wou'd follow ſo great a Leader through the World: But oh! conſider we are Husbands and Parents too, and have things more dear to us than Life; our Wives and Children unfit for Travel, in theſe unpaſſable Woods, Mountains and Bogs; we have not only difficult Lands to overcome, but Rivers to Wade, and Monſters to Incounter, Ravenous Beaſts of Prey*— To this, *Cæſar* Reply'd, *That Honour was the Firſt Principle in Nature, that was to be Obey'd; but as no Man wou'd pretend to that, without all the Acts of Vertue, Compaſſion, Charity, Love, Juſtice and Reaſon; he found it not inconſiſtent with that, to take an equal Care of their Wives and Children, as they wou'd of themſelves; and that he did not Deſign, when he led them to Freedom, and Glorious Liberty, that they ſhou'd leave that better part of themſelves to Periſh by the Hand of the Tyrant's Whip:*

But if there were a Woman among them so degenerate from Love and Vertue to chuse Slavery before the pursuit of her Husband, and with the hazard of her Life, to share with him in his Fortunes; that such an one ought to be Abandon'd, and left as a Prey to the common Enemy.

To which they all Agreed, — and Bowed. After this, he spoke of the Impassable Woods and Rivers; and convinc'd 'em, the more Danger, the more Glory. He told them that he had heard of one *Hannibal* a great Captain, had Cut his Way through Mountains of solid Rocks; and shou'd a few Shrubs oppose them; which they cou'd Fire before 'em? No, 'twas a trifling Excuse to Men resolv'd to die, or overcome. As for Bogs, they are with a little Labour fill'd and harden'd; and the Rivers cou'd be no Obstacle, since they Swam by Nature; at least by Custom, from their First Hour of their Birth: That when the Children were Weary they must carry them by turns, and the Woods and their own Industry wou'd afford them Food. To this they all assented with Joy.

Tuscan then demanded, What he wou'd do? He said they wou'd Travel towards the Sea; Plant a New Colony, and Defend it by their Valour; and when they cou'd find a Ship, either driven by stress of Weather, or guided by Providence that way, they wou'd Seize it, and make it a Prize, till it had Transported them to their own Countries; at least, they shou'd be made Free in his Kingdom, and be Esteem'd as his Fellow-sufferers, and Men that had the Courage, and the Bravery to attempt, at least, for Liberty; and if they dy'd in the attempt, it wou'd be more brave, than to live in perpetual Slavery.

They

They bow'd and kiss'd his Feet at this Resolution, and with one accord Vow'd to follow him to Death. And that Night was appointed to begin their March, they made it known to their Wives, and directed them to tie their Hamaca about their Shoulder, and under their Arm like a Scarf; and to lead their Children that cou'd go, and carry those that cou'd not. The Wives, who pay an entire Obedience to their Husbands, obey'd, and stay'd for 'em, where they were appointed: The Men stay'd but to furnish themselves with what defensive Arms they cou'd get; and All met at the Rendezvous, where *Cæsar* made a new encouraging Speech to 'em, and led 'em out.

But, as they cou'd not march far that Night, on *Monday* early, when the Overseers went to call 'em all together, to go to Work, they were extreamly surpris'd, to find not one upon the Place, but all fled with what Baggage they had. You may imagine this News was not only suddenly spread all over the *Plantation*, but soon reach'd the Neighbouring ones; and we had by Noon about Six hundred Men, they call the *Militia* of the County, that came to assist us in the pursuit of the Fugitives: But never did one see so comical an Army march forth to War. The Men of any Fashion wou'd not concern themselves, though it were almost the common Cause; for such Revoltings are very ill Examples, and have very fatal Consequences oftentimes in many Colonies: But they had a Respect for *Cæsar*, and all hands were against the *Parhamites*, as

they call'd those of *Parham Plantation*; because they did not, in the first place, love the Lord Governor; and secondly, they wou'd have it, that *Cæsar* was Ill us'd, and Baffl'd with; and 'tis not impossible but some of the best in the Country was of his Council in this Flight, and depriving us of all the *Slaves*; so that they of the better sort wou'd not meddle in the matter. The Deputy Governor, of whom I have had no great occasion to speak, and who was the most fawning fair-Tongu'd Fellow in the World, and one that pretended the most Friendship to *Cæsar*, was now the only violent Man against him; and though he had nothing, and so need fear nothing, yet talk'd and look'd bigger than any Man: He was a Fellow, whose Character is not fit to be mention'd with the worst of the *Slaves*. This Fellow wou'd lead his Army forth to meet *Cæsar*, or rather to pursue him; most of their Arms were of those sort of cruel Whips they call *Cat-with-Nine-Tails*; some had rusty useless Guns for shew; others old Basket-hilts, whose Blades had never seen the Light in this Age; and others had long Staffs, and Clubs. Mr. *Trefry* went along, rather to be a Mediator than a Conqueror, in such a Battel; for he foresaw, and knew, if by fighting they put the *Negroes* into despair, they were a sort of sullen Fellows, that wou'd drown, or kill themselves, before they wou'd yield; and he advis'd that fair means was best: But *Byam* was one that abounded in his own Wit, and wou'd take his own Measures.

It was not hard to find these Fugitives; for as they fled, they were forc'd to fire and cut the Woods before 'em, so that Night or Day they pursu'd 'em by the Light they made, and by the path they had clear'd: But as soon as *Cæsar* found he was pursu'd, he put himself in a Posture of Defence, placing all the Women and Children in the Rear; and himself, with *Tuscan* by his side, or next to him, all promising to Dye or Conquer. Encourag'd thus, they never stood to Parley, but fell on Pell-mell upon the *English*, and kill'd some, and wounded a good many; they having recourse to their Whips, as the best of their Weapons. And as they observ'd no Order, they perplex'd the Enemy so sorely, with Lashing 'em in the Eyes; and the Women and Children, seeing their Husbands so treated, being of fearful cowardly Dispositions, and hearing the *English* cry out, *Yield and Live, Yield and be Pardon'd*; they all run in amongst their Husbands and Fathers, and hung about 'em, crying out, *Yield, yield, and leave* Cæsar *to their Revenge*; that by degrees the *Slaves* abandon'd *Cæsar*, and left him only *Tuscan*, and his Heroick *Imoinda*; who, grown big as she was, did nevertheless press near her Lord, having a Bow, and a Quiver full of poison'd Arrows, which she manag'd with such dexterity, that she wounded several, and shot the *Governor* into the Shoulder; of which Wound he had like to have Dy'd, but that an *Indian* Woman, his Mistress, suck'd the Wound, and cleans'd it from the Venom: But however, he stir'd not from the Place till he had parly'd with *Cæsar*,

who he found was resolv'd to dye fighting, and wou'd not be taken; no more wou'd *Tuscan*, or *Imoinda*. But he, more thirsting after Revenge of another sort, than that of depriving him of Life, now made use of all his Art of Talking and Dissembling; and besought *Cæsar* to yield himself upon Terms, which he himself should propose, and should be sacredly assented to and kept by him: He told him, It was not that he any longer fear'd him, or cou'd believe the Force of Two Men, and a young Heroine, cou'd overcome all them, with all the Slaves now on their side also; but it was the vast Esteem he had for his Person, the Desire he had to serve so Gallant a Man, and to hinder himself from the Reproach hereafter, of having been the occasion of the Death of a *Prince*, whose Valour and Magnanimity deserv'd the Empire of the World. He protested to him, he look'd upon this Action, as Gallant and Brave; however tending to the Prejudice of his Lord and Master, who wou'd by it have lost so considerable a number of *Slaves*; that this Flight of his, shou'd be look'd on as a heat of Youth, and rashness of a too forward Courage, and an unconsider'd Impatience of Liberty, and no more; and that he labour'd in vain to accomplish that which they wou'd effectually perform, as soon as any Ship arriv'd that wou'd touch on his Coast. *So that if you will be pleas'd*, continu'd he, *to surrender your self, all imaginable Respect shall be paid you; and your Self, your Wife, and Child, if it be here born, shall depart free out of our Land.* But *Cæsar* wou'd hear of no Composition; though

though *Byam* urg'd, If he purſu'd, and went on in his Deſign, he wou'd inevitably Periſh, either by great *Snakes*, wild Beaſts, or Hunger; and he ought to have regard to his Wife, whoſe Condition required eaſe, and not the Fatigues of tedious Travel; where ſhe cou'd not be ſecur'd from being devoured. But *Cæſar* told him, there was no Faith in the White Men, or the Gods they Ador'd; who inſtructed 'em in Principles ſo falſe, that honeſt Men cou'd not live amongſt 'em; though no People profeſs'd ſo much, none performed ſo little; that he knew what he had to do, when he dealt with Men of Honour; but with them a Man ought to be eternally on his Guard, and never to eat and drink with *Chriſtians*, without his Weapon of Defence in his Hand; and, for his own Security, never to credit one Word they ſpoke. As for the raſhneſs and inconſiderateneſs of his Action, he wou'd confeſs the Governor is in the right; and that he was aſham'd of what he had done, in endeavouring to make thoſe Free, who were by Nature *Slaves*, poor wretched Rogues, fit to be us'd as *Chriſtians* Tools; Dogs, Treacherous and Cowardly, fit for ſuch Maſters; and they wanted only but to be whipp'd into the knowledge of the *Chriſtian Gods*, to be the vileſt of all creeping things; to learn to Worſhip ſuch Deities as had not Power to make 'em Juſt, Brave, or Honeſt. In fine, after a thouſand things of this Nature, not fit here to be recited, he told *Byam*, He had rather Dye, than Live upon the ſame Earth with ſuch Dogs. But *Trefry* and *Byam* pleaded and proteſted together ſo much,

that *Trefry* believing the *Governor* to mean what he said, and speaking very cordially himself, generously put himself into *Cæsar*'s Hands, and took him aside, and perswaded him, even with Tears, to Live, by Surrendring himself, and to name his Conditions. *Cæsar* was overcome by his Wit and Reasons, and in consideration of *Imoinda*; and demanding what he desir'd, and that it should be ratify'd by their Hands in Writing, because he had perceiv'd that was the common way of Contract between Man and Man, amongst the Whites; All this was perform'd, and *Tuscan*'s Pardon was put in, and they Surrender to the Governor, who walked peaceably down into the *Plantation* with 'em, after giving Order to bury their dead. *Cæsar* was very much toil'd with the Battle of the Day; for he had fought like a Fury, and what Mischief was done, He and *Tuscan* perform'd alone; and and gave their Enemies a fatal Proof that they durst do any thing, and fear'd no mortal Force.

But they were no sooner arriv'd at the Place, where all the Slaves receive their Punishments of Whipping, but they laid Hands on *Cæsar* and *Tuscan*, faint with Heat and Toil, and surprising them, bound them to two several Stakes, and whipp'd them in a most deplorable and inhumane manner, rending the very Flesh from their Bones; especially *Cæsar*, who was not perceiv'd to make any Moan, or to alter his Face, only to roul his Eyes on the Faithless *Governor*, and those he believ'd Guilty, with Fierceness and Indignation;

dignation; and, to compleat his Rage, he ſaw every one of thoſe *Slaves*, who, but a few Days before, ador'd him as ſomething more than Mortal, now had a Whip to give him ſome Laſhes, while he ſtrove not to break his Fetters; though if he had, it were impoſſible: But he pronounced a Woe and Revenge from his Eyes, that darted Fire, that 'twas at once both Awful and Terrible to behold.

When they thought they were ſufficiently Reveng'd on him, they unty'd him, almoſt Fainting, with loſs of Blood, from a thouſand Wounds all over his Body; from which they had rent his Cloaths, and led him Bleeding and Naked as he was, and loaded him all over with Irons, and then rubbed his Wounds, to compleat their Cruelty, with *Indian* Pepper, which had like to have made him raving Mad; and, in this Condition, made him ſo faſt to the Ground, that he cou'd not ſtir, if his Pains and Wounds would have given him leave. They ſpar'd *Imoinda*, and did not let her ſee this Barbarity committed towards her Lord, but carry'd her down to *Parham*, and ſhut her up; which was not in kindneſs to her, but for fear ſhe ſhou'd Dye with the Sight, or Miſcarry; and then they ſhou'd loſe a young *Slave*, and perhaps the Mother.

You muſt know, that when the News was brought on *Monday* Morning, that *Cæſar* had betaken himſelf to the Woods, and carry'd with him all the *Negroes*, we were poſſeſs'd with extream Fear, which no Perſwaſions cou'd Diſſipate, that he wou'd ſecure himſelf till Night; and then, that he wou'd come

down and Cut all our Throats. This Apprehenſion made all the Females of us fly down the River, to be ſecur'd; and while we were away, they acted this Cruelty: For I ſuppoſe I had Authority and Intereſt enough there, had I ſuſpected any ſuch thing, to have prevented it; but we had not gone many Leagues, but the News overtook us, that *Cæſar* was taken, and whipp'd like a common *Slave*. We met on the River with Colonel *Martin*, a Man of great Gallantry, Wit, and Goodneſs, and whom I have celebrated in a Character of my New *Comedy*, by his own Name, in memory of ſo brave a Man: He was Wiſe and Eloquent; and, from the fineneſs of his Parts, bore a great Sway over the Hearts of all the *Colony*: He was a Friend to *Cæſar*, and reſented this falſe Dealing with him very much. We carried him back to *Parham*, thinking to have made an Accommodation; when he came, the firſt News we heard was, That the *Govenor* was dead of a Wound *Imoinda* had given him; but it was not ſo well: But it ſeems he wou'd have the Pleaſure of beholding the Revenge he took on *Cæſar*; and before the cruel Ceremony was finiſh'd, he drop'd down; and then they perceiv'd the Wound he had on his Shoulder, was by a venom'd Arrow; which, as I ſaid, his *Indian* Miſtreſs heal'd, by ſucking the Wound.

We were no ſooner arriv'd, but we went up to the *Plantation* to ſee *Cæſar*, whom we found in a very miſerable and unexpreſſable Condition; and I have a Thouſand times admired how he liv'd in ſo much tormenting

Pain.

Pain. We ſaid all things to him, that Trouble, Pity, and Good Nature cou'd ſuggeſt; Proteſting our Innocency of the Fact, and our Abhorrence of ſuch Cruelties. Making a Thouſand Profeſſions of Services to him, and begging as many Pardons for the Offenders, till we ſaid ſo much, that he believ'd we had no Hand in his ill Treatment; but told us, He cou'd never pardon *Byam*; as for *Trefry*, he confeſs'd he ſaw his Grief and Sorrow for his Suffering, which he cou'd not hinder, but was like to have been beaten down by the very *Slaves*, for ſpeaking in his Defence: But for *Byam*, who was their Leader, their Head, —— and ſhou'd, by his Juſtice, and Honour, have been an Example to 'em. —— For him he wiſh'd to live, to take a dire Revenge of him, and ſaid, *It had been well for him, if he had Sacrific'd me, inſtead of giving me the contemptible Whip.* He refus'd to talk much; but begging us to give him our Hands, he took 'em, and proteſted never to lift up his, to do us any harm. He had a great Reſpect for Colonel *Martin*, and always took his Counſel, like that of a Parent; and aſſur'd him, He wou'd obey him in any thing, but his Revenge on *Byam*. *Therefore*, ſaid he, *for his own Safety let him ſpeedily diſpatch me; for if I cou'd diſpatch my ſelf, I wou'd not, till that Juſtice were done to my injur'd Perſon, and the contempt of a Soldier: No, I wou'd not kill my ſelf, even after a Whipping, but will be content to live with that Infamy, and be pointed at by every grinning Slave, till I have compleated my Revenge; and then you ſhall ſee that* Oroonoko *ſcorns to live*

with

with the Indignity that was put on Cæsar. All we cou'd do, cou'd get no more Words from him; and we took care to have him put immediately into a healing Bath, to rid him of his Pepper; and order'd a Chirurgion to anoint him with healing Balm, which he suffer'd, and in some time he began to be able to Walk and Eat; we fail'd not to visit him every Day, and to that end had him brought to an Apartment at *Parham*.

The *Governor* was no sooner recover'd, and had heard of the Menaces of *Cæsar*, but he call'd his Council; who (not to disgrace them, or Burlesque the Government there) consisted of such notorious Villains as *Newgate* never transported; and possibly originally were such, who understood neither the Laws of *God* or *Man*; and had no sort of Principles to make 'em worthy the Name of Men: But at the very Council-Table, wou'd Contradict and Fight with one another; and Swear so bloodily, that 'twas terrible to hear, and see 'em. (Some of 'em were afterwards Hang'd, when the *Dutch* took possession of the Place, others sent off in Chains.) But calling these special Rulers of the Nation together, and requiring their Counsel in this Weighty Affair, they all concluded, that (Damn 'em) it might be their own Cases; and that *Cæsar* ought to be made an Example to all the *Negroes*, to fright 'em from daring to threaten their Betters, their Lords and Masters; and, at this rate, no Man was safe from his own *Slaves*; and concluded, *nemine contradicente*, that *Cæsar* shou'd be Hang'd.

Trefry

Trefry then thought it time to use his Authority; and told *Byam* his Command did not extend to his Lord's *Plantation*; and that *Parham* was as much exempt from the Law as *Whitehall*; and that they ought no more to touch the Servants of the Lord—— (who there represented the King's Person) than they cou'd those about the King himself; and that *Parham* was a Sanctuary; and though his Lord were absent in Person, his Power was still in Being there; which he had intrusted with him, as far as the Dominions of his particular *Plantations* reach'd, and all that belong'd to it; the rest of the Country, as *Byam* was Lieutenant to his Lord, he might exercise his Tyranny upon. *Trefry* had others as powerful, or more, that int'rested themselves in *Cæsar*'s Life, and absolutely said, He shou'd be Defended. So turning the *Governor*, and his wise Council, out of Doors, (for they sate at *Parham-house*) they set a Guard upon our Landing Place, and wou'd admit none but those we call'd Friends to us and *Cæsar*.

The *Governor* having remain'd wounded at *Parham*, till his Recovery was compleated, *Cæsar* did not know but he was still there; and indeed, for the most part, his time was spent there; for he was one that lov'd to live at other Peoples Expence; and if he were a Day absent, he was Ten present there; and us'd to Play, and Walk, and Hunt, and Fish, with *Cæsar*. So that *Cæsar* did not at all doubt, if he once recover'd Strength, but he shou'd find an opportunity of being reveng'd on him: Though, after such a Revenge, he cou'd not

hope

hope to live; for if he eſcap'd the Fury of the *Engliſh* Mobile, who perhaps wou'd have been glad of the occaſion to have kill'd him, he was reſolv'd not to ſurvive his Whipping; yet he had, ſome tender Hours, a repenting Softneſs, which he called his fits of Coward; wherein he ſtruggl'd with Love for the Victory of his Heart, which took part with his charming *Imoinda* there; but, for the moſt part, his time was paſt in melancholy Thought, and black Deſigns; he conſider'd, if he ſhou'd do this Deed, and dye, either in the Attempt, or after it, he left his lovely *Imoinda* a Prey, or at beſt a *Slave*, to the enrag'd Multitude: His great Heart cou'd not endure that Thought. *Perhaps*, ſaid he, *ſhe may be firſt Raviſhed by every Brute; expoſed firſt to their naſty Luſts, and then a ſhameful Death.* No, he could not live a Moment under that Apprehenſion, too inſupportable to be born. Theſe were his Thoughts, and his ſilent Arguments with his Heart, as he told us afterwards; ſo that now reſolving not only to kill *Byam*, but all thoſe he thought had inrag'd him; pleaſing his great Heart with the fancy'd Slaughter he ſhou'd make over the whole Face of the *Plantation*. He firſt reſolv'd on a Deed, that (however Horrid it firſt appear'd to us all) when we had heard his Reaſons, we thought it Brave and Juſt: Being able to walk, and, as he believ'd, fit for the Execution of his great Deſign, he beg'd *Trefry* to truſt him into the Air, believing a Walk wou'd do him good: Which was granted him; and taking *Imoinda* with him, as he us'd to do in his more happy, and calmer

Days

Days, he led her up into a Wood, where, after (with a Thouſand Sighs, and long gazing ſilently on her Face, while Tears guſht, in ſpight of him, from his Eyes) he told her his Deſign firſt of killing her, and then his Enemies, and next himſelf, and the Impoſſibility of eſcaping, and therefore he told her the neceſſity of dying: He found the Heroick Wife faſter pleading for Death than he was to propoſe it, when ſhe found his fix'd Reſolution; and, on her Knees, beſought him not to leave her a Prey to his Enemies. He (griev'd to Death) yet pleaſed at her noble Reſolution, took her up, and embracing her with all the Paſſion and Languiſhment of a dying Lover, drew his Knife to kill this Treaſure of his Soul, this Pleaſure of his Eyes; while Tears trickl'd down his Cheeks, hers were ſmiling with Joy ſhe ſhou'd dye by ſo noble a Hand, and be ſent in her own Country, (for that's their Notion of the next World) by him ſhe ſo tenderly Lov'd, and ſo truly Ador'd in this; for Wives have a Reſpect for their Husbands equal to what any other People pay a Deity: And when a Man finds any Occaſion to quit his Wife, if he love her, ſhe dyes by his Hand; if not, he ſells her, or ſuffers ſome other to kill her. It being thus, you may believe the Deed was ſoon reſolv'd on; and 'tis not to be doubted, but the Parting, the eternal Leave taking of Two ſuch Lovers, ſo greatly Born, ſo Senſible, ſo Beautiful, ſo Young, and ſo Fond, muſt be very moving, as the Relation of it was to me afterwards.

All

All that Love cou'd say in such Cases, being ended; and all the intermitting Irresolutions being adjusted, the Lovely, Young, and Ador'd Victim lays her self down before the Sacrificer, while he, with a Hand resolv'd, and a Heart-breaking within, gave the fatal Stroke; first cutting her Throat, and then severing her, yet smiling Face from that delicate Body, pregnant as it was with Fruits of tend'rest Love. As soon as he had done, he laid the Body decently on Leaves and Flowers, of which he made a Bed, and conceal'd it under the same Cover-lid of Nature; only her Face he left yet bare to look on: But when he found she was Dead, and past all Retrieve, never more to bless him with her Eyes, and soft Language; his Grief swell'd up to Rage; he Tore, he Rav'd, he Roar'd like some Monster of the Wood, calling on the lov'd Name of *Imoinda*, a thousand times he turn'd the fatal Knife that did the Deed toward his own Heart, with a Resolution to go immediately after her; but dire Revenge, which now was a thousand times more fierce in his Soul than before, prevents him; and he wou'd cry out, *No, since I have sacrificed* Imoinda *to my Revenge, shall I lose that Glory which I have purchas'd so dear, as at the Price of the Fairest, Dearest, Softest Creature that ever Nature made? No, no!* Then, at her Name, Grief wou'd get the ascendant of Rage, and he wou'd lye down by her side, and water her Face with showers of Tears, which never were wont to fall from those Eyes: And however bent he was on his intended Slaughter, he had not power to stir from the

the Sight of this dear Object, now more Belov'd, and more Ador'd than ever.

He remain'd in this deploring Condition for two Days, and never roſe from the Ground where he had made his ſad Sacrifice; at laſt, rouzing from her ſide, and accuſing himſelf with living too long, now *Imoinda* was dead; and that the Deaths of thoſe barbarous Enemies were deferr'd too long, he reſolv'd now to finiſh the Great Work; but offering to riſe, he found his Strength ſo decay'd, that he reel'd to and fro, like Boughs aſſail'd by contrary Winds; ſo that he was forced to lie down again, and try to ſummons all his Courage to his Aid; he found his Brains turn'd round, and his Eyes were dizzy, and Objects appear'd not the ſame to him they were wont to do; his Breath was ſhort, and all his Limbs ſurprized with a Faintneſs he had never felt before: He had not eat in two Days, which was one occaſion of this Feebleneſs, but excels of Grief was the greateſt; yet ſtill he hop'd he ſhou'd recover Vigour to act his Deſign, and lay expecting it yet ſix Days longer; ſtill mourning over the dead Idol of his Heart, and ſtriving every Day to riſe, but cou'd not.

In all this time you may believe we were in no little affliction for *Cæſar*, and his Wife; ſome were of Opinion he was eſcap'd never to return; others thought ſome Accident had hap'ned to him: But however, we fail'd not to ſend out an hundred People ſeveral ways to ſearch for him: A Party of about Forty went that way he took, among whom was *Tuſcan*, who was perfectly reconcil'd to *Byam*; they had

had not gone very far into the Wood, but they smelt an unusual Smell, as of a dead Body; for Stinks must be very noisom that can be distinguish'd among such a quantity of natural Sweets, as every Inch of that Land produces. So that they concluded they shou'd find him dead, or some body that was so; they past on towards it, as Loathsom as it was, and made such a rustling among the Leaves, that lie thick on the Ground, by continual falling, that *Cæsar* heard he was approach'd; and though he had, during the space of these eight Days, endeavour'd to rise, but found he wanted Strength; yet looking up, and seeing his Pursuers, he rose, and reel'd to a neighbouring Tree, against which he fix'd his Back; and being within a dozen Yards of those that advanc'd, and saw him, he call'd out to them, and bid them approach no nearer, if they wou'd be safe: So that they stood still, and hardly believing their Eyes, that wou'd perswade them that it was *Cæsar* that spoke to 'em, so much was he alter'd; they ask'd him, What he had done with his Wife? for they smelt a Stink that almost struck them dead. He, pointing to the dead Body, sighing, cry'd, *Behold her there.* They put off the Flowers that cover'd her with their Sticks, and found she was kill'd, and cry'd out, *Oh Monster! that hast murther'd thy Wife.* Then asking him, Why he did so cruel a Deed? He replied, He had no leasure to answer Impertinent Questions; *You may go back*, continued he, *and tell the Faithless Governor, he may thank Fortune that I am breathing my last; and that my Arm*

Arm is too feeble to obey my Heart, in what it had design'd him: But his Tongue faultering, and trembling, he cou'd scarce end what he was saying. The *English* taking Advantage by his Weakness, cry'd, *Let us take him alive, by all means*: He heard 'em; and, as if he had reviv'd from a Fainting, or a Dream, he cry'd out, *No, Gentlemen, you are deceiv'd; you will find no more* Cæsars *to be Whipt; no more find a Faith in me: Feeble as you think me, I have Strength yet left to secure me from a second Indignity.* They swore all a-new, and he only shook his Head, and beheld them with Scorn; then they cry'd out, *Who will venture on this single Man? Will no body?* They stood all silent while Cæsar replied, *Fatal will be the Attempt to the first Adventurer; let him assure himself*, and, at that Word, held up his Knife in a menacing Posture, *Look ye, ye faithless Crew*, said he, *'tis not Life I seek, nor am I afraid of Dying*; and, at that Word, cut a piece of Flesh from his own Throat, and threw it at 'em, *yet still I wou'd Live if I cou'd, till I had perfected my Revenge. But oh! it cannot be; I feel Life gliding from my Eyes and Heart; and, if I make not haste, I shall yet fall a Victim to the shameful Whip.* At that, he rip'd up his own Belly; and took his Bowels and pull'd 'em out, with what Strength he cou'd; while some, on their Knees imploring, besought him to hold his Hand. But when they saw him tottering, they cry'd out, *Will none venture on him?* A bold *English* cry'd, *Yes, if he were the Devil*; (taking Courage when he saw him almost Dead) and swearing a horrid Oath for his

Farewel to the World, he rush'd on; *Cæsar* with his Arm'd Hand met him so fairly, as struck him to the Heart, and he fell Dead at his Feet. *Tuscan* seeing that, cry'd out, *I love thee, Oh Cæsar! and therefore will not let thee Dye, if possible*: And, running to him, took him in his Arms; but, at the same time, warding a Blow that *Cæsar* made at his Bosom, he receiv'd it quite through his Arm; and *Cæsar* having not the Strength to pluck the Knife forth, though he attempted it, *Tuscan* neither pulled it out himself, nor suffer'd it to be pull'd out; but came down with it sticking in his Arm; and the reason he gave for it was, because the Air shou'd not get into the Wound: They put their Hands a-cross, and carried *Cæsar* between Six of 'em, fainted as he was; and they thought Dead, or just Dying; and they brought him to *Parham*, and laid him on a Couch, and had the Chirurgeon immediately to him, who dreft his Wounds, and sow'd up his Belly, and us'd means to bring him to Life, which they effected. We ran all to see him; and, if before we thought him so beautiful a Sight, he was now so alter'd, that his Face was like a Death's Head black'd over; nothing but Teeth, and Eyeholes: For some Days we suffer'd no body to speak to him, but caused Cordials to be poured down his Throat, which sustained his Life: and in six or seven Days he recover'd his Senses: For, you must know, that Wounds are almost to a Miracle cur'd in the *Indies*; unless Wounds in the Legs, which rarely ever cure.

When he was well enough to Speak, we talk'd to him; and ask'd him some Questions about his Wife, and the Reasons why he kill'd her; and he then told us what I have related of that Resolution, and of his Parting, and he besought us, we would let him Dye, and was extreamly Afflicted to think it was possible he might Live; he assur'd us, if we did not Dispatch him, he wou'd prove very Fatal to a great many. We said all we cou'd to make him Live, and gave him new Assurances; but he begg'd we wou'd not think so poorly of him, or of his Love to *Imoinda*, to imagine we cou'd Flatter him to Life again; but the Chirurgeon assur'd him, he cou'd not Live, and therefore he need not Fear. We were all (but *Cæsar*) afflicted at this News; and the Sight was Ghastly; his Discourse was Sad; and the earthly Smell about him so strong, that I was perswaded to leave the Place for some time; (being my self but Sickly, and very apt to fall into Fits of dangerous Illness upon any extraordinary Melancholy) the Servants, and *Trefry*, and the Chirurgeons, promis'd all to take what possible care they cou'd of the Life of *Cæsar*; and I, taking Boat, went with other Company to Colonel *Martin*'s, about three Days Journey down the River; but I was no sooner gone, but the *Governour* taking *Trefry*, about some pretended earnest Business, a Days Journey up the River; having communicated his Design to one *Banister*, a wild *Irish* Man, and one of the Council; a Fellow of absolute Barbarity, and fit to execute any Villany, but was Rich. He came up to *Parham*, and forcibly

cibly took *Cæsar*, and had him carried to the same Post where he was Whip'd; and causing him to be ty'd to it, and a great Fire made before him, he told him, he shou'd Dye like a Dog, as he was. *Cæsar* replied, this was the first piece of Bravery that ever *Banister* did; and he never spoke Sence till he pronunc'd that Word; and, if he wou'd keep it, he wou'd declare, in the other World, that he was the only Man, of all the Whites, that ever he heard speak Truth. And turning to the Men that bound him, he said, *My Friends, am I to Dye, or to be Whip'd?* And they cry'd, *Whip'd! no; you shall not escape so well*: And then, he replied, smiling, *A Blessing on thee*; and assur'd them, they need not tye him, for he won'd stand fixt, like a Rock; and endure Death so as shou'd encourage them to Dye. *But if you Whip me*, said he, *be sure you tye me fast.*

He had learn'd to take Tobacco; and when he was assur'd he should Dye, he desir'd they would give him a Pipe in his Mouth, ready Lighted, which they did; and the Executioner came, and first cut off his Members, and threw them into the Fire; after that, with an ill-favoured Knife, they cut his Ears, and his Nose, and burn'd them; he still Smoak'd on, as if nothing had touch'd him; then they hack'd off one of his Arms, and still he bore up, and held his Pipe; but at the cutting off the other Arm, his Head sunk, and his Pipe drop'd; and he gave up the Ghost, without a Groan, or a Reproach. My Mother and Sister were by him all the while, but not suffer'd to save him; so rude and wild were the Rabble,

and ſo inhumane were the Juſtices, who ſtood by to ſee the Execution, who after paid dearly enough for their Inſolence. They cut *Cæſar* in Quarters, and ſent them to ſeveral of the chief *Plantations*: One Quarter was ſent to Colonel *Martin*, who refus'd it; and ſwore, he had rather ſee the Quarters of *Baniſter*, and the *Governour* himſelf, than thoſe of *Cæſar*, on his *Plantations*; and that he cou'd govern his *Negroes* without Terrifying and Grieving them with frightful Spectacles of a mangl'd King.

Thus Dy'd this Great Man; worthy of a better Fate, and a more ſublime Wit than mine to write his Praiſe; yet, I hope, the Reputation of my Pen is conſiderable enough to to make his Glorious Name to ſurvive to all Ages, with that of the Brave, the Beautiful, and the Conſtant *Imoinda*.

FINIS.

THE
Fair Jilt:
OR, THE
HISTORY
OF
Prince *TARQUIN*,
AND
MIRANDA.

WRITTEN
By Mrs. *A. BEHN.*

LONDON:
Printed for *S. Briscoe*, 1696.

THE

Fair Hate:

OR, THE

HISTORY

OF

Prince TARQUIN

AND

MIRANDA.

WRITTEN

By Mrs. A. BEHN.

LONDON:

Printed for S. Briscoe, 1696.

TO
Henry Pain, *Esq*;

SIR,

DEdications are like Love, and no Man of Wit or Eminence escapes them: Early or late the Affliction of the Poet's Complement falls upon him; and Men are oblig'd to receive 'em, as they do their Wives, For better, for worse; *at least, with a feign'd Civility.*

It was not Want of Respect, but Fear, that has hitherto made us keep clear of your Judgment, too piercing to be favourable to what is not nicely valuable. We durst not awaken your Criticism; and by begging your Protection

in

in the Front of a Book, give you an Occasion to find nothing to deserve it. Nor can this little History lay a better Claim to that Honour, than those that have not pretended to it; which has but this Merit to recommend it, That it is Truth; Truth, which you so much admire. But 'tis a Truth that entertains you with so many Accidents diverting and moving, that they will need both a Patron, and an Assertor in this incredulous World. For however it may be imagin'd that Poetry (my Talent) has so greatly the Ascendant over me, that all I write must pass for Fiction, I now desire to have it understood, that this is Reality, and Matter of Fact, and acted in this our latter Age: And that, in the Person of Tarquin, *I bring a Prince to kiss your Hands, who own'd himself, and was receiv'd, as the last of the Race of the* Roman *Kings; whom I have often seen, and you have heard of; and whose Story is so well*

known

known to your self, and many Hundreds more: Part of which I had from the Mouth of this unhappy Great Man, and was an Eye-Witness to the rest.

'Tis true, Sir, I present you with a Prince Unfortunate, but still the more noble Object for your Goodness and Pity; who never valu'd a brave Man the less for being unhappy. And whither shou'd the Afflicted flee for Refuge, but to the Generous. Amongst all the Race, he cannot find a better Man, or more certain Friend: Nor amongst all his Ancestors, match your greater Soul, and Magnificence of Mind. He will behold in one English Subject, a Spirit as Illustrious, a Heart as Fearless, a Wit and Eloquence as Excellent, as Rome it self cou'd produce. Its Senate scarce boasted of a better States-man, nor Augustus of a more faithful Subject; as your Imprisonment and Sufferings, through all the Course

of

of our late National Distractions, have sufficiently manifested: But nothing cou'd press or deject your great Heart; you were the same Man still, unmov'd in all Turns, easie and innocent; no Persecution being able to abate your constant good Humour, or wonted Gallantry.

If, Sir, you find here a Prince of less Fortitude and Vertue than your self, charge his Miscarriages on Love; a Weakness of that Nature you will easily excuse, (being so great a Friend to the Fair;) though possibly he gave a Proof of it too fatal to his Honour. Had I been to have form'd his Character, perhaps I had made him something more worthy of the Honour of your Protection: But I was oblig'd to pursue the Matter of Fact, and give a just Relation of that part of his Life which, possibly, was the only reproachful part of it. If he be so happy, as to entertain a Man of Wit and Business, I shall not fear his

Welcome

Dedicatory.

VVelcome to the reſt of the VVorld: And 'tis only with your Paſsport he can hope to be ſo.

The particular Obligations I have to your Bounty and Goodneſs, O noble Friend, and Patron of the Muſes! *I do not ſo much as pretend to acknowledge in this little Preſent; thoſe being above the Poets Pay, which is a ſort of Coin, not currant in this Age; though perhaps may be eſteem'd as Medals in the Cabinets of Men of VVit. If this be ſo happy to be of that Number, I deſire no more laſting a Fame, than that it may bear this Inſcription, that I am.*

SIR,

Your moſt Obliged, and

Moſt Humble Servant

A. Behn.

Dedicatory.

Welcome to the rest of the World: And
.tis only with your Pardon it can be;
to be so.

The particular Obligations I have to
your Bounty and Goodness, O noble
Friend, and Patron of the Muses! I
do not so much as pretend to acknowledge
in this little Present; this being above
the Poets Pay, which is a sort of Coin,
not current in this Age: though perhaps
may be esteem'd as Medals in the Cabi-
nets of Men of Wit. If this be so hap-
py to be of that Number, I desire no
more, daring a Fame, than that it may
bear this Inscription, that I am

IS I R,

Your most Obliged and

Most Humble Servant

A. Behn.

THE Fair Hypocrite; OR THE AMOURS of Prince *TARQUIN*, And *MIRANDA*.

AS Love is the moſt Noble and Divine Paſſion of the Soul, ſo is it that to which we may juſtly attribute all the real Satisfactions of Life; and without it, Man is unfiniſh'd, and unhappy.

There are a thouſand Things to be ſaid of the Advantages this Generous Paſſion brings to thoſe, whoſe Hearts are capable of receiving its ſoft Impreſſions; for 'tis not every one that can be ſenſible of its tender Touches. How many Examples, from Hiſtory and Obſervation, cou'd I give of its wondrous power; nay, even to a degree of Traſmigration? How many Ideots has it made wiſe? How many Fools, eloquent? How many home-bred Squires, accompliſh'd? How many Cowards brave? And there is no Sort or Species of Mankind, on whom it cannot work ſome Change and Miracle, if it be a noble, well grounded Paſſion, except on the Fop in Faſhion, the hardend, incorrigible Fop; ſo often wounded, but never reclaim'd: For ſtill, by a dire miſtake, conducted by vaſt Opinionatreiſm, and a greater portion of Self-Love, than the reſt of

of the Race of Man, he believes that Affectation in his Mien and Dreſs, that Mathematical Movement, that Formality in ever Action, that Face managed with Care, and ſoftned into Ridicule, the Languiſhing Turn, the Toſs, and the Back ſhake of the Periwig, is the direct Way to the Heart of the fine Perſon he adores; and inſtead of curing *Love* in his Soul, ſerves only to advance his Folly; and the more he is enamour'd, the more induſtriouſly he aſſumes (every Hour) the Coxcomb. Theſe are *Love*'s Play-things, a ſort of Animals with whom he ſports; and whom he never wounds, but when he is in good humour, and always ſhoots laughing. 'Tis the Diverſion of the *little God*, to ſee what a fluttering and buſtle one of theſe Sparks, new-wounded, makes; to what fantaſtick Fooleries he has recourſe: The Glaſs is every moment call'd to Counſel, the *Valet* conſulted and plagu'd for new Invention of Dreſs, the Foot-man and Scrutore perpetually employ'd; *Billet doux* and *Madrigals* take up all his Mornings, till Play-time in Dreſſing, till Night in Gazing; ſtill, like a Sun-flower, turn'd towards the Beams of the fair Eyes of his *Cælia*, adjuſting himſelf in the moſt *Amorous Poſture* he can aſſume, his Hat under his Arm, while the other Hand is put careleſsly into his Boſom, as if laid upon his panting Heart; his Head a little bent to one ſide, ſupported with a world of Crevat-ſtring, which he takes mighty care not to put into Diſorder; as one may gueſs by a never-failing, and horrid Stiffneſs in his Neck; and if he have an occaſion to look aſide, his whole Body turns at the ſame time, for fear the motion

motion of the Head alone ſhould incommode the Crevat or Perriwig: And ſometimes the Glove is well manag'd, and the white Hand diſplayed. Thus, with a thouſand other little Motions and Formalities, all in the common Place or Road of Foppery, he takes infinite pains to ſhew himſelf to the Pit and Boxes, a moſt accompliſh'd Aſs. This is he, of all Humane Kind, on whom Love can do no Miracles; and who can no where, and upon no Occaſion, quit one Grain of his refin'd Foppery, unleſs in a Duel, or a Battle, if ever his Stars ſhou'd be ſo ſevere and ill-manner'd, to reduce him to the neceſſity of either: Fear then wou'd ruffle that fine Form he had ſo long preſerved in niceſt Order, with grief conſidering, that an unlucky Chance-Wound in his Face, if ſuch a dire Misfortune ſhou'd befal him, wou'd ſpoil the Sale of it for ever.

Perhaps it will be urg'd, that ſince no Metamorphoſis can be made in a Fop by *Love*, you muſt conſider him one of thoſe that only talks of *Love*, and thinks himſelf that happy thing, *a Lover*; and wanting fine Sence enough for the real Paſſion, believes what he feels to be it. There are in the Quiver of the God a great many different Darts; ſome that wound for a Day, and others for a Year; they are all fine, painted, glittering Darts, and ſhew as well as thoſe made of the *nobleſt Metal*; but the Wounds they make, reach the Deſire only, and are cur'd by poſſeſſing, while the ſhort-liv'd Paſſion betrays the Cheats: But 'tis that refin'd and illuſtrious Paſſion of the Soul, whoſe Aim is *Vertue*, and whoſe End is *Honour*, that

has the power of changing Nature, and is capable of performing all those *heroick* things, of which History is full.

How far distant Passions may be from one another, I shall be able to make appear in these following Rules. I'll prove to you the strong Effects of *Love* in some unguarded and ungovern'd Hearts; where it rages beyond the Inspirations of *a God all soft and gentle*, and reigns more like *a Fury from Hell*.

I do not pretend here to entertain you with a feign'd story, or any thing piec'd together with *Romantick Accidents*; but every Circumstance, to a Tittle, is Truth. To a great part of the Main, I my self was an Eye-witness; and what I did not see, I was confirm'd of by Actors in the Intrigue, holy Men, of the Order of St. *Francis*; But for the sake of some of her Relations, I shall give my *Fair Jilt* a feign'd Name, that of *Miranda*; but my *Hero* must retain his own, it being too Illustrious to be conceal'd.

You are to understand, that in all the *Catholick* Countries where *Holy Orders* are establish'd, there are abundance of differing kinds of *Religious*, both of Men and Women: Amongst the Women there are those we call *Nuns*, that make solemn Vows of perpetual *Chastity*: There are others who make but a simple *Vow*, as, for five or ten Years, or more or less; and that time expir'd, they may contract anew for longer time, or marry, or dispose of themselves as they shall see good; and these are ordinarily call'd *Galloping Nuns*: Of these there are several *Orders*; as, *Chanoneſſes*,

Begines,

Begines, *Queſt's*, *Swart-Siſters*, and *Jeſuitiſſes*, with ſeveral others I have forgot: Of thoſe of the *Begines* was our *Fair Votreſs*.

Theſe *Orders* are taken up by the beſt Perſons of the Town, young Maids of Fortune, who live together, not *inclos'd*, but in Palaces that will hold about Fifteen hundred or Two thouſand of theſe *Fille Devotes*, where they have a regulated Government, under a ſort of *Abbeſs*, or *Prioreſs*; or rather, a *Governante*. They are oblig'd to a Method of Devotion, and are under a ſort of *Obedience*. They wear an Habit much like our Widows of Quality in *England*, only without a *Bando*; and their Veil is of a thicker Crape than what we have here, through which one cannot ſee the Face; for when they go abroad, they cover themſelves all over with it, but they put 'em up in the Churches, and lay 'em by in the Houſes. Every one of theſe have a *Confeſſor*, who is to 'em a ſort of Steward: For, you muſt know, they that go into theſe places, have the Management of their own Fortunes, and what their Parents deſign 'em. Without the Advice of this Confeſſor, they act nothing, nor admit of a Lover that he ſhall not approve of; at leaſt, this Method ought to be taken, and is by almoſt all of 'em; though *Miranda* thought her Wit above it, as her Spirit was.

But as theſe Women are, as I ſaid, of the beſt Quality, and live with the Reputation of being retir'd from the World a little more than ordinary, and becauſe there is a ſort of difficulty to approach 'em, they are the People the moſt courted, and liable to the greateſt Temp-

tations; for as difficult as it ſeems to be, they receive Viſits from all the Men of the beſt Quality, eſpecially Strangers. All the Men of Wit and Converſation meet at the Apartments of theſe fair *Filles Devotes*, where all manner of Gallantries are perform'd, while all the Study of theſe Maids is to accompliſh themſelves for theſe noble Converſations. They receive *Preſents*, *Balls*, *Serinades* and *Billets*: All the News, Wit, Verſes, Songs, Novels, Muſick, Gaming, and all fine Diverſion, is in their *Apartments*, they themſelves being of the beſt Quality and Fortune. So that to manage theſe *Gallantries*, there is no ſort of Female Arts they are not practis'd in, no Intrigues they are ignorant of, and no Management of which they are not capable.

Of this happy number was the Fair *Miranda*, whoſe Parents being dead, and a vaſt Eſtate divided between her ſelf, and a young Siſter (who liv'd with an unmarry'd old Uncle, whoſe Eſtate afterwards was all divided between 'em) put her ſelf into this *uninclos'd Religious Houſe*; but her Beauty, which had all the Charms that ever Nature gave, became the Envy of the whole *Siſterhood*. She was tall, and admirably ſhap'd; ſhe had a bright Hair, and Hazle-Eyes, all full of Love and Sweetneſs: No Art cou'd make a Face ſo fair as hers by Nature, which every Feature adorn'd with a Grace that Imagination cannot reach: Every Look, every Motion charm'd, and her black Dreſs ſhew'd the Luſtre of her Face and Neck. She had an Air, though gay as ſo much Youth cou'd inſpire, yet ſo modeſt, ſo nobly reſerv'd, without

without Formality, or Stiffneſs, that one who look'd on her would have imagin'd her Soul the Twin-Angel of her Body; and both together, made her appear ſomething *Divine*. To this ſhe had a great deal of Wit, read much, and retain'd all that ſerv'd her purpoſe. She ſung delicately, and danc'd well, and play'd on the *Lute* to a Miracle. She ſpoke ſeveral Languages naturally; for being Co-heireſs to ſo great a Fortune, ſhe was bred with niceſt Care, in all the fineſt manners of Education; and was now arriv'd to her Eighteenth Year.

'Twere needleſs to tell you how great a noiſe the Fame of this young Beauty, with ſo conſiderable a Fortune, made in the World; I may ſay, the World, rather than confine her Fame to the ſcanty Limits of a Town; it reach'd to many others: And there was not a Man of any Quality that came to *Antwerp*, or paſs'd through the City, but made it his Buſineſs to ſee the lovely *Miranda*, who was univerſally ador'd: Her Youth and Beauty, her Shape and Majeſty of Mein, and Air of Greatneſs, charm'd all her Beholders; and thouſands of People were dying by her Eyes, while ſhe was vain enough to glory in her Conqueſt, and make it her Buſineſs to wound. She lov'd nothing ſo much as to behold ſighing Slaves at her Feet, of the greateſt Quality; and treated 'em all with an Affability that gave 'em Hope. Continual Muſick as ſoon as it was dark, and Songs of *dying Lovers*, were ſung under her Windows; and ſhe might well have made her ſelf a great Fortune (if ſhe had not been ſo already) by the rich Preſents that

were hourly made her; and every Body daily expected when she wou'd make some one happy, by suffering her self to be conquer'd by *Love* and *Honour*, by the Assiduities and Vows of some one of her Adorers: But *Miranda* accepted their Presents, heard their Vows with pleasure, and willingly admitted all their soft Addresses; but wou'd not yield her Heart, or give away that lovely Person to the Possession of one, who cou'd please it self with so many. She was naturally Amorous but extreamly Inconstant: She lov'd one for his Wit, another for his Face, a third for his Mein; but above all, she admir'd *Quality*: *Quality* alone had the power to attack her entirely; yet not to one Man, but that Vertue was still admir'd by her in all; where-ever she found that, she lov'd, or at least acted the *Lover* with such Art, that (deceiving well) she fail'd not to compleat her Conquest; and yet she never durst trust her fickle Humour with Marriage; She knew the strength of her own Heart, and that it cou'd not suffer it self to be confin'd to one Man, and wisely avoided those Inquietudes, and that Uneasiness of Life she was sure to find in that married Life, which wou'd, against her Nature, oblige her to the Embraces of one, whose Humour was, to love all the Young and the Gay But *Love*, who had hitherto but play'd with her Heart, and given it naught but pleasing wanton Wounds, such as afforded only soft Joys, and not Pains, resolv'd, either out of Revenge to those Numbers she had abandon'd, and who had sigh'd so long in vain; or to try what power he had upon so fickle a Heart,

Heart, ſent an Arrow dipp'd in the moſt tormenting Flames that rage in Hearts moſt ſenſible. He ſtruck it home and deep, with all the Malice of an angry *God*.

There was a Church belonging to the *Cordeliers*, whither *Miranda* often repair'd to her Devotion; and being there one Day, accompany'd with a young Siſter of the *Order*, after the *Maſs* was ended, as 'tis the Cuſtom, ſome one of the *Fathers* goes about the Church with a Box, for Contribution, or Charity-Money; it happen'd that Day, that a young Father, newly initiated, carry'd the Box about, which, in his turn, he brought to *Miranda*. She had no ſooner caſt her Eyes on this young *Friar*, but her Face was overſpread with Bluſhes of *Surprize*: She beheld him ſtedfaſtly, and ſaw in his Face all the Charms of Youth, Wit and Beauty; he wanted no one Grace that cou'd form him for Love, he appear'd all that is adorable to the Fair Sex, nor cou'd the miſ-ſhapen Habit hide from her the lovely Shape it endeavour'd to cover, nor thoſe delicate Hands that approach'd her too near with the Box. Beſides the Beauty of his Face and Shape, he had an Air altogether great; in ſpite of his profeſs'd Poverty, it betray'd the Man of Quality; and that Thought weigh'd greatly with *Miranda*. But *Love*, who did not deſign ſhe ſhou'd now feel any ſort of thoſe eaſie Flames with which ſhe had heretofore burnt, made her ſoon lay all thoſe Conſiderations aſide which us'd to invite her to love, and now lov'd ſhe knew not why.

She gaz'd upon him, while he bow'd before her, and waited for her Charity, till she perceiv'd the lovely *Friar* to blush, and cast his Eyes to the Ground. This awaken'd her Shame, and she put her Hand into her Pocket, and was a good while in searching for her Purse, as if she thought of nothing less, than what she was about; at last she drew it out, and gave him a Pistole; but that with so much Deliberation and Leisure, as easily betray'd the Satisfaction she took in looking on him; while the good Man having receiv'd her Bounty, after a very low Obeisance, proceeded to the rest; and *Miranda* casting after him a Look all languishing, as long as he remain'd in the Church, departed with a Sigh as soon as she saw him go out, and return'd to her Apartment, without speaking one Word all the Way to the young *Fille Devote* who attended her; so absolutely was her Soul employ'd with this young *holy Man*. *Cornelia* (so was this Maid call'd who was with her) perceiving she was so silent, who us'd to be all Wit and good Humour, and observing her little Disorder at the Sight of the young Father, though she was far from imagining it to be *Love*, took an Occasion, when she was come home, to speak of him. *Madam*, said she, *did you not observe that fine young* Cordelier, *who brought the Box?* At a Question that nam'd that Object of her Thoughts, *Miranda* blush'd; and the finding she did so, re-doubl'd her Confusion, and she had scarce Courage enough to say,——*Yes, I did observe him*: And then, forcing her self to smile a little, continu'd; *And I wonder'd to*

see

see so jolly a young Friar of an Order so severe, and mortify'd. *Madam* (reply'd *Cornelia*) *when you know his Story, you will not wonder.* Miranda, who was impatient to know all that concern'd her new *Conqueror*, oblig'd her to tell his Story; and *Cornelia* obey'd, and proceeded.

The Story of Prince Henrick.

'YOU must know, Madam, that this young *holy Man* is a Prince of *Germany*, of the House of —— whose Fate it was, to fall most passionately in Love with a fair young Lady, who lov'd him with an Ardour equal to what he vow'd her. Sure of her Heart, and wanting only the Approbation of her Parents, and his own, which her Quality did not suffer him to despair of, he boasted of his Happiness to a young Prince, his elder Brother, a Youth amorous and fierce, impatient of Joys, and sensible of Beauty, taking Fire with all fair Eyes: He was his Father's Darling, and Delight of his fond Mother; and by an Ascendant over both their Hearts, rul'd their Wills.

'This young Prince no sooner saw, but lov'd the fair Mistress of his Brother, and with an Authority of a Soveraign, rather than the Advice of a Friend, warn'd his Brother *Henrick* (this now young Friar) to approach no more this Lady, whom he had seen; and seeing, lov'd.

'In vain the poor surpriz'd Prince pleads his Right of Love, his Exchange of Vows,

'and

'and Aſſurance of an Heart that cou'd never 'be but for himſelf. In vain he urges his 'Nearneſs of Blood, his Friendſhip, his Paſ-'ſion, or his Life, which ſo entirely depended 'on the Poſſeſſion of the charming Maid. All 'his Pleading ſerv'd but to blow his Brother's 'Flame; and the more he implores, the more 'the other burns; and while *Henrick* follows 'him on his Knees, with humble Submiſſions, 'the other flies from him in Rages of tranſpor-'ted Love; nor cou'd his Tears, that purſu'd 'his Brother's Steps, move him to Pity: Hot-'headed, vain-conceited of his Beauty, and 'greater Quality, as elder Brother, he doubts 'not his Succeſs, and reſolv'd to ſacrifice all to 'the Violence of his new-born Paſſion.

'In ſhort, he ſpeaks of his Deſign to his 'Mother, who promis'd him her Aſſiſtance; 'and accordingly, propoſing it firſt to the 'Prince, her Husband, urging the Languiſh-'ment of her Son, ſhe ſoon wrought ſo on 'him, that a Match being concluded between 'the Parents of this young Beauty, and *Hen-'rick*'s Brother, the Hour was appointed be-'fore ſhe knew of the Sacrifice ſhe was to be 'made. And while this was in Agitation, '*Henrick* was ſent on ſome great Affairs, up 'into *Germany*, far out of the way; not but 'his boding Heart, with perpetual Sighs and 'Throbs, eternally foretold him his Fate.

'All the Letters he writ were intercepted, 'as well as thoſe ſhe writ to him. She finds 'her ſelf every Day perplex'd with the Ad-'dreſſes of the Prince ſhe hated; he was e-'ver ſighing at her Feet. In vain were all

'her

her Reproaches, and all her Coldneſs, he was on the ſurer ſide; for what he found Love wou'd not do, Force of Parents wou'd.

'She complains in her Heart on young *Henrick*, from whom ſhe cou'd never receive one Letter; and at laſt, cou'd not forbear burſting into Tears, in ſpite of all her Force, and feign'd Courage; when on a Day the Prince told her, that *Henrick* was withdrawn, to give him time to court her, to whom, he ſaid, He confeſs'd he had made ſome Vows, but did repent of 'em, knowing himſelf too young to make 'em good: That it was for that Reaſon he brought him firſt to ſee her; and for that Reaſon that after that, he never ſaw her more, nor ſo much as took leave of her; (when, indeed, his Death lay upon the next Viſit, his Brother having ſworn to murther him; and to that End, put a Guard upon him, till he was ſent into *Germany*.)

'All this he utter'd with ſo many paſſionate Aſſeverations, Vows, and ſeeming Pity for her being ſo inhumanely abandon'd, that ſhe almoſt gave Credit to all he had ſaid, and had much adoe to keep her ſelf within the Bounds of Moderation, and ſilent Grief. Her Heart was breaking, her Eyes languiſh'd, and her Cheeks grew pale, and ſhe had like to have fallen dead into the treacherous Arms of him that had reduc'd her to this Diſcovery; but ſhe did what ſhe cou'd to aſſume her Courage, and to ſhew as little Reſentment as poſſible for a Heart, like hers, oppreſs'd with Love, and now abandon'd by the dear Subject of its Joys and Pains.

'But

'But, Madam, not to tire you with this 'Adventure, the Day arriv'd wherein our 'ſtill weeping fair Unfortunate was to be ſa-'crific'd to the Capriciouſneſs of Love; and 'ſhe was carry'd to Court by her Parents, 'without knowing to what End, where ſhe 'was almoſt compell'd to marry the Prince.

'*Henrick*, who, all this while, knew no 'more of his Unhappineſs, than what his 'Fears ſuggeſted, returns, and paſſes even to 'the Preſence of his Father, before he knew 'any thing of his Fortune; where he beheld 'his Miſtreſs and his Brother, with his Father, 'in ſuch a Familiarity, as he no longer doubt-'ed his Deſtiny. 'Tis hard to judge whether 'the Lady or himſelf was moſt ſurpriz'd; 'ſhe was all pale and unmoveable in her Chair, 'and *Henrick* fix'd like a Statue; at laſt Grief 'and Rage took place of Amazement, and he 'could not forbear crying out, *Ah, Traytor! 'Is it thus you have treated a Friend, and Brother? 'And you, O perjur'd Charmer! Is it thus you 'have rewarded all my Vows?* He cou'd ſay no 'more; but reeling againſt the Door, had 'fall'n in a Swoun upon the Floor, had not 'his Page caught him in his Arms, who was 'entring with him. The good old Prince, 'the Father, who knew not what all this meant, 'was ſoon inform'd by the young, weeping 'Princeſs; who, in relating the Story of her 'Amour with *Henrick*, told her Tale in ſo 'moving a manner, as brought Tears to the 'Old Man's Eyes, and Rage to thoſe of her 'Husband; he immediately grew jealous to 'the laſt Degree: He finds himſelf in Poſſeſ-

ſion

'ſion ('tis true) of the Beauty he ador'd, but 'the Beauty adoring another; a Prince, young, 'and charming as the Light; ſoft, witty, and 'raging with an equal Paſſion. He finds this 'dreaded Rival in the ſame Houſe with him, 'with an Authority equal to his own; and 'fanſies, whete two Hearts are ſo entirely a-'greed, and have ſo good an Underſtanding, 'it would not be impoſſible to find Opportu-'nities to ſatisfie and eaſe that mutual Flame 'that burnt ſo equally in both; he therefore 'reſolv'd to ſend him out of the World, and 'to eſtabliſh his own Repoſe by a Deed, wic-'ked, cruel, and unnatural, to have him aſſaſ-'ſinated the firſt Opportunity he cou'd find. 'This Reſolution ſet him a little at eaſe, and 'he ſtrove to diſſemble Kindneſs to *Henrick*, 'with all the Art he was capable of, ſuffering 'him to come often to the Apartment of the 'Princeſs, and to entertain her oftentimes 'with Diſcourſe, when he was not near enough 'to hear what he ſpoke; but ſtill watching their 'Eyes, he found thoſe of *Henrick* full of Tears, 'ready to flow, but reſtrain'd, looking all dy-'ing, and yet reproaching, while thoſe of the 'Princeſs were ever bent to the Earth, and 'ſhe, as much as poſſible, ſhunning his Con-'verſation. Yet this did not ſatisfie the jea-'lous Husband; 'twas not her Complaiſance 'that cou'd appeaſe him; he found her Heart 'was panting within, when ever *Henrick* ap-'proach'd her, and every Viſit more and more 'confirm'd his Death.

'The Father often found the Diſorders of 'the Sons; the Softneſs and Addreſs of the

'one

'one gave him as much Fear, as the angry 'Bluſhings, the fierce Looks, and broken Re-'plies of the other, when ever he beheld *Hen-'rick* approach his Wife: So that the Father 'fearing ſome ill Conſequence of this, be-'ſought *Henrick* to withdraw to ſome other 'Country, or travel into *Italy*, he being now 'of an Age that requir'd a View of the World. 'He told his Father, that he wou'd obey his 'Commands, though he was certain, that Mo-'ment he was to be ſeparated from the ſight 'of the fair Princeſs, his Siſter, wou'd be the 'laſt of his Life; and, in fine, made ſo pitiful 'a Story of his ſuffering Love, as almoſt 'mov'd the old Prince to compaſſionate him 'ſo far, as to permit him to ſtay; but he ſaw 'inevitable Danger in that, and therefore bid 'him prepare for his Journey.

'That which paſs'd between the Father and '*Henrick* being a Secret, none talk'd of his 'departing from Court; ſo that the Deſign the 'Brother had, went on; and making an Hun-'ting-match one Day, where moſt young 'People of Quality were, he order'd ſome 'whom he had hir'd to follow his Brother, ſo 'as if he chanc'd to go out of the way, to 'diſpatch him; and accordingly, Fortune 'gave 'em an Opportunity; for he lagg'd be-'hind the Company, and turn'd aſide into a 'pleaſant Thicket of Hazles; where alighting, 'he walk'd on foot in the moſt pleaſant part 'of it, full of Thought how to divide his 'Soul between Love and Obedience. He was 'ſenſible that he ought not to ſtay, that he 'was but an Affliction to the young Princeſs,

'whoſe

'whoſe Honour cou'd never permit her to 'eaſe any part of his Flame; nor was he ſo 'vitious, to entertain a Thought that ſhou'd 'ſtain her Vertue. He beheld her now as his 'Brother's Wife, and that ſecur'd his Flame 'from all looſe Deſires, if her native Modeſty 'had not been ſufficient of it ſelf to have done 'it, and that profound Reſpect he pay'd her: 'And he conſider'd, in obeying his Father, 'he left her at eaſe, and his Brother freed of 'a thouſand Fears; he went to ſeek a Cure, 'which if he cou'd not find, at laſt he cou'd 'but die; and ſo he muſt, even at her Feet: 'However, that 'twas more noble to ſeek a 'Remedy for his Diſeaſe, than expect a cer-'tain Death by ſtaying. After a thouſand Re-'flections on his hard Fate, and bemoaning 'himſelf, and blaming his cruel Stars, that 'had doom'd him to die ſo young; after an 'infinity of Sighs and Tears, Reſolvings and 'Unreſolvings, he on the ſudden was inter-'rupted by the trampling of ſome Horſes he 'heard, and their ruſhing through the Boughs, 'and ſaw four Men make towards him: He 'had not time to mount, being walk'd ſome 'Paces from his Horſe. One of the Men ad-'vanc'd, and cry'd, *Prince you muſt die*——— '*I do believe thee* (reply'd *Henrick*) *but not by a 'hand ſo baſe as thine*: And at the ſame time, 'drawing his Sword, run him into the Groin. 'When the Fellow found himſelf ſo wounded, 'he wheel'd off, and cry'd, *Thou art a Pro-'phet, and haſt rewarded my Treachery with 'Death.* The reſt came up, and one ſhot at 'the Prince, and ſhot him into the Shoulder;

'the

the other two haſtily laying hold (but too late) on the Hand of the Murtherer, cry'd, *Hold, Traytor; we relent, and he ſhall not die.* He reply'd, *'Tis too late, he is ſhot; and ſee, he lies dead: Let us provide for our ſelves, and tell the Prince, we have done the Work; for you are as guilty as I am.* At that, they all fled, and left the Prince lying under a Tree, weltering in his Blood.

'About the Evening, the Foreſter going his Walks, ſaw the Horſe richly caparison'd, without a Rider, at the Entrance of the Wood; and going farther, to ſee if he cou'd find its Owner, found there the Prince almoſt dead: He immediately mounts him on the Horſe, and himſelf behind, bore him up, and carry'd him to the Lodge; where he had only one old Man, his Father, well skill'd in Surgery, and a Boy. They put him to Bed, and the old Foreſter, with what Art he had, dreſs'd his Wound, and in the Morning ſent for an abler Surgeon, to whom the Prince enjoin'd Secrecy, becauſe he knew him. The Man was faithful, and the Prince, in time, was recover'd of his Wound; and as ſoon as he was well, he came for *Flanders*, in the Habit of a *Pilgrim*, and after ſome time, took the Order of St. *Francis*, none knowing what became of him, till he was profeſs'd; and then he writ his own Story to the Prince his Father, to his Miſtreſs, and his ungrateful Brother. The young Princeſs did not long ſurvive his Loſs, ſhe languiſh'd from the Moment of his Departure; and he

'had

'had this to confirm his devout Life, to know 'she dy'd for him.

'My Brother, Madam, was an Officer un-'der the Prince, his Father, and knew his 'Story perfectly well; from whose Mouth I 'had it.

What! (reply'd *Miranda* then) *is Father* Henrick *a Man of Quality? Yes, Madam,* (said *Cornelia,*) *and has chang'd his Name to* Francisco. But *Miranda,* fearing to betray the Sentiments of her Heart, by asking any more Questions about him, turn'd the Discourse; and some Persons of Quality came in to visit her (for her Apartment was, about Six a-clock, like the Presence-Chamber of a Queen, always fill'd with the greatest People.) There meet all the *Beaux Espreets,* and all the Beauties. But it was visible *Miranda* was not so gay as she us'd to be; but pensive, and answering *Mal a propo,* to all that was said to her. She was a thousand times going to speak, against her Will, something of the *charming Friar,* who was never from her Thoughts; and she imagin'd, if he could inspire Love in a course, gray, ill-made Habit, a shorn Crown, a Hair-Cord about his Waste, bare-leg'd, in Sandals instead of Shoes, what must he do, when looking back on Time, she beholds him in a prospect of Glory, with all that Youth and Illustrious Beauty set off by the Advantage of Dress and Equipage. She frames an *Idea* of him all gay and splendid, and looks on his present Habit as some Disguise proper for the Stealths of Love;

ſome feign'd put-on Shape, with the more Security to approach a Miſtreſs, and make himſelf happy; and that, the Robe laid by, ſhe has the Lover in his proper Beauty, the ſame he wou'd have been if any other Habit (tho' never ſo rich) were put-off: In the Bed, the ſilent, gloomy Night, and the ſoft Embraces of her Arms, he loſes all the *Friar*, and aſſumes all the Prince; and that awful Reverence, due alone to his holy Habit, he exchanges for a thouſand Dalliances for which his Youth was made; for Love, for tender Embraces, and all the Happineſs of Life. Some Moments ſhe fanſies him a Lover, and that the fair Object that takes up all his Heart has left no room for her there; but that was a Thought that did not long perplex her, and which, almoſt as ſoon as born, ſhe turn'd to her Advantage: She beholds him a Lover, and therefore finds he has a Heart ſenſible and tender; he had Youth to be fir'd, as well as to inſpire; he was far from the lov'd Object, and totally without Hope; and ſhe reaſonably conſider'd, that Flame wou'd of it ſelf ſoon die, that had only Deſpair to feed on. She beheld her own Charms; and Experience, as well as her Glaſs, told her, they never fail'd of Conqueſt; eſpecially, where they deſign'd it: And ſhe believ'd *Henrick* wou'd be glad, at leaſt, to quench that Flame in himſelf, by an Amour with her, which was kindl'd by the young Princeſs of---- his Siſter.

Theſe, and a thouſand other Self-flatteries, all vain and indiſcreet, took up her waking Nights,

Nights, and now more retir'd Days; while *Love*, to make her truly wretched, ſuffer'd her to ſooth her ſelf with fond Imaginations; not ſo much as permitting her Reaſon to plead one Moment, to ſave her from Undoing: She wou'd not ſuffer it to tell her, he had taken holy Orders, made ſacred and ſolemn Vows of everlaſting Chaſtity, that 'twas impoſſible he cou'd marry her, or lay before her any Argument that might prevent her Ruine; but *Love*, mad, malicious *Love* was always call'd to Counſel, and, like eaſie Monarchs, ſhe had no Ears, but for Flatterers.

Well then, ſhe is reſolv'd to love, without conſidering to what End, and what muſt be the Conſequence of ſuch an Amour. She now miſs'd no Day of being at that little Church, where ſhe had the Happineſs, or rather, the Misfortune (ſo Love ordain'd) to ſee this Raviſher of her Heart and Soul; and every Day ſhe took new Fire from his lovely Eyes: Unawares, unknown and unwillingly he gave her Wounds, and the difficulty of her Cure made her rage the more: She burnt, ſhe languiſh'd, and dy'd for the young Innocent, who knew not he was the Author of ſo much Miſchief.

Now ſhe revolves a thouſand Ways in her tortur'd Mind, to let him know her Anguiſh, and at laſt pitch'd upon that of writing to him ſoft Billets, which ſhe had learnt the Art of doing; or if ſhe had not, ſhe had now Fire enough to inſpire her with all that cou'd charm and move.

Theſe ſhe deliver'd to a young Wench who waited on her, and whom ſhe had entirely ſubdu'd to her Intereſt, to give to a certain Lay-Brother of the Order, who was a very ſimple, harmleſs Wretch, and who ſerv'd in the Kitchin, in the nature of a Cook in the Monaſtery of *Cordeliers*; She gave him Gold to ſecure his Faith and Service; and not knowing from whence they came (with ſo good Credentials) he undertook to deliver the Letters to Father *Franciſco*; which Letters were all afterwards, as you ſhall hear, produc'd in open Court. Theſe Letters fail'd not to come every Day; and the Sence of the firſt was, to tell him that a very beautiful young Lady, of a great Fortune, was in love with him, without naming her; but it came as from a third Perſon, to let him know the Secret, that ſhe deſir'd he wou'd let her know whether ſhe might hope any Return from him; aſſuring him, he needed but only ſee the fair Languiſher, to confeſs himſelf her Slave.

This Letter, being deliver'd him, he read by himſelf, and was ſurpriz'd to receive Words of this nature, being ſo great a Stranger in that place; and cou'd not imagine, or wou'd not give himſelf the trouble of gueſſing who this ſhou'd be, becauſe he never deſign'd to make Returns.

The next Day *Miranda*, finding no Advantage from her Meſſenger of Love, in the Evening ſends another (impatient of Delay) confeſſing

feſſing that ſhe who ſuffer'd the Shame of Writing and Imploring, was the Perſon her ſelf who ador'd him. 'Twas there her raging Love made her ſay all things that diſcover'd the nature of its Flame, and propoſe to flee with him to any part of the World, if he wou'd quit the Convent; that ſhe had a Fortune conſiderable enough to make him happy, and that his Youth and Quality were not given him to ſo unprofitable an End as to loſe themſelves in a Convent, where Poverty and Eaſe was all their Buſineſs. In fine, ſhe leaves nothing unurg'd that might debauch and invite him; not forgetting to ſend him her own Character of Beauty, and left him to judge of her Wit and Spirit by her Writing, and her Love by the Extremity of Paſſion ſhe profeſs'd. To all which, the lovely *Friar* made no Return, as believing a gentle Capitulation or Exhortation to her wou'd but inflame her the more, and give new Occaſions for her continuing to write. All her Reaſonings, falſe and vicious, he deſpis'd, pities the Error of her Love, and was Proof againſt all ſhe could plead. Yet notwithſtanding his Silence, which left her in doubt, and more tormented her, ſhe ceas'd not to purſue him with her Letters, varying her Style; ſometimes all wanton, looſe and raving; ſometimes feigning a Virgin-Modeſty all over, accuſing her ſelf, blaming her Conduct, and ſighing her Deſtiny, as one compell'd to the ſhameful Diſcovery by the Auſterity of his Vow and Habit, asking his Pity and Forgiveneſs; urging him in Charity to uſe his

fatherly Care to perſwade and reaſon with her wild Deſires, and by his Counſel drive the God from her Heart, whoſe Tyranny was worſe than that of a Fiend; and he did not know what his pious Advice might do. But ſtill ſhe writes in vain, in vain ſhe varies her Style, by a Cunning, peculiar to a Maid poſſeſs'd with ſuch a ſort of Paſſion.

This cold Neglect was ſtill Oil to the burning Lamp, and ſhe tries yet more Arts, which for want of right Thinking, were as fruitleſs. She has recourſe to Preſents; her Letters came loaded with Rings of great price, and Jewels, which Fops of Quality had given her. Many of this ſort he receiv'd, before he knew where to return 'em, or how; and on this Occaſion alone he ſent her a Letter, and reſtor'd her Trifles, as he call'd em: But his Habit having not made him forget his Quality and Education, he writ to her with all the profound Reſpect imaginable; believing by her Preſents, and the Liberality with which ſhe parted with 'em, that ſhe was of Quality. But the whole Letter, as he told me afterwards, was to perſwade her from the Honour ſhe did him, by loving him; urging a thouſand Reaſons, ſolid and pious, and aſſuring her, he had wholly devoted the reſt of his Days to Heaven, and had no need of thoſe gay Trifles ſhe had ſent him, which were only fit to adorn Ladies ſo fair as her ſelf, and who had buſineſs with this glittering World, which he diſdain'd, and had for ever abandon'd. He ſent her a thouſand

Bleſſings,

Bleſſings, and told her, ſhe ſhou'd be ever in his Prayers, though not in his Heart, as ſhe deſir'd: And abundance of Goodneſs more he expreſs'd, and Counſel he gave her, which had the ſame Effect with his Silence; it made her Love but the more, and the more impatient ſhe grew: She now had a new Occaſion to write, ſhe now is charm'd with his Wit; this was the new Subject. She rallies his Reſolution, and endeavours to re-call him to the World, by all the Arguments that Humane Invention is capable of.

But when ſhe had above four Months languiſh'd thus in vain, not miſſing one Day, wherein ſhe went not to ſee him, without diſcovering her ſelf to him; ſhe reſolv'd, as her laſt Effort, to ſhew her Perſon, and ſee what that, aſſiſted by her Tears, and ſoft Words from her Mouth, cou'd do, to prevail upon him.

It happen'd to be on the Eve of that Day when ſhe was to receive the Sacrament, that ſhe, covering her ſelf with her Veil, came to *Veſpers*, purpoſing to make choice of the conquering *Friar* for her Confeſſor.

She approach'd him; and as ſhe did ſo, ſhe trembl'd with Love: At laſt ſhe cry'd, *Father, my Confeſſor is gone for ſome time from the Town, and I am oblig'd to morrow to receive, and beg you will be pleas'd to take my Confeſſion.*

He cou'd not refuſe her; and led her into the *Sacriſte*, where there is a Confeſſion-Chair, in which he ſeated himſelf; and on one ſide of him ſhe kneel'd down, over againſt a little Altar, where the Prieſts Robes lie, on which was plac'd ſome lighted Wax-Candles, that made the little place very light and ſplendid, which ſhone full upon *Miranda*.

After the little Preparation uſual in Confeſſion, ſhe turn'd up her Veil, and diſcover'd to his View the moſt wond'rous Object of Beauty he had ever ſeen, dreſs'd in all the Glory of a young Bride; her Hair and Stomacher full of Diamonds, that gave a Luſtre all dazling to her brighter Face and Eyes. He was ſurpriz'd at her amazing Beauty, and queſtion'd whether he ſaw a Woman or an Angel at his Feet. Her Hands, which were elevated, as if in Prayer, ſeem'd to be form'd of poliſh'd Alablaſter; and he confeſs'd, he had never ſeen any thing in Nature ſo perfect, and ſo admirable.

He had ſome pain to compoſe himſelf to hear her Confeſſion, and was oblig'd to turn away his Eyes, that his Mind might not be perplex'd with an Object ſo diverting; when *Miranda*, opening the fineſt Mouth in the World, and diſcovering new Charms, began her Confeſſion.

Holy Father (ſaid ſhe;) *amongſt the number of my vile Offences, that which afflicts me to the greateſt Degree is, that I am in Love*: *Not* (continu'd

nu'd ſhe) *that I believe ſimple, and vertuous Love a Sin, when 'tis plac'd on an Object proper and ſuitable; but, my dear Father,* (ſaid ſhe, and wept,) *I love with a Violence which cannot be contain'd within the Bounds of Reaſon, Moderation, or Vertue. I love a Man whom I cannot poſſeſs without a Crime, and a Man who cannot make me happy without becoming perjur'd. Is he marry'd?* (reply'd the Father.) *No*; (anſwer'd *Miranda.*) *Are you ſo?* (continu'd he.) *Neither*; (ſaid ſhe) *Is he too near ally'd to you?* (ſaid *Franciſco*:) *a Brother, or Relation? Neither of theſe,* (ſaid ſhe:) *He is unenjoy'd, unpromis'd; and ſo am I: Nothing oppoſes our Happineſs, or makes my Love a Vice, but you:* ——— *'Tis you deny me Life: 'Tis you that forbids my Flame: 'Tis you will have me die, and ſeek my Remedy in my Grave, when I complain of Tortures, Wounds and Flames. O cruel Charmer, 'tis for you I languiſh; and here, at your Feet, implore that Pity which all my Addreſſes have fail'd of procuring me.* ———

With that, perceiving he was about to riſe from his Seat, ſhe held him by his Habit, and vow'd ſhe wou'd in that poſture follow him, where-ever he flew from her. She elevated her Voice ſo loud, he was afraid ſhe might be heard, and therefore ſuffer'd her to force him into his Chair again; where being ſeated, he began, in the moſt paſſionate Terms imaginable, to diſſuade her; but finding ſhe but the more perſiſted in Eagerneſs of Paſſion, he us'd all the tender Aſſurance that he cou'd force from himſelf, that he wou'd have for her all the

the Reſpect, Eſteem and Friendſhip that he was capable of paying; that he had a real Compaſſion for her; and at laſt, ſhe prevail'd ſo far with him by her Sighs and Tears, as to own he had a Tenderneſs for her, and that he cou'd not behold ſo many Charms, without being ſenſibly touch'd by 'em, and finding all thoſe Effects that a Maid ſo young and fair cauſes in the Souls of Men of Youth and Senſe: But that, as he was aſſur'd he cou'd never be ſo happy to marry her, and as certain he cou'd not grant any thing but honourable Paſſion, he humbly beſought her not to expect more from him than ſuch; and then began to tell her how ſhort Life was, and tranſitory its Joys; how ſoon ſhe wou'd grow weary of Vice, and how often change to find real Repoſe in it, but never arrive to it. He made an End by new Aſſurance of his eternal Friendſhip, but utterly forbad her to hope.

Behold her now deny'd, refus'd and defeated, with all her pleading Youth, Beauty, Tears, and Knees, imploring, as ſhe lay, holding faſt his *Scapular*, and embracing his Feet. What ſhall ſhe do? She ſwells with Pride, Love, Indignation and Deſire; her burning Heart is burſting with Deſpair, her Eyes grow fierce, and from Grief, ſhe riſes to a Storm; and in her Agony of Paſſion, which looks all diſdainful, haughty, and full of Rage, ſhe began to revile him, as the pooreſt of Animals: Tells him, his Soul was dwindled to the Meanneſs of his Habit, and his Vows of Poverty were

were ſuited to his degenerate Mind. *And* (ſaid ſhe) *ſince all my nobler Ways have fail'd me; and that, for a little hypocritical Devotion, you reſolve to loſe the greateſt Bleſſings of Life, and to ſacrifice me to your Religious Pride and Vanity, I will either force you to abandon that dull Diſſimulation; or you ſhall die, to prove your Sanctity real. Therefore anſwer me immediately, anſwer my Flame, my raging Fire, which your Eyes have kindl'd; or here, in this very Moment, I will ruine thee; and make no Scruple of revenging the Pains I ſuffer, by that which ſhall take away your Life and Honour.*

The trembling young Man, who, all this while, with extream Anguiſh of Mind, and Fear of the dire Reſult, had liſten'd to her Ravings, full of Dread, demanded what ſhe wou'd have him do. When ſhe reply'd,—— *Do that which thy Youth and Beauty were ordain'd to do: ——This place is private, a ſacred Silence reigns here, and no one dares to pry into the Secrets of this holy place: We are as ſecure from Fears of Interruption, as in Deſarts uninhabited, or Caves forſaken by wild Beaſts. The Tapers too ſhall veil their Lights, and only that glimmering Lamp ſhall be Witneſs of our dear Stealths of Love.—— Come to my Arms, my trembling, longing Arms; and curſe the Folly of thy Bigottry, that has made thee ſo long loſe a Bleſſing, for which ſo many Princes ſigh in vain.*

At theſe Words ſhe roſe from his Feet, and ſnatching him in her Arms, he cou'd not defend

ſend himſelf from receiving a thouſand Kiſſes from the lovely Mouth of the charming Wanton; after which, ſhe ran her ſelf, and in an inſtant put out the Candles. But he cry'd to her, *In vain, O too indiſcreet Fair One; in vain you put out the Light; for Heaven ſtill has Eyes, and will look down upon my broken Vows. I own your Power, I own I have all the Senſe in the World of your charming Touches; I am frail Fleſh and Blood, but yet——yet——yet I can reſiſt; and I prefer my Vows to all your powerful Temptations. ——I will be deaf and blind, and guard my Heart with Walls of Ice, and make you know, that when the Flames of true Devotion are kindled in a Heart, it puts out all other Fires; which are as ineffectual, as Candles lighted in the Face of the Sun. ——Go, vain Wanton, and repent, and mortifie that Blood which has ſo ſhamefully betray'd thee, and which will one Day ruine both thy Soul Body.——*

At theſe Words *Miranda*, more enrag'd, the nearer ſhe imagin'd her ſelf to Happineſs, made no Reply; but throwing her ſelf, in that inſtant, into the Confeſſing-Chair, and violently pulling the young Friar into her Lap, ſhe elevated her Voice to ſuch a degree, in crying out, *Help, help: A Rape: Help, help*, that ſhe was heard all over the Church, which was full of People at the Evening's Devotion; who flock'd about the Door of the *Sacriſti*, which was ſhut with a Spring-lock on the inſide, but they durſt not open the Door.

'Tis

'Tis eaſily to be imagin'd, in what Condition our young *Friar* was, at this laſt deviliſh Stratagem of his wicked Miſtreſs. He ſtrove to break from thoſe Arms that held him ſo faſt; and his buſtling to get away, and hers to retain him, diſorder'd her Hair and Habit to ſuch a degree, as gave the more Credit to her falſe Accuſation.

The Fathers had a Door on the other ſide, by which they uſually enter'd, to dreſs in this little Room: and at the Report that was in an inſtant made 'em, they haſted thither, and found *Miranda* and the good Father very indecently ſtrugling; which they miſ-interpreted, as *Miranda* deſir'd; who, all in Tears, immediately threw her ſelf at the Feet of the Provincial, who was one of thoſe that enter'd; and cry'd, *O holy Father, revenge an innocent Maid, undone and loſt to Fame and Honour, by that vile Monſter, born of Goats, nurs'd by Tygers, and bred up on ſavage Mountains, where Humanity and Religion are Strangers. For, O holy Father, cou'd it have enter'd into the Heart of Man, to have done ſo barbarous and horrid a Deed, as to attempt the Virgin-Honour of an unſpotted Maid, and one of my Degree, even in the Moment of my Confeſſion, in that holy time, when I was proſtrate before him and Heaven, confeſſing thoſe Sins that preſs'd my tender Conſcience; even then to load my Soul with the blackeſt of Infamies, to add to my Number a Weight that muſt ſink me to Hell? Alas! under the Security of his innocent Looks, his holy Habit, and his awful Function, I*

was

was lead into this Room, to make my Confession; where, he locking the Door, I had no sooner began, but he gazing on me, took Fire at my fatal Beauty; and starting up, put out the Candles, and caught me in his Arms; and raising me from the Pavement, set me in the Confession-Chair; and then—— Oh, spare me the rest.

With that a Shower of Tears burst from her fair dissembling Eyes, and Sobs so naturally acted, and so well manag'd, as left no Doubt upon the good Men, but all she had spoken was Truth.

——*At first,* (proceeded she,) *I was unwilling to bring so a great a Scandal on his Order, as to cry out; but struggl'd as long as I had Breath, pleaded the heinousness of the Crime; urging my Quality, and the danger of the Attempt. But he, deaf as the Winds, and ruffling as a Storm, pursu'd his wild Design with so much Force and Insolence, as I at last, unable to resist, was wholly vanquish'd, robb'd of my native Purity: With what Life and Breath I had, I call'd for Assistance, both from Men and Heaven; but oh, alas! your Succours come too late:——You find me here a wretched, undone and ravish'd Maid. Revenge me, Fathers; revenge me on the perfidious Hypocrite, or else give me a Death that may secure your Cruelty and Injustice from ever being proclaim'd o'er the World; or my Tongue will be eternally reproaching you, and cursing the wicked Author of my Infamy.*

She ended as she began, with a thousand

Sighs

Sighs and Tears; and receiv'd from the Provincial all Aſſurances of Revenge.

The innocent betray'd Victim, all this while ſhe was ſpeaking, heard her with an Aſtoniſhment that may eaſily be imagin'd; yet ſhew'd no extravagant Signs of it, as thoſe wou'd do, who feign it to be thought innocent; but being really ſo, he bore, with an humble, modeſt, and bluſhing Countenance, all her Accuſations: Which ſilent Shame they miſtook for evident Signs of his Guilt.

When the Provincial demanded, with an unwonted Severity in his Eyes and Voice, what he cou'd anſwer for himſelf; calling him Prophaner of his ſacred Vows, and Infamy to the holy *Order*; the Injur'd, but the innocently Accus'd, only reply'd, *May Heaven forgive that bad Woman, and bring her to Repentance: For his part, he was not ſo much in love with Life, as to uſe many Arguments to juſtifie his Innocence; unleſs it were to free that* Order *from a Scandal, of which he had the Honour to be profeſs'd: But as for himſelf, Life or Death were things indifferent to him, who heartily deſpis'd the World.*

He ſaid no more, and ſuffer'd himſelf to be led before the Magiſtrate; who committed him to Priſon, upon the Accuſation of this implacable Beauty; who, with ſo much feign'd Sorrow, proſecuted the Matter, even to his Trial and Condemnation; where he refus'd to make any great Defence for himſelf. But being daily viſited by all the *Religious*, both of his own, and other *Orders*, they oblig'd him

(ſome

(ſome of 'em knowing the Auſterity of his Life, others his Cauſe of Griefs that firſt brought him into *Orders*, and others pretending a nearer Knowledge even of his Soul it ſelf) to ſtand upon his Juſtification, and diſcover what he knew of that wicked Woman; whoſe Life had not been ſo exemplary for Vertue, not to have given the World a Thouſand Suſpicions of her Lewdneſs and Proſtitution.

The daily Importunities of theſe Fathers made him produce her Letters: But as he had all the Gown-Men on his ſide, ſhe had all the Hatts and Feathers on hers; all the Men of Quality taking her Part, and all the Church-men his. They heard his daily Proteſtations and Vows, but not a Word of what paſſed at Confeſſion was yet diſcover'd: He held that as a Secret ſacred on his part; and what was ſaid in nature of a Confeſſion, was not to be reveal'd, though his Life depended on the Diſcovery. But as to the Letters, they were forc'd from him, and expos'd; however, Matters were carry'd with ſo high a Hand againſt him, that they ſerv'd for no Proof at all of his Innocence, and he was at laſt condemn'd to be burned at the Market-place.

After his Sentence was paſs'd, the whole Body of Prieſts made their Addreſſes to Marquis *Caſteil Roderigo*, the then Governour of *Flanders*, for a Reprieve; which, after much a-do, was granted him for ſome Weeks, but with an abſolute Denial of Pardon; ſo prevailing were the young Cavaliers of his Court, who were all Adorers of this Fair *Jilt*.

About

About this time, while the poor, innocent young *Henrick* was thus languiſhing in Priſon, in a dark and diſmal Dungeon, and *Miranda*, cured of her Love, was triumphing in her Revenge, expecting, and daily giving new Conqueſts, and who, by this time, had re-aſſum'd all her wonted Gaity, there was a great Noiſe about the Town, that a Prince of mighty Name, and fam'd for all the Excellencies of his Sex, was arriv'd; a Prince youug, and glorioufly attended, call'd Prince *Tarquin*.

We had often heard of this great Man, and that he was making his Travels in *France* and *Germany*: And we had alſo heard, that ſome Years before, he being about Eighteen Years of Age, in the time when our King *Charles* of bleſſed Memory was in *Bruxels*, in the laſt Year of his Baniſhment, that all on a ſuddain, this young Man roſe up upon 'em like the Sun, all glorious and dazling, demanding Place of all the Princes in that Court. And when his pretence was demanded, he own'd himſelf Prince *Tarquin*, of the Race of the laſt Kings of *Rome*, made good his Title, and took his Place accordingly. After that, he travell'd for about ſix Years up and down the world, and then arriv'd at *Antwerp*, about the time of my being ſent thither by His Late Majeſty.

Perhaps there could be nothing ſeen ſo magnificent as this Prince: He was, as I ſaid, extreamly handſome, from Head to Foot exactly form'd, and he wanted nothing that might adorn that native Beauty to the beſt Advantage. His Partswere ſuitable to the reſt: He had an Accompliſhment fit for a Prince, an Air haughty, but a Carriage affable, eaſie

in Converſation, and very Entertaining, Liberal and Good-natur'd, Brave and Inoffenſive. I have ſeen him paſs the Streets with twelve Foot-man, and four Pages; the Pages all in green Velvet Coats, lac'd with Gold, and white Velvet Trunks; the Men in Cloth, richly lac'd with Gold; his Coaches, and all other Officers, ſuitable to a great Man.

He was all the Diſcourſe of the Town; ſome laughing at his Title, others reverencing it: Some cry'd, that he was an Impoſtor; others, that he had made his Title as plain, as if *Tarquin* had reign'd but a Year a-go. Some made Friendſhips with him, others wou'd have nothing to ſay to him; but all wonder'd where this Revenue was, that ſupported this Grandure; and believ'd, though he cou'd make his Deſcent from the *Roman* Kings very well out, that he cou'd not lay ſo good a Claim to the *Roman* Land. Thus every Body medled with what they had nothing to do; and, as in other places, thought themſelves on the ſurer ſide, if, in theſe doubtful Caſes, they imagin'd the worſt.

But the Men might be of what Opinion they pleas'd concerning him; the Ladies were all agreed that he was a Prince, and a young, handſome Prince, and a Prince not to be reſiſted: He had all their Wiſhes, all their Eyes, and all their Hearts: They now dreſs'd only for him; and what Church he grac'd, was ſure, that Day, to have the Beauties, and all that thought themſelves ſo.

You may believe, our amorous *Miranda* was not the laſt Conqueſt he made. She no ſooner

ſooner heard of him, which was as ſoon as he arriv'd, but ſhe fell in love with his very Name. *Jeſu!*----A young King of *Rome*! Oh, 'twas ſo novel, that ſhe doated on the Title; and had not car'd whether the reſt had been Man or Monkey almoſt: She was reſolv'd to be the *Lucretia*, that this young *Tarquin* ſhou'd raviſh.

To this End, ſhe was no ſooner up the next Day, but ſhe ſent him a *Billet-Deaux*, aſſuring him how much ſhe admir'd his Fame; and that being a Stranger in the Town, ſhe begg'd the Honour of introducing him to all the *Belle*-Converſations, *&c.* Which he took for the Invitation of ſome *Coquet*, who had Intereſt in fair Ladies; and civilly return'd her an Anſwer, that he wou'd wait on her. She had him that Day watch'd to Church; and impatient to ſee what ſhe heard ſo many People flock to ſee, ſhe whent alſo to the ſame Church; thoſe ſanctified Abodes being too often prophan'd by ſuch *Devotee*'s, whoſe Buſineſs is to ogle and enſnare.

But what a Noiſe and Humming was heard all over the Church when *Tarquin* enter'd? His Grace, his Mein, his Faſhion, his Beauty, his Dreſs, and his Equipage ſurpriz'd all that were preſent: And by the good Management and Care of *Miranda*, ſhe got to kneel at the Side of the Altar, juſt over againſt the Prince; ſo that, if he wou'd, he cou'd not avoid looking full upon her. She had turn'd up her Veil, and all her Face and Shape appear'd ſuch, and ſo inchanting as I have deſcrib'd: And her Beauty heighten'd with Bluſhes, and her Eyes full of Spirit and Fire,

with Joy, to find the young *Roman* Monarch ſo charming, ſhe appear'd like ſomething more than mortal, and compell'd his Eyes to a fix'd Gazing on her Face: She never glanc'd that way, but ſhe met 'em; and then wou'd feign ſo modeſt a Shame, and Caſt her Eyes downward with ſuch inviting Art, that he was wholly raviſh'd and charm'd, and ſhe over-joy'd to find he was ſo.

The Ceremony being ended, he ſent a Page to follow that Lady home, himſelf purſuing her to the Door of the Church; where he took ſome *Holy Water*, and threw upon her, and made her a profound Reverence. She forc'd an innocent Look, and a modeſt Gratitude in her Face, and bow'd, and paſs'd forward, half aſſur'd of her Conqueſt; leaving him to go home to his Lodging, and impatiently wait the Return of his Page. And all the Ladies who ſaw this firſt Beginning between the Prince and *Miranda*, began to curſe and envy her Charms, who had depriv'd 'em of half their Hopes.

After this, I need not tell you, he made *Miranda* a Viſit; and from that Day, never left her Apartment, but when he went home at Nights, or unleſs he had Buſineſs; ſo entirely was he conquer'd by this fair One. But the Biſhop, and ſeveral Men of Quality in Orders, that profeſs'd Friendſhip to him, adviſ'd him from her Company; and ſpoke ſeveral things to him, that might (if Love had not made him blind) have reclaim'd him from the Purſuit of his Ruin. But whatever they truſted him with, ſhe had the Art to wind her

her ſelf about his Heart, and make him unravel all his Secrets; and then knew as well, by feign'd Sighs and Tears, to make him diſbelieve all. So that he had no Faith, but for her; and was wholly inchanted and bewitched by her. At laſt, in ſpight of all that wou'd have oppos'd it, he marry'd this famous Woman, poſſeſs'd by ſo many great Men and Strangers before, while all the World was pitying his Shame and Miſfortunes.

Being marry'd, they took a great Houſe; and as ſhe was indeed a great Fortune, and now a great Princeſs, there was nothing wanting that was agreeable to their Quality; all was ſplendid and magnificent. But all this would not acquire 'em the World's Eſteem; they had an Abhorrence for her former Life, deſpis'd her; and for his eſpouſing a Woman ſo infamous, they deſpis'd him. So that though they admir'd, and gaz'd upon their Equipage, and glorious Dreſs, they fore-ſaw the Ruin that attended it; and pay'd her Quality very little Reſpect.

She was no ſooner marri'd, but her Uncle dy'd; and dividing his Fortune between *Miranda* and her Siſter, and leaves the young Heireſs, and all her Fortune, entirely in the Hands of the Princeſs.

We will call this Siſter *Alcidiana*; ſhe was about Fourteen Years of Age, and now had choſen her Brother, the Prince, for her Guardian. If *Alcidiana* were not altogether ſo great a Beauty as her Siſter, ſhe had Charms ſufficient to procure her a great many Lovers, though her Fortune had not been ſo conſide-

rable as it was; but with that Addition, you may believe, she wanted no Courtships from those of the best Quality; though every Body deplor'd her being under the Tutorage of a Lady so expert in all the Vices of her Sex, and so cunning a Manager of Sin as was the Princess; who, on her part, fail'd not, by all the Caresses, and obliging Endearments, to engage the Mind of this young Maid, and to subdue her wholly to her Government. All her Senses were eternally regal'd with the most bewitching Pleasures they were capable of: She saw nothing but Glory and Magnificence, heard nothing but Musick of the sweetest Sounds; the richest Perfumes employ'd her Smelling, and all she eat and touch'd was delicate and inviting; and being too young to consider how this State and Grandure was to be continu'd, little imagin'd her vast Fortune was every Day diminishing, towards its needless Support.

When the Princess went to Church, she had her Gentleman bare before her, carrying a great Velvet Cushion, with great golden Tassels, for her to kneel on, and her Train born up a most prodigious length; led by a Gentleman-Usher, bare; follow'd by innumerable Footmen, Pages and Women. And in this State she wou'd walk in the Streets, as in those Countries 'tis the Fashion for the great Ladies to do, who are well; and in her Train two or three Coaches, and perhaps a rich Velvet Chair embroider'd, wou'd follow in State.

'Twas thus for some time they liv'd, and the Princess was daily press'd by young sighing Lovers, for her Consent to marry *Alcidiana*; but she

ſhe had ſtill one Art or other to put 'em off, and ſo continually broke all the great Matches that were propos'd to her, notwithſtanding their Kindred, and other Friends, had induſtriouſly endeavour'd to make ſeveral great Matches for her; but the Princeſs was ſtill poſitive in her Denial, and one way or other broke all. At laſt it happen'd, there was one propos'd yet more advantageous; a young Count, with whom the young Maid grew paſſionatly in Love, and beſought her Siſter to conſent that ſhe might have him, and got the Prince to ſpeak in her Behalf; but he had no ſooner heard the ſecret Reaſons *Miranda* gave him, but (entirely her Slave) he chang'd his Mind, and ſuited it to hers, and ſhe, as before, broke off that Amour; which ſo extreamly incens'd *Alcidiana*, that ſhe, taking an Opportunity, got from her Guard, and ran away, putting her ſelf into the Hands of a wealthy Merchant, her Kinſman, and one who bore the greateſt Authority in the City; him ſhe chuſes for her Guardian, reſolving to be no longer a Slave to the Tyranny of her Siſter. And ſo well ſhe ordered Matters, that ſhe writ to this young Cavalier, her laſt Lover, and retrieved him; who came back to *Antwerp* again, to renew his Courtſhip.

Both Parties being agreed, it was no hard matter to perſwade all but the Princeſs. But though ſhe oppoſed it, it was reſolved on, and the Day appointed for Marriage, and the Portion demanded; demanded only, but never to be payed, the beſt part of it being ſpent. However, ſhe put 'em off from Day

to Day, by a thouſand frivolous Delays: And when ſhe ſaw they would have recourſe to Force, and that all he Magnificence would be at an End, if the Law ſhould prevail againſt her; and that, without this Siſter's Fortune, ſhe could not long ſupport her Grandure, ſhe bethought her ſelf of a Means to make it all her own, by getting her Siſter made away; but ſhe being out of her Tuition, ſhe was not able to accompliſh ſo great a deed of Darkneſs: But ſince 'twas reſolv'd it muſt be done, ſhe revolves on a Thouſand Stratagems; and at laſt, pitches upon an effectual one.

She had a Page, called *Van Brune*; a Youth of great Addreſs and Wit, and one ſhe had long mannag'd for her purpoſe. This Youth was about Seventeen Years of age, and extreamly beautiful; and in the time when *Alcidiana* lived with the Princeſs, ſhe was a little in love with this handſome Boy; but 'twas check'd in its Infancy, and never grew up to a Flame: Nevertheleſs, *Alcidiana* retain'd ſtill a ſort of tenderneſs for him, while he burned in good earneſt with Love for the Princeſs.

The Princeſs one Day ordering this Page to wait on her in her Cloſet, ſhe ſhut the Door; and after a Thouſand Queſtions of what he would undertake to ſerve her, the amorous Boy finding himſelf alone, and careſs'd by the Fair Perſon he ador'd, with Joyful Bluſhes, that beautify'd his Face, told her, *There was nothing upon Earth, he wou'd not do, to obey her leaſt Commands.* She grew more familiar with him, to oblige him; and ſeeing Love dance

in

in his Eyes, of which ſhe was ſo good a Judge, ſhe treated him more like a Lover, than a Servant; till at laſt the raviſh'd Youth, wholly tranſported out of himſelf, fell at her Feet, and impatiently implor'd to receive her Commands quickly, that he might flie to execute 'em; for he was not able to bear her charming Words, Looks and Touches, and retain his Duty. At this ſhe ſmil'd, and told him, the Work was of ſuch a nature, as wou'd mortifie all Flames about him; and he would have more need of Rage, Envy and Malice, than the Aids of a Paſſion ſo ſoft as what ſhe now found him capable of. He aſſur'd her, he would ſtick at nothing, though even againſt his Nature, to recompence for the Boldneſs he now, through Indiſcretion, had diſcovered. She ſmiling told him, he had committed no Fault; and that poſſibly, the Pay he ſhou'd receive for the Service ſhe required at his Hands, ſhould be——what he moſt wiſh'd for in the World. To this he bowed to the Earth; and kiſſing her Feet, bad her Command. And then ſhe boldly told him, *'Twas to kill her Siſter Alcidiana.* The Youth, without ſo much as ſtarting, or pauſing upon the matter, told her *It ſhould be done*; and bowing low, immediately went out of the Cloſet. She called him back, and would have given him ſome Inſtruction; but he refus'd it, and ſaid, *The Action, and the Contrivance ſhould be all his own.* And offering to go again, ſhe——again recalled him; putting into his Hand a Purſe of

of a hundred Piſtols, which he took; and with a low Bow, departed.

He no ſooner left her Preſence, but he goes directly and buys a Doſe of Poyſon, and went immediately to the Houſe where *Alcidiana* lived; where deſiring to be brought to her preſence, he fell a weeping; and told her, his Lady had fallen out with him, and diſmiſſed him her Service; and ſince, from a Child, he had been brought up in the Family, he humbly beſought *Alcidiana* to receive him into hers, ſhe being in a few Days to be married. There needed not much intreaty to a thing that pleaſed her ſo well, and ſhe immediatly received him to Penſion. And he waited ſome Days on her, before he could get an Opportunity to adminiſter his Deviliſh Potion: But one Night, when ſhe drunk Wine with roaſted Apples, which was uſual with her; inſtead of Sugar, or with the Sugar, the banefull Drug was mixed, and ſhe drank it down.

About this time there was a great talk of this Page's coming from one Siſter, to go to the other. And Prince *Tarquin*, who was ignorant of the deſign, from the Beginning to to the End, hearing ſome Men of Quality at his Table ſpeaking of *Van Brune*'s Change of Place (the Princeſs then keeping her Chamber upon ſome trifling Indiſpoſition) he anſwered, *That ſurely they were miſtaken, that he was not diſmiſſed from the Princeſs's Service.* And calling ſome of his Servants, he asked for *Van Brune*; and whether any thing had happened between Her Highneſs and him, that

that had occaſioned his being turned off. They alſo ſeemed ignorant of this Matter; and thoſe who had ſpoken of it, began to fancy there was ſome Juggle in the Caſe, which Time would bring to light.

The enſuing day 'twas all about the Town, that *Alcidiana* was Poyſoned; and though not dead, yet very near it; and that the Doctors ſaid, ſhe had taken Mercury. So that there was never ſo formidable a Sight as this Fair young Creature; her Head and Body ſwollen, her Eyes ſtarting out, her Face black, and all deformed: So that diligent Search was made, who it ſhould be that did this; who gave her Drink and Meat. The Cook and Butler were examined, the Foot-men called to an Account; but all concluded, ſhe received nothing, but from the Hand of her new Page, ſince he came into her Service. He was examined, and ſhewed a thouſand guilty Looks: And the Apothecary, then attending among the Doctors, proved he had bought Mercury of him three or four Days before; which he could not deny; and making many Excuſes for his buying it, betrayed him the more; ſo ill he chanced to diſſemble. He was immediatly ſent to be examined by the Margrave or Juſtice, who made his *Mittimus*, and ſent him to Priſon.

'Tis eaſie to imagine in what Fears and Confuſion the Princeſs was at this News: She took her Chamber upon it, more to hide her guilty Face, than for any Indiſpoſition. And the Doctors applied ſuch Remedies

medies to *Alcidiana*, ſuch Antidotes againſt the Poyſon, that in a ſhort time ſhe recovered; but loſt the fineſt Hair in the World, and the Complexion of her Face ever after.

It was not long before the Trials for Criminals came on; and the Day being arrived, *Van Brune* was tried the firſt of all; every Body having already read his Deſtiny, according as they wiſh'd it; and none would believe, but juſt indeed as it was: So that for the Revenge they hoped to ſee fall upon the Princeſs, every one wiſhed he might find no Mercy, that ſhe might ſhare of his Shame and Miſery.

The Seſſions-houſe was filled that Day with all the Ladies, and chief of the Town, to hear the Reſult of his Trial; and the ſad Youth was brought loaden with Chains, and pale as Death; where every Circumſtance being ſufficiently proved againſt him, and he making but a weak Defence for himſelf, he was convicted, and ſent back to Priſon, to receive his Sentence of Death on the Morrow; where he owned all, and who ſet him one to do it. He owned 'twas not Reward of Gain he did it for, but Hope he ſhould command at his pleaſure, the Poſſeſſion of his Miſtreſs, the Princeſs; who ſhould deny him nothing, after having intruſted him with ſo great a Secret; and that beſides, ſhe had elevated him with the Promiſe of that glorious Reward, and had dazl'd his Young Heart with ſo charming a Proſpect, that Blind and Mad with Joy, he ruſhed forward, to gain the deſired Prize;

Prize; and thought on nothing but his coming Happineſs: That he ſaw too late the Follies of his Preſumptuous Flame, and curſed the deluding Flatteries of the Fair Hypocrite, who had ſoothed him to his undoing: That he was a miſerable Victim to her Wickedneſs, and hoped he ſhould warn all young Men, by his fall, to avoid the Diſſimulation of the deceiving Fair: That he hoped they would have Pity on his Youth, and attribute his Crime to the ſubtile Perſuaſions alone of his Miſtreſs, the Princeſs: And that ſince *Alcidiana* was not dead, they would grant him Mercy, and permit him to live to repent of his grievous Crime, in ſome Part of the World, whither they might baniſh him.

He ended with Tears, that fell in abundance from his Eyes; and immediately the Princeſs was apprehended, and brought to Priſon, to the ſame Priſon where yet the poor young Father *Franciſco* was languiſhing, he having been from Week to Week reprieved, by the Intereceſſion of the Fathers; and poſſibly, ſhe there had time to make ſome Reflections.

You may imagine *Tarquin* left no means uneſſaied, to prevent the Impriſonment of the Princeſs, and the Publick Shame and Infamy ſhe was likely to undergo in this Affair: But the whole City being over-joyed that ſhe ſhould be puniſh'd, as an Author of all this Miſchief, were ſo generally bent againſt her, both Prieſts, Magiſtrates and People; the whole Force of the Stream running

ning that way, ſhe found no more Favour than the meaneſt Criminal. The Prince therefore, when he ſaw 'twas impoſſible to reſcue her from the Hands of Juſtice, ſuffered with Grief unſpeakable what he could not prevent; and led her himſelf to the Priſon, followed by all his People, in as much State, as if he had been going to his Marriage; where, when ſhe came, ſhe was as well attended and ſerved as before, he never ſtirring one Moment from her.

The next Day ſhe was tried in open and common Court; where ſhe appeared in Glory, led by *Tarquin*, and attended according to her Quality: And ſhe could not deny all the Page had alledged againſt her, who was brought thither alſo in Chains; and after a great many Circumſtances, ſhe was found guilty, and both received Sentence; the Page to be hanged, till he was dead, on a Gibbet in the Market-place; and the Princeſs to ſtand under the Gibbet, with a Rope about her Neck, the other end of which was to be faſtned to the Gibbet where the Page was hanging; and to have an Inſcription in large Characters upon her Back and Breaſt, of the Cauſe why: Where ſhe was to ſtand from Ten in the Morning, to Twelve.

This Sentence, the People, with one accord, believed too favourable for ſo ill a Woman, whoſe Crimes deſerved Death, equal to that of *Van Brune*: Nevertheleſs, there were ſome who ſaid, It was infinitely more ſevere than Death it ſelf.

The

The following *Friday* was the Day of Execution, and one need not tell of the abundance of People, who were flocked together in the Market-place: And all the Windows were taken down, and filled with Spectators, and the Tops of Houſes; when at the Hour appointed, the fatal Beauty appeared. She was dreſs'd in a Black Velvet Gown, with a Rich Row of Diamonds all down the fore-part of her Breaſt, and a great Knot of Diamonds at the Peak behind; and a Petty-coat of flowered Gold, very rich, and laced; with all things elſe ſuitable: A Gentleman carried her great Velvet Cuſhion before her, on which her Prayer-Book, embroidered, was laid; her Train was born up by a Page, and the Prince led her, bare; followed by his Foot-men, Pages, and other Officers of his Houſe.

When they arrived to the Place of Execution, the Cuſhion was laid on the Ground, upon a *Portugal* Matt, ſpread there for that purpoſe; and the Princeſs ſtood on the Cuſhion, with her Prayer-Book in her Hand, and a Prieſt by her ſide; and was accordingly tied up to the Gibbet.

She had not ſtood there ten Minutes, but ſhe had the Mortification (at leaſt, one would think it ſo to her) to ſee her ſad Page *Van Brune* approach; fair as an Angel, but languiſhing and pale. That Sight moved all the Beholders with as much pity, as that of the Princeſs did Diſdain and Pleaſure.

He

He was dreſſed all in Mourning, and very fine Linnen; bare-headed, with his own Hair, the faireſt that could be ſeen, hanging all in Curls on his Back and Shoulders, very long. He had a Prayer-Book of black Velvet in his Hand, and behaved himſelf with much Penitence and Devotion.

When he came under the Gibbet, he ſeeing his Miſtreſs in that Condition, ſhewed an infinite Concern, and his fair Face was covered over with Bluſhes; and falling at her Feet, he humbly ask'd her Pardon for having been the Occaſion of ſo great an Infamy to her, by a weak Confeſſion, which the Fears of Youth, and Hopes of Life, had obliged him to make, ſo greatly to her Diſhonour; for indeed, he had wanted that manly Strength, to bear the Efforts of dying as he ought, in ſilence, rather than of committing ſo great a Crime againſt his Duty, and Honour it ſelf; and that he could not die in Peace, unleſs ſhe would forgive him. The Princeſs only nodded her Head, and cried, *I do.*——

And after having ſpoken a little to his Father Confeſſor, who was with him, he chearfully mounted the Ladder, and in the ſight of the Princeſs, he was turned off, while a loud Cry was heard through all the Market-place, eſpecially from the fair Sex; he hanging there till the time the Princeſs was to depart: And then ſhe was put into a rich embroidered Chair, and carried away; *Tarquin* going into his; for he had all that time ſtood Supporting the

Princeſs under the Gallows, and was very weary, ſhe was ſent back, till her Releaſment came; which was that Night, about Seven of the Clock; and then ſhe was conducted to her own Houſe in great State, with a dozen white Wax-Flambeaus about her Chair.

If the Affairs of *Alcidiana* and her Friends before were impatient of having the Portion out of the Hands of theſe Extravagants, 'tis not to be imagined, but they were now much more ſo; and the next day they ſent an Officer, according to Law, to demand it; or to ſummon the Prince to give Reaſons, why he would not. And the Officer received for anſwer, that the Mony ſhould be called in, and paid in ſuch a time; ſetting a certain Time, which I have not been ſo curious as to retain, or put in my Journal Obſervations; but I am ſure it was not long, as may be eaſily imagin'd; for they every moment, ſuſpected the Prince wou'd pack up, and be gone ſome time or other on the ſuddain; and for that Reaſon they would not truſt him without Bail, or two Officers to remain in his Houſe, to watch that nothing ſhould be removed or touched. As for Bail, or Security, he could give none; every one ſlunk their Heads out of the Collar when it came to that: So that he was obliged, at his own Expence, to maintain Officers in his Houſe.

The Princeſs finding her ſelf reduced to the laſt extremity, and that ſhe muſt either produce the value of a hundred thouſand Crowns, or ſee the Prince her Husband logded for ever in a Priſon, and all their Glory vaniſh, and that it was impoſſible to fly, ſince guard-

ed; ſhe had recourſe to an Extremity, worſe than the Affair of *Van Brune*. And in order to this, ſhe firſt puts on a World of Sorrow and Concern, for what ſhe feared might arrive to the Prince: And indeed, if ever ſhe ſhed Tears, which ſhe did not diſſemble, it was upon this Occaſion. But here ſhe almoſt over-acted: She ſtirred not from her Bed, and refuſed to eat, or ſleep, or ſee the light; ſo that the day being ſhut out of her Chamber, ſhe lived by Wax-lights, and refuſed all Comfort and Conſolation.

The Prince all raving with Love, tender Compaſſion and Grief, never ſtirred from her Bed-ſide, nor ceaſed to implore, that ſhe would ſuffer her ſelf to live. But ſhe, who was not now ſo paſſionately in love with *Tarquin*, as ſhe was with the Prince; not ſo fond of the Man, as his Titles, and of Glory, fore-ſaw the total Ruin of the laſt, if not prevented, by avoiding the Payment of this great Sum; which could no otherwiſe be, than by the Death of *Alcidiana*: And therefore without ceaſing, ſhe wept, and cried out, *She could not live, unleſs* Alcidiana *dy'd. This* Alcidiana, (continued ſhe) *who has been the Author of my Shame; who has expoſed me under a Gibbet, in the publick Market-place—Oh!——I am deaf to all Reaſon, blind to Natural Affection. I renounce her: I hate her as my mortal Foe, my Stop to Glory, and the Finiſher of my Days, e'er half my Race of Life be run.*

Then throwing her falſe, but ſnowy, charming

charming Arms about the Neck of her Heart-breaking Lord, and Lover, who lay ſighing and liſtening by her Side, he was charmed and bewitched into ſaying all things that appeaſed her: And laſtly, told her, Alcidiana *ſhould be no longer an Obſtacle to her Repoſe; but that, if ſhe would look up, and caſt her Eyes of Sweetneſs and Love upon him, as heretofore; forget her Sorrow, and redeem her loſt Health, he would take what Meaſures ſhe ſhould propoſe, to diſpatch this fatal Stop to her Happineſs out of the way.*

Theſe Words fail'd not to make her careſs him in the moſt endearing manner that Love and Flattery could invent; and ſhe kiſſed him to an Oath, a ſolemn Oath, to perform what he had promiſed; and he vowed liberally. And ſhe aſſumed in an Inſtant her good Humour, and ſuffered a Supper to be prepared, and did eat; which in many Days before ſhe had not done; ſo obſtinate and powerful was ſhe in diſſembling well.

The next thing to be conſidered was, which Way this Deed was to be done; for they doubted not, but when 'twas done, all the World would lay it upon the Princeſs, as done by her Command: But ſhe urged, Suſpicion was no Proof; and that they never put to death any one, but when they had great and certain Evidences, who were the Offenders. She was ſure of her own Conſtancy, that Racks and Tortures ſhould never get the Secret from her Breaſt; and if he were as confident on his part there was no Danger. Yet this Preparation ſhe made, to-

wards the laying the Fact on others, that ſhe cauſed ſeveral Letters to be written from *Germany*, as from the Relations of *Van Brune*, who threatened *Alcidiana* with Death, for depriving their Kinſman (who was a Gentleman) of his Life, though he had not taken away hers. And it was the Report of the Town, how this young Maid was threatned. And indeed, the Death of the Page had ſo afflicted a great many, that *Alcidiana* had procured her ſelf abundance of Enemies upon that Account, becauſe ſhe might have ſaved him if ſhe had pleaſed; but on the contrary, ſhe was a Spectator, and in full Health and Vigour, at his Execution: And People were not ſo much concerned for her at this Report, as they would have been.

The Prince, who now had, by reaſoning the Matter ſoberly with *Miranda*, found it abſolutely neceſſary to diſpatch *Alcidiana*; he reſolved himſelf, and with his own Hand, to execute it; not daring to truſt to any of his moſt Favourite Servants, though he had many who, poſſibly, would have obeyed him; for they loved him, as he deſerved; and ſo would all the World, had he not been ſo poorly deluded by this fair Enchantreſs. He therefore, as I ſaid, reſolved to keep this great Secret to himſelf; and taking a Piſtol, charged well with two Bullets, he watched an Opportunity to ſhoot her as ſhe ſhould go out, or into her Houſe or Coach ſome Evening.

To this End he waited ſeveral Nights, near her Lodgings; but ſtill, either ſhe went not

not out; or when ſhe returned, ſhe was ſo guarded with Friends, or her Lover, and Flambeaus, that he could not aim at her, without endangering the Life of ſome other. But one Night, above the reſt, upon a *Sunday*, when he knew ſhe would be at the Theater; for ſhe never miſſed that Day, ſeeing the Play. He waited at the Corner of the Stadt-houſe, near the Theatre, with his Cloak caſt over his Face, and a black Periwigg, all alone, with his Piſtol ready cock'd; and remained not very long, but he ſaw her Kinſman's Coach come along. 'Twas almoſt dark; Day was juſt ſhutting up her Beatuies, and left ſuch a Light to govern the World, as ſerved only juſt to diſtinguiſh one Object from another, and a convenient help to Miſchief. He ſaw a light out of the Coach, only one young Lady, the Lover, and then the deſtin'd Victim; which he (drawing near) knew rather by her Tongue, than Shape. The Lady ran into the Play-houſe, and left *Alcidiana* to be conducted by her Lover into it; who led her to the Door, and went to give ſome Order to the Coach-man; ſo that the Lover was about twenty Yards from *Alcidiana*; when ſhe ſtood the faireſt Mark in the World, on the Threſhold of the Entrance of the Theatre; there being many Coaches about the Door, ſo that hers could not come ſo near. *Tarquin* was reſolved not loſe ſo fair an Opportunity; and advanc'd, but went behind the Coaches; and when he came over againſt the Door, through a great Booted, Velvet

Coach, that ſtood between him and her, he ſhot; and ſhe having her Train of her Gown and Petty-coat on her Arm, in great quantity, he miſſed her Body, and ſhot through her Cloaths, between her Arm and her Body. She frightened to find ſomething hit her, and to ſee the Smoak, and hear the Report of the Piſtol; running in, cryed, I *am ſhot*; *I am dead.*

This Noiſe quickly alarm'd her Lover; and all the Coach-men and Foot-men immediately ran, ſome one Way, and ſome another. One of 'em ſeeing a man haſte away in a Cloak, he being a luſty, bold *German*, ſtopped him; and drawing upon him, bad him ſtand, and deliver his Piſtol, or he would run him through.

Tarquin being ſurprized at the Boldneſs of this Fellow to demand his Piſtol, as if he poſitively knew him to be the Murtherer, (for ſo he thought himſelf, ſince he believed *Alcidiana* dead,) had ſo much Preſence of Mind, as to conſider, if he ſuffered himſelf to be taken, he ſhould poorly die a publick Death; and therefore reſolved upon one Miſchief more, to ſecure himſelf from the firſt: And in the Moment that the *German* bad him deliver his Piſtol, he cryed, *Though I have no Piſtol to deliver, I have a Sword to chaſtiſe thy Inſolence.* And throwing off his Cloak, and flinging his Piſtol from him, he drew, and wounded and diſ-armed the Fellow.

This Noiſe of Swords brought every Body to the place; and immediately the Bruit ran,

ran, *The Murtherer was taken, the Murtherer was taken*; though none knew which was he, nor the Cauſe of the Quarrel between the two fighting Men, which none yet knew, for it now was darker than before. But at the Noiſe of the Murderer being taken, the Lover of *Alcidiana*, who by this time found his Lady unhurt, all but the Trains of her Gown and Pettycoat, came running to place, juſt as *Tarquin* had diſarmed the *German*, and was ready to have kill'd him; when laying hold of his Arm, they arreſted the Stroak, and redeemed the Foot-man.

They then demanded who this Stranger was, at whoſe Mercy the Fellow lay; but the Prince, who now found himſelf venturing for his laſt Stake, made no Reply; but with two Swords in his Hands, went to fight his Way through the Rabble: And tho there were above a hundred Perſons, ſome Swords, others with long Whips, (as Coachmen,) ſo invincible was the Courage of this poor unfortunate Gentleman at that time, that all theſe were not able to ſeize him; but he made his Way through the Ring that encompaſſed him, and ran away; but was however ſo cloſely purſu'd, the Company ſtill gathering as they ran, that toiled with fighting, oppreſſed with Guilt, and Fear of being taken, he grew fainter and fainter, and ſuffered himſelf, at laſt, to yield to his Purſuers, who ſoon found him to be Prince *Tarquin* in Diſguiſe: And they carried him directly to Priſon, being *Sunday*, to

wait the coming Day, to go before a Magiſtrate.

In an Hours time the whole fatal Adventure was carried all over the City, and every one knew that Prince *Tarquin* was the intended Murtherer of *Alcidiana*; and not one but had a real Sorrow and Compaſſion for him. They heard how bravely he had defended himſelf, how many he had wounded before he could be taken, and what Numbers he had fought through: And even thoſe that ſaw his Valour and Bravery, and who had aſſiſted at his being ſeized, now repented from the Bottom of their Hearts, their having any hand in the Ruin of ſo gallant a Man; eſpecially, ſince they knew the Lady was not hurt. A thouſand Addreſſes were made to her, not to proſecute him; but her Lover, a hot-headed Fellow, more fierce than brave, would by no means be pacified; but vowed to purſue him to the Scaffold.

The *Monday* came, and the Prince being examined, confeſſed the Matter of Fact, ſince there was no harm done; believing a generous Confeſſion the beſt of his Game; but he was ſent back to cloſer Impriſonment, loaded with Irons, to expect the next Seſſions. All his Houſhold-Goods were ſeized, and all they could find, for the Uſe of *Alcidiana*. And the Princeſs, all in Rage, tearing her Hair, was carryed to the ſame Priſon, to behold the cruel Effects of her Helliſh Deſigns.

One need not tell here how ſad and horrid this Meeting appeared between her Lord and

and ſhe; let it ſuffice it was the moſt melancholy and mortifying Object that ever Eyes beheld. On *Miranda*'s part, 'twas ſometimes all Rage and Fire, and ſometimes all Tears and Groans; but ſtill 'twas ſad Love, and mournful Tenderneſs on his: Nor cou'd all his Sufferings, and the Proſpect of Death it ſelf, drive from his Soul one Spark of that Fire the obſtinate God had fatally kindl'd there: And in the midſt of all his Sighs, he wou'd re-call himſelf, and cry, ---- *I have* Miranda *ſtill.*

He was eternally viſited by his Friends and Acquaintance; and this laſt Action of Bravery had got him more, than all his former Conduct had loſt. The Fathers were perpetually with him; and all joyn'd with one common Voice in this, That he ought to abandon a Woman ſo wicked as the Princeſs; and that however Fate dealt with him, he could not ſhew himſelf a true Penitent, while he laid the Author of ſo much Evil in his Boſom: That Heaven would never bleſs him, till he had renounced her: And on ſuch Conditions, he would find thoſe that would employ their utmoſt intereſt to ſave his Life; who elſe would not ſtir in his Affair. But he was ſo deaf to all, that he could not ſo much as diſſemble a Repentance for having marryed her.

He lay a long time in Priſon, and all that time the poor Father *Franciſco* remained there alſo; And the good Fathers, who daily viſited theſe two amorous Priſoners, the Prince and Princeſs; and who found, by the Management of Matters, it would

go

go very hard with *Tarquin*, entertained 'em often with holy Matters relating to the Life to come; from which, before his Trial, he gathered what his Stars had appointed, and that he was deſtin'd to die.

This gave an unſpeakable Torment to the now-repenting Beauty, who had reduced him to it; and ſhe began to appear with a more ſolid Grief, which being perceived by the good Fathers, they reſolved to attack her on the yielding Side; and after ſome Diſcourſe upon the Judgment for Sin, they came to reflect on the Buſineſs of Father *Franciſco*; and told her, ſhe had never thriv'd ſince her Accuſing of that Father and laid it very home to her Conſcience; aſſuring her, that they would do their utmoſt in her Service, if ſhe would confeſs that Secret Sin to all the World; ſo that ſhe might atone for the Crime, by the ſaving that good Man. At firſt ſhe ſeem'd inclin'd to yield; but ſhame of being her own Detector in ſo vile a Matter, recall'd her Goodneſs, and ſhe faintly perſiſted in it.

At the end of ſix Months, Prince *Tarquin* was call'd to his Tryal; where I will paſs over the Circumſtances, which are only what is uſual in ſuch Criminal Caſes, and tell you, that he, being found guilty of the intent of Killing *Alcidiana*, was condemn'd to loſe his Head in the Market-place, and the Princeſs to be baniſh'd her Country.

After Sentence pronounc'd, to the real Grief of all the Spectators, he was carried back to Priſon. And now the Fathers attack her

her a-new: And ſhe, whoſe Griefs daily increas'd, with a Languiſhment that brought her very near her Grave, at laſt confeſs'd all her Life, all the Lewdneſs of her Practices with ſeveral Princes and Great Men, beſides her Luſts with People that ſerv'd her, and others in mean Capacity: And laſtly, the whole truth of the young *Friar*; and how ſhe had drawn the Page, and the Prince, her Husband, to this deſign'd Murther of her Siſter. This ſhe ſign'd with her Hand, in the Preſence of the Prince, her Husband, and ſeveral holy Men who were preſent. Which being ſignified to the Magiſtrates, the *Friar* was immediately deliver'd from his Irons (where he had Languiſh'd more than two whole Years) in great Triumph, with much Honour, and lives a moſt exemplary pious Life, as he did before; for he is now living in *Antwerp*.

After theCondemnation of theſe two unfortunate Perſons, who begot ſuch different ſentiments in the minds of the People, (the Prince, all the Compaſſion and Pity imaginable; and the Princeſs all the Contempt and Deſpight;) they languiſh'd almoſt ſix Months longer in Priſon; ſo great an Intereſt there was made, in order to the ſaving his Life, by all the Men of the Robe. On the other ſide, the Prince, and Great Men of all Nations, who where at the Court of *Bruxels*, who bore a ſecret Revenge in their Hearts againſt a Man who had, as they pretended, ſet up a falſe Title, only to take place of them; who indeed, was but a Merchant's Son of *Holland*,

as they ſaid, ſo incens'd them againſt him, that they were too hard at Court for the Churchmen. However, this Diſpute gave the Prince his Life ſome Months longer than was expected; which gave him alſo ſome hope, that a Reprieve for Ninety Years would have been granted, as was deſir'd. Nay, Father *Franciſco* ſo intereſted himſelf in this Concern, that he writ to his Father, and ſeveral Princes of *Germany*, with whom Marqueſs *Caſtiel de Roderigo* was well acquainted, to interceed with him for the ſaving of *Tarquin*; ſince 'twas more by his Perſwaſions, than thoſe of all who attack'd her, that made *Miranda* confeſs the truth of her Affair with him. But at the end of ſix Months, when all Applications were found fruitleſs and vain; the Prince receiv'd News, that in two days he was to die, as his Sentence had been before pronounc'd, and for which he prepar'd himſelf with all Chearfulneſs.

On the following *Friday*, as ſoon as it was light, all People of any condition came to take their Leaves of him; and none departed with dry Eyes, or Hearts unconcern'd to the laſt Degree: For *Tarquin*, when he found his Fate inevitable, bore it with a Fortitude that ſhew'd no ſigns of Regret; but addreſs'd himſelf to all about him with the ſame chearful, modeſt and great Air, he was wont to do in his moſt flouriſhing Fortune. His *Vallet* was dreſſing him all the Morning, ſo many interruptions they had by Viſitors; and he was all in Mourning, and ſo were all his Followers; for even to the laſt he kept up his Grandeur;

to

to the Amazement of all People: And indeed, he was ſo paſſionately belov'd by them, that thoſe he had diſmiſs'd, ſerv'd him voluntarily, and would not be perſwaded to abandon him while he liv'd.

The Princeſs was alſo dreſs'd in Mourning, and her two Women; and notwithſtanding the unheard of Lewdneſs and Villanies ſhe had confeſs'd of her ſelf, the Prince ſtill Ador'd her; for ſhe had ſtill thoſe Charms that made him firſt do ſo: Nor, to his laſt Moment, could be brought to wiſh that he had never ſeen her, but on the contrary, as a Man yet vainly proud of his Fetters, he ſaid, *All the Satisfaction this ſhort Moment of Life could afford him was, that he dy'd in endeavouring to ſerve* Miranda *his adorable Princeſs.*

After he had taken leave of all who thought it neceſſary to leave him to himſelf for ſome time, he retir'd with his Confeſſor; where they were about an Hour in Prayer, all the Ceremonies of Devotions that were fit to be done, being already paſt. At laſt the Bell Toll'd, and he was to take leave of the Princeſs, as his laſt work of Life, and the moſt hard he had to accompliſh. He threw himſelf at her Feet, and gazing on her, as ſhe ſat more Dead than Alive, o'erwhelm'd with ſilent Grief, they both remain'd ſome Moments Speechleſs; and then, as if one riſing tide of Tears had ſupply'd both their Eyes, it burſt out in Streams at the ſame inſtant; and when his Sighs gave way, he utter'd a thouſand *Farewels*, ſo ſoft, ſo paſſionate and moving, that all who were by, were extreamly

ly touch'd with it, and ſaid, *That nothing could be ſeen more Deplorable and Melancholy.* A thouſand times they bad *Farewel,* and ſtill ſome tender Look or Word would prevent his going: Then embrace, and bid *Farewell* again. A thouſand times ſhe ask'd his Pardon for being the occaſion of that fatal Separation; a thouſand times, aſſuring him ſhe would follow him, for ſhe could not live without him. And Heaven knows when their ſoft and ſad Careſſes would have an end, had not the Officers aſſur'd him, 'twas time to mount the Scaffold. At which Words the Princeſs fell fainting in the Arms of her Women, and they led *Tarquin* out of Priſon.

When he came to the Market-place, whither he walked on Foot, follow'd by his own Domeſticks, and ſome bearing a black Velvet Coffin with Silver Hinges; the Headsman before him with his fatal Scimiter drawn, his Confeſſor by his Side, and many Gentlemen and Church-men, with Father *Franciſco* attending him, the People ſhowering Millions of Bleſſings on him, and beholding with weeping Eyes, he mounted the Scaffold; which was ſtrow'd with ſome Sawduſt about the place where he was to kneel, to receive the Blood: For they Behead People Kneeling, and with the Back-ſtroak of a Scimiter, and not lying on a Block, and with an Ax, as we in *England.* The Scaffold had a low Rail about it, that every Body might more conveniently ſee: This was hung with Black, and all that State that ſuch a Death could have, was here in moſt decent Order.

He

He did not ſay much upon the Scaffold: The ſum of what he ſaid to his Friends, was, to be kind, and take care of the poor Penitent, his Wife: To others, recommending his honeſt and generous Servants, whoſe Fidelity was ſo well known and commended, that they were ſoon promis'd Preferment. He was ſome time in Prayer, and a very ſhort time ſpeaking to his Confeſſor; then he turn'd to the Heads-man, and deſired him to do his Office well, and gave him twenty *Louis d' Or*'s; and undreſſing himſelf with the help of his *Vallet* and Page, he pull'd off his Coat, and had underneath a white Satten Waſte-coat: He took off his Periwigg, and put on a white Satten Cap, with a Holland one done with Poynt under it, which he pull'd over his Eyes, then took a cheerful Leave of all, and kneel'd down, and ſaid, *When he lifted up his Hands the third time, the Heads-man ſhould do his Office*: which accordingly was done, and the Heads-man gave him his laſt Stroak, and the Prince fell on the Scaffold. The People, with one common Voice, as if it had been but one entire one, pray'd for his Soul; and murmurs of Sighs were heard from the whole Multitude, who ſcrambl'd for ſome of the bloody Saw-duſt, to keep for his Memory.

The Heads-man going to take up the Head as the manner is, to ſhew to the People, he found he had not ſtruck it off, and that the Body ſtirr'd; with that he ſtepp'd to an Engine which they always carry with 'em, to force thoſe who may be refractory; thinking, as he ſaid,

ſaid to have twiſted the Head from the Shoulders, conceiving it to hang but by a ſmall matter of Fleſh. Tho 'twas an odd ſhift of the Fellows, yet 'twas done, and the beſt ſhift he could ſuddenly propoſe. The Margrave and another Officer, old Men, were on the Scaffold, with ſome of the Prince's Friends and Servants; who ſeeing the Heads-man put the Engin about the Neck of the Prince, began to call out, and the People made a great Noiſe. The Prince, who found himſelf yet alive; or rather who was paſt thinking, but had ſome ſenſe of Feeling left, when the Heads-man took him up, and ſet his Back againſt the Rail, and clapp'd the Engine about his Neck, got his two Thumbs between the Rope and his Neck, feeling himſelf preſs'd there; and ſtruggling between Life and Death, and bending himſelf over the Rail backward, while the Heads-man pull'd forward, he threw himſelf quite over the Rail, by Chance, and not Deſign, and fell upon the Heads and Shoulders of the People, who were crying out with amazing Shouts of Joy. The Heads-man leap'd after him, but the Rabble had like to have pull'd him to pieces: all the City was in an Uproar, but none knew what the matter was, but thoſe who bore the Body of the Prince, whom they found yet living; but how, or by what ſtrange Miracle preſerv'd, they knew not, nor did examine; but with one Accord, as if the whole Crowd had been one Body, and had had but one Motion, they bore the Prince on their Heads, about a hundred Yards from the Scaffold, where there is

a

a Monastery of *Jesuites*; and there they secur'd him. All this was done; his Beheading, his Falling, and his being secur'd, almost in a Moments time; the People rejoycing, as at some extraordinary Victory won. One of the Officers being as I said, an old, timorous Man, was so frighten'd at the Accident, the Bustle, the Noise, and the Confusion, of which he was wholly ignorant, that he dy'd with Amazement and Fear; and the other was fain to be let blood.

The Officers of Justice went to demand the Prisoner, but they demanded in vain; they had now a Right to protect him, and wou'd do so. All his over joy'd Friends went to see in what Condition he was, and all of Quality found Admittance. They saw him in Bed, going to be dress'd by the most skilful Surgeons who yet could not assure him of Life. They desired no body should speak to him, or ask him any Questions. They found that the Heads-man had struck him too low, and had cut him into the Shoulder-bone. A very great Wound, you may be sure; for the Sword, in such Executions, carries an extream force! However, so great Care was taken on all sides, and so greatly the Fathers were concern'd for him, that they found an Amendment, and Hopes of a good Effect of their Incomparable Charity and Goodness.

At last, when he was permitted to speak, the first News he ask'd was after the Princess. And his Friends were very much afflicted to find, that all his Loss of Blood had not quench'd that Flame, nor let out that which made him

ſtill love that bad Woman. He was ſolicited dayly to think no more of her: And all her Crimes were layd ſo open to him, and ſo ſhamefully repreſented; and on the other ſide, his Vertues ſo admir'd; and which, they ſaid, would have been eternally celebrated, but for his folly with this infamous Creature; that at laſt, by aſſuring him of all their Aſſiſtance, if he abandon'd her; and to renounce him, and deliver him up, if he did not; they wrought ſo far upon him, as to promiſe, he would ſuffer her to go alone into Baniſhment, and would not follow her, or live with her any more. But alas! this was but his Gratitude that compell'd this Complaiſance, for in his heart he reſolv'd never to abandon her; nor was he able to live, and think of doing it: However, his Reaſon aſſured him, he could not do a deed more juſtifiable, and one that would regain his Fame ſooner.

His Friends ask'd him ſome Queſtions concerning his Eſcape; and that ſince he was not beheaded, but only wounded, why he did not immediately riſe up? But he replyed, he was ſo abſolutely prepoſſeſsed that at the third lifting up his hands, he ſhould receive the ſtroak of death, that at the ſame inſtant the Sword touch'd him, he had no Senſe; nay, not even of Pain, ſo abſolutely dead he was with imagination; and knew not that he ſtirr'd, as the Heads man found he did; nor did he remember any thing, from the lifting up of his hands, to his Fall; and then awakened, as out of a Dream, or rather, a Moment's Sleep, without Dream, he found he liv'd; and wonder'd what

was

was arriv'd to him, or how he came to live; having not, as yet, any ſenſe of his Wound, though ſo terrible an one.

After this, *Alcidiana*, who was extreamly afflicted for having been the Proſecutor of this Great Man; who bating this laſt Deſign againſt her, which we knew was the Inſtigation of her Siſter, had oblig'd her with all the Civility imaginable; now ſought all Means poſſible of getting his Pardon, and that of her Siſter; tho' of an hundred thouſand Crowns, which ſhe ſhould have pay'd her, ſhe could get but ten thouſand; which was from the Sale of her Rich Beds, and ſome other Furniture: So that the young Count, who before ſhould have marry'd her, now went off for want of Fortune; and a young Merchant (perhaps the beſt of the two) was the Man to whom ſhe was deſtin'd.

At laſt, by great Interceſſion, both their Pardons were obtain'd; and the Prince, who would be no more ſeen in a place that had prov'd every way ſo fatal to him, left *Flanders*, promiſing never to live with the fair Hypocrite more; but e're he departed, he writ her a Letter, wherein he order'd her, in a little time, to follow him into *Holland*; and left a Bill of Exchange with one of his truſty Servants, whom he had left to wait upon her, for Money for her Accommodations: So that ſhe was now reduced to one Woman, one Page, and this Gentleman. The Prince, in this time of his Impriſonment, had ſeveral Bills of great Sums from his Father, who was exceeding rich, and

this all the Children he had in the World, and whom he tenderly loved.

As soon as *Miranda* was come into *Holland*, she was welcom'd with all imaginable Respect and Endearment by the old Father; who impos'd upon so, as that he knew not she was the fatal Occasion of all these Disasters to his Son; but rather look'd on her as a Woman, who had brought him an hundred and fifty thousand Crowns, which his Misfortunes had consum'd. But, above all, she was receiv'd by *Tarquin* with a Joy unspeakable; who, after some time, to redeem his Credit, and gain himself a New Fame, put himself into the *French* Army, where he did Wonders; and after three Campaigns, his Father dying, he return'd home, and retir'd to a Country-House; where, with his Princess, he lives as a Private Gentleman, in all the Tranquility of a Man of a good Fortune. They say *Miranda* has been very penitent for her Life past, and gives Heaven the Glory for having given her these Afflictions, that have reclaim'd her, and brought her to as perfect a State of Happiness as this troublesome World can afford.

Since I began this Relation, I heard that Prince *Tarquin* dy'd about three quarters of a Year ago.

FINIS.

AGNES DE CASTRO: OR, THE FORCE OF GENEROUS LOVE.

Written in French by a Lady of Quality.

Made English by Mrs. *BEHN.*

LONDON,
Printed for *Samuel Briscoe* in *Covent-Garden*, 1696.

CASTRO:

OR,

THE GENEROUS LOVE.

TO

Sir Roger Puleſton,

BARONET.

SIR,

IT would be a happy World for us Traders in Parnaſſus, *if, like thoſe in the Moon,* (*as* Bergerac *ſays*) *we could Barter, Pay Debts and Obligations with Poems and Dedications: But this is a World not Generous enough for ſuch Noble Traffick. Like* Homer, *we may ſing our Verſes from door to door, but ſhall find few Liſtners that underſtand their Value, and can receive 'em as they ought.*

Virgil *and* Horace *had a better Age:* Auguſtus *favoured the Muſes, and the whole Court was complaiſant to the Humour of their* Cæſar. *He was a great Judge, and a great Patron: But our Age, degenerated into dull Leudneſs, can reliſh nothing but abuſive Satyr, and obſcene Lampoons; and he is the moſt admir'd Poet who can the moſt vilely traduce Innocent Beauty, Women of Quality, and Great Men. Our deprav'd Nature can reliſh nothing but Scandal in Verſe, and from Noble and Heroic Songs, we are debauch'd into Scurrilous and Saucy Libels; and every Man's a Wit, who can but Rail.*

In our Age the Noble Roman *Poets would have ſtarv'd, and have dy'd the Death of the Fam'd* Hudibras; *(to the Eternal Shame of the Engliſh Nation.) We have a few* Sidneys, *ſcarce a* Mæcenas *now to Bleſs or Grace a Poet; few that judge, or know how to ſet a Value on Wit. The Building of the Halcyon points us not out more certainly to Calmeſt Seas, than the Flouriſhing of the Muſes does to a Happy State. But now Jealouſies, Controverſies, Debates, and Self-Intereſts take up all the time; and 'tis rare to pitch on a Man whom we can promiſe our ſelves ſhall have the Leiſure to read what we write, or the true Senſe to Judge: Thoſe few who love Books, and can Judge, are thoſe who do a good Author Credit.*

Of this Number, Sir, I eſteem Your Self, who, unpractic'd in the Loudneſs of the Town, enjoy the happy quiet of Thought and Books. The Common Vices, ſo much in Faſhion, are not able to taint your Virtue. You have always kept clear of thoſe Mutinous and Diſaffected Cabals, which have been fatal to the Loyalty of ſo many Gentlemen, who otherwiſe had ſerv'd their King, and, in that, their Country, with Honour. Your Conduct has hitherto been Juſt and Prudent; and as Heaven has given you a Generoſity ſuitable to your Birth and Fortune, you have always been a Publick Good to your Country, and a Private Benefactor to thoſe you believ'd worthy your Bounty. The Unfortunate never addreſs'd to you in vain, nor Merit ever paſt unrewarded. You have a Sweetneſs of Temper, and a Converſation ſo Eaſie, that you are never approach'd without Love and Delight. You have a Calmneſs and Affability wholly Obliging; and it is impoſſible to know you without becoming your Friend. There is

a

a Noble Juſtice in your Nature, that renders you admir'd, and which is rarely found in the Race of Man. You have a Gentle Softneſs and Deliberation in your Temper that is very ingaging; far from that of thoſe Noiſie Men, who talk their Wit out of Breath and Credit, and diſcover nothing at the bottom; who think Impertinence Converſation; take Impudence for good Breeding, and vain Boaſting for real Courage. Your Soul is more Majeſtically retir'd than thoſe of other Men; and when it looks abroad, it is only to return more Perfect; it learns nothing that can Sully its Native Purity and Innocence: and if it have ever made a ſally of Youth, it has been of that Sort which is moſt Excuſable, Love; Love, from which no fine Soul can be exempt. It is a Paſſion that is Natural to its Tenderneſs, and 'tis in ſuch Delicate Hearts where one ought to ſearch for the real God of Love.

That God which is ſo lively repreſented in the Soul of this Prince, whom I here preſent you; whoſe Paſſions are ſo Soft, and ſo full of Reſpect, at the reading of which, I believe, there will be no one found who will not ſigh, and ſhed ſome tears, and whoſe Soul will not ſimpathize with thoſe Paſſions he finds there. They will behold a Prince languiſh for Love, yet chooſing to dye, rather than act contrary to Honour. They will find a Conſtancy unuſual in your Sex, and a Bravery unpractic'd in ours: In fine, you will ſee here Love, Fortitude, and Vertue, very naturally Painted, and a Truth which needs nothing of Romantick to make it abſolutely Moving. If it have Power to affect the Reader, I hope the Men will not ſay our Sex are wholly incapable of arriving to the Excellency of their Works; or that we cannot give juſt and true Ideas of the

Nobleſt

Noblest Passions: Nay, that, in point of Softness, we cannot out-do them. 'Twas a Lady that writ the Original, and, I hope, I have not taken off from the Lustre of her admirable Piece, by putting it into our Language; at least, it will be sufficient Honour for me to have your Approbation, who am,

SIR,

Your most Obliged, and
most Humble Servant,

A. BEHN.

THE HISTORY OF *AGNES de CASTRO.*

THough LOVE, all soft and flattering, promises nothing but Pleasures; yet its Consequences are often Sad and Fatal: It is not enough to be in Love, to be happy, since Fortune, who is Capricious, and takes delight to trouble the Repose of the most Elevated and Virtuous, has very little respect for passionate and tender Hearts, when she designs to produce strange Adventures.

Many Examples of past Ages render this Maxim certain, but the Reign of *Dom Alphonso* the Fourth, King of *Portugal*, furnishes us with one, the most extraordinary that History can produce.

He was the Son of that *Dom Denice*, who was so successful in all his Undertakings, that it was said of him, that he was capable of performing whatever he design'd: And of *Isabella*, a Princess of eminent Virtue, who when he came to inherit a Flourishing and Tranquil State, he endeavour'd to Establish Peace and Plenty

Plenty in Abundance, in his Kingdom.

And to advance this his Design, he agreed on a Marriage between his Son *Don Pedro*, (then about Eight Years of Age) and *Bianca* Daughter of *Don Pedro*, King of *Castile*; and whom the Young Prince marryed when he arrived to his Sixteenth Year.

Bianca brought nothing to *Coimbra* but Infirmities, and very few Charms. *Don Pedro*, who was full of Sweetness and Generosity, liv'd nevertheless very well with her; but those Distempers of the Princess degenerating into the Palsie, she made it her Request to retire, and at her Intercession the Pope broke the Marriage, and the Melancholy Princess concealed her Languishment in a Solitary Retreat: And *Don Pedro*, for whom they had provided another Match, marryed *Constantia Manuel*, Daughter of *Don John Manuel*, a Prince of the Blood of *Castile*, and famous for the Enmity he had to his King.

Constantia was promised to the King of *Castile*, but that King not keeping his Word, they made no difficulty of bestowing her on a young Prince, who was one day to Reign over a number of fine Provinces. He was but Five and Twenty Years of Age, and the Man of all *Spain* that had the best Fashion and Grace: And with the most advantageous Qualities of the Body, he possest those of the Soul, and shew'd himself worthy in all things of the Crown that was destin'd for him.

The Princess *Constantia* had Beauty, Wit, and Generosity, in as great a Measure as 'twas possible for a Woman to be possest with; her

Merit

Merit alone ought to have attach'd *Don Pedro* eternally to her; and certainly he had for her an Esteem, mixt with so great a Respect, as might very well pass for Love with those that were not of a Nice and Curious Observation; but alas! his real Care was reserv'd for another Beauty.

Constantia brought into the World, the first Year after her Marriage, a Son, who was call'd *Don Loüis*; but it scarce saw the Light, and dy'd almost as soon as born. The Loss of this little Prince sensibly touch'd her, but the Coldness she observ'd in the Prince her Husband, went yet more near her heart; for she had given her self absolutely up to her Duty, and had made her Tenderness for him her only Concern. But Puissant Glory which ty'd her so entirely to the Interest of the Prince of *Portugal*, open'd her eyes upon his Actions, where she observ'd nothing in his Caresses and Civilities that was Natural, or could satisfie her delicate Heart.

At first, she fancy'd her self deceiv'd, but Time having confirm'd her in what she fear'd, she sighed in Secret; yet had that consideration for the Prince, as not to let him see her Disorder; and which nevertheless, she could not conceal from *Agnes de Castro*, who liv'd with her, rather as a Companion, than a Maid of Honor, and whom her Friendship made her infinitely distinguish from the rest.

This Maid, so dear to the Princess, very well merited the Preference her Mistress gave her; she was Beautiful to excess, Wise, Discreet, Witty, and had more Tenderness for

Con-

Constantia than she had for her self, having quitted her Family, which was Illustrious, to give her self wholly to the Service of the Princess, and to follow her into *Portugal*. It was into the Bosom of this Maid, that the Princess unladed her first Moans, and the Charming *Agnes* forgot nothing that might give ease to her afflicted Heart.

Nor was *Constantia* the only Person who complain'd on *Don Pedro*; before his Divorce from *Bianca*, he had expressed some Care and Tenderness for *Elvira Gonzales*, Sister to *Don Alvaro Gonzales*, Favourite to the King of *Portugal*; and this Amusement in the young years of the Prince, had made a deep Impression on *Elvira*, who flatter'd her Ambition with the Infirmities of *Bianca*. She saw, with a secret Rage, *Constantia* take her place, who was possest with such Charms, that quite divested her of all Hopes.

Her Jealousie left her not idle, she examin'd all the Actions of the Prince, and easily discover'd the little regard he had for the Princess; but this brought him not back to her. And it was upon very good Grounds that she suspected him to be in Love with some other Person, and possessed with a new Passion; and which she promis'd her self, she would destroy as soon as she could find it out. She had a Spirit altogether proper for Bold and Hazardous Enterprizes; and the Credit of her Brother gave her so much Vanity, as all the indifference of the Prince was not capable of humbling.

The Prince languish'd, and conceal'd the Cause

Cause with so much Care, that 'twas impossible for any to find it out. No publick Pleasures were agreeable to him, and all Conversations were tedious; and it was Solitude alone that was able to give him any ease.

This Change surprized all the World. The King who lov'd his Son very tenderly, earnestly press'd him to know the Reason of his Melancholy; but the Prince made no Answer, but only this, That it was the Effects of his Temper.

But Time ran on, and the Princess was brought to Bed of a Second Son, who liv'd, and was call'd *Fernando*. *Don Pedro* forc'd himself a little to take part in the publick Joy, so that they believ'd his Humour was changing; but this appearance of a Calm endured not long, and he fell back again into his black Melancholy.

The Artful *Elvira* was incessantly agitated in searching out the Knowledge of this Secret. Chance wrought for her: And, as she was walking full of Indignation and Anger, in the Garden of the Palace of *Coimbra*, she found the Prince of *Portugal* Sleeping in an Obscure Grotto.

Her Fury could not contain it self at the sight of this lov'd Object, she roul'd her eyes upon him, and perceiv'd in spight of sleep, that some Tears escap'd his eyes; the Flame which burnt yet in her heart, soon grew Soft and Tender there: But oh! she heard him sigh, and after that utter these Words, *Yes, Divine* Agnes, *I will sooner dye than let you know it*: Constantia *shall have nothing to reproach me with.*

Elvira

Elvira was enrag'd at this Discourse, which represented to her immediately, the same Moment *Agnes de Castro* with all her Charms; and not at all doubting, but it was she who possest the Heart of *Don Pedro*, she found in her Soul more Hatred for this fair Rival, than Tenderness for him.

The Grotto was not a Place fit to make Reflections in, or to form Designs. Perhaps her first Transports would have made her waken'd him, if she had not perceiv'd a Paper lying under his hand, which she softly seiz'd on; and that she might not be surpriz'd in the Reading it, she went out of the Garden with as much Haste as Confusion.

When she was retir'd to her Apartment, she open'd the Paper, trembling, and found it in these Verses, writ by the Hand of *Don Pedro*; and which in appearance he had newly then composed.

In vain, oh! Sacred Honour, you debate
The Mighty Business in my Heart:
Love! Charming Love! rules all my Fate,
Interest and Glory claim no Part.
The God, sure of his Victory, Triumphs there,
And will have nothing in his Empire share.

In vain, oh! Sacred Duty, you oppose;
In vain, your Nuptial Tye you plead:
Those forc'd Devoirs LOVE overthrows,
And breaks the Vows he never made.
Fixing his Fatal Arrows every where,
I burn, and languish, in a soft Despair.

Fair

Fair Princeſs, you to whom my Faith is due,
Pardon the Deſtiny that drags me on;
'Tis not my Fault, my Heart's untrue,
I am compell'd to be undone:
My Life is yours, I gave it with my Hand,
But my Fidelity I can't command.

Elvira did not only know the Writing of *Don Pedro*, but ſhe knew alſo that he could write Verſes. And ſeeing the ſad part which *Conſtantia* had in theſe which were now fallen into her hands, ſhe made no ſcruple of reſolving to let the Princeſs ſee 'em: But that ſhe might not be ſuſpected, ſhe took care not to appear in the Buſineſs her ſelf; and ſince it was not enough for *Conſtantia* to know that the Prince did not Love her, but that ſhe muſt know alſo he was a Slave to *Agnes de Caſtro*; *Elvira* cauſed theſe few Verſes to be written in an unknown Hand, under thoſe Writ by the Prince.

Sleep betray'd the unhappy Lover;
While Tears were ſtreaming from his Eyes,
His headleſs Tongue without diſguiſe,
The ſecret did diſcover,
The Language of his Heart declare,
That Agnes *Image Triumphs there.*

Elvira regarded neither Exactneſs nor Grace in theſe Lines, and if they had but the effect ſhe deſign'd, ſhe wiſh'd no more.

Her impatience could not wait till the next day to expoſe 'em; ſhe therefore went immediately to the Lodgings of the Princeſs, who

was then walking in the Garden of the Palace; and paſſing without reſiſtance even to her Cabinet, ſhe put the Paper into a Book in which the Princeſs us'd to Read, and went out again unſeen, and ſatisfied with her good Fortune.

As ſoon as *Conſtantia* was return'd, ſhe enter'd into her Cabinet, and ſaw the Book open, and the Verſes lying in it, which were to coſt her ſo dear: She ſoon knew the hand of the Prince which was ſo familiar to her, and beſides the information of what ſhe had always fear'd, ſhe underſtood it was *Agnes de Caſtro*, (whoſe friendſhip alone was able to comfort her in her Misfortunes) who was the fatal cauſe of it; ſhe read over the Paper an hundred times, deſiring to give her Eyes and Reaſon the Lie; but finding but too plainly ſhe was not deceiv'd, ſhe found her Soul poſſeſt with more Grief than Anger: when ſhe conſider'd as much in Love as the Prince was, he had kept his Torment ſecret. After having made her moan, without condemning him, the tenderneſs ſhe had for him, made her ſhed a Torrent of Tears, and inſpir'd her with a reſolution of concealing her Reſentments.

She would certainly have done it by a Virtue extraordinary, if the Prince, who miſſing his Verſes when he wak'd, and fearing they might fall into indiſcreet hands, had not enter'd the Palace, all troubl'd with his loſs, and haſtily going into *Conſtantia*'s Apartment, ſaw her fair Eyes all wet with Tears, and at the ſame inſtant caſt his own on the unhappy Verſes that had eſcap'd from his Soul, and now lay before the Princeſs. He

He immediately turn'd pale at this sight, and appear'd so mov'd, that the Generous Princess felt more pain than he did: Madam, said he, (infinitely Alarm'd) from whom had you that Paper? It cannot come but from the hand of some Person, answer'd *Constantia*, who is an enemy both to your repose and mine; it is the work Sir, of your own hand, and doubtless, the sentiment of your Heart. But be not surpriz'd, and do not fear, for if my tenderness should make it pass for a Crime in you, the same tenderness, which nothing is able to alter, shall hinder me from Complaining.

The moderation and calmness of *Constantia*, serv'd only to render the Prince more asham'd and confus'd. How Generous are you Madam, persu'd he, and how Unfortunate am I. Some Tears accompanied his words, and the Princess, who lov'd him with extream Ardor, was so sensibly touch'd, that it was a good while before she could utter a word. *Constantia* then broke Silence, and shewing him what *Elvira* had caus'd to be written, you are betray'd, Sir, added she, you have been hear'd speak, and your Secret is known. It was at this very moment that all the forces of the Prince abandon'd him, and his condition was really worthy Compassion; he could not pardon himself the unvoluntary Crime he had committed, in exposing of the lovely and the innocent *Agnes*: And tho he was convinc'd of the Virtue and Goodness of *Constantia*, the apprehensions that he had that this modest and prudent Maid might

suffer by his Conduct, carried him beyond all consideration.

The Princess, who heedfully surveyed him, saw so many marks of Despair in his Face and Eyes, that she was afraid of the Consequences; and holding out her Hand, in a very obliging manner to him, she said, I promise you, Sir, I will never more complain on you, and that *Agnes* shall always be very dear to me; you shall never hear me make you any Reproaches; and since I cannot possess your Heart, I will content my self with endeavouring to render my self worthy of it. *Don Pedro* more confus'd and dejected than before he had been, bent one of his Knees at the Feet of *Constantia*, and with respect kiss'd that fair kind Hand she had given him, and perhaps forgot *Agnes* for a Moment.

But LOVE soon put a stop to all the little advances of *Hymen*, the fatal Star that presided over the Destiny of *Don Pedro*, had not yet vented its Malignity; and one moment's sight of *Agnes* gave new forces to his Passion.

The Wish and Desires of this charming Maid, had no part in this Victory; her Eyes were just, tho penetrating, and they searched not in those of the Prince, what they had a desire to discover to her.

As she was never far from *Constantia*, *Don Pedro* was no sooner gone out of the Closet, but *Agnes* entred; and finding the Princess all Pale and Languishing in her Chair, she doubted not but there was some sufficient cause for her Affliction; she put her self in the same Posture the Prince had been in before,

and

and expressing an Inquietude, full of Concern; Madam, said she, by all your Goodness, conceal not from me the Cause of your Trouble: Alas *Agnes*, reply'd the Princess, What would you know? And what should I tell you? The Prince, the Prince, my dearest Maid is in Love; the Hand that he gave me was not a Present of his Heart; and for the Advantage of this Alliance, I must become the Victim of it.---What! the Prince in Love, replyed *Agnes*, (with an Astonishment mixt with Indignation) what Beauty can dispute the Empire over a Heart so much your due? Alas, Madam, all the Respect I owe him, cannot hinder me from murmuring against him. Accuse him of nothing, interrupted *Constantia*, he does what he can; and I am more obliged to him for desiring to be Faithful, than if I possest his real Tenderness. It is not enough to Fight, but to Overcome; and the Prince does more in the Condition wherein he is, than I ought reasonably to hope for: In fine, he is my Husband, and an agreeable one; to whom nothing is wanting. but what I cannot inspire, that is a Passion which would have made me but too Happy. Ah, Madam, cry'd out *Agnes*, transported with her Tenderness for the Princess, he is a blind and stupid Prince, who knows not the precious Advantages he possesses. He must surely know something, reply'd the Princess, modestly; but, Madam, reply'd *Agnes*, Is there any thing, not only in *Portugal*, but in all *Spain*, that can compare with you? And, without considering the Charming Qualities of your Person, can we enough admire those of your

Soul? My Dear *Agnes*, interrupted *Constantia*, Sighing, she who robs me of my Husbands Heart, has but too many Charms to plead his Excuse, since it is thou, Child, whom Fortune makes use of, to give me this Killing Blow. Yes, *Agnes*, the Prince loves thee; and the Merit I know thou art possest of, puts Bounds to my Complaints, without suffering me to have the least Resentment.

The delicate *Agnes* little expected to hear what the Princess told her, Thunder would have less surprized, and less oppress'd her: She remained a long time without speaking, but at last fixing her Looks all frightful on *Constantia*, What say you, Madam? (cry'd she, and what Thoughts have you of me? What, that I should betray you? And coming hither only full of Ardor to be the Repose of your Life, do I bring a Fatal Poyson to afflict it? What Detestation must I have for the Beauty they find in me, without aspiring to make it appear? And how ought I to Curse the Unfortunate Day in which I first saw the Prince? —But, Madam, it cannot be me, whom Heaven has chosen to torment you, and to destroy all your Tranquility: No, it cannot be so much my Enemy, to put me to so great a Tryal: And if I were that Odious Person, there is no Excuse or Punishment to which I would not Condemn my Self; it is *Elvira*, Madam, the Prince loves, and lov'd before his Marriage with you, and also before his Divorce from *Bianca*: And some Body has made an indiscreet Report to you of this Intriegue of his Youth; but, Madam, what was in the time

time of *Bianca*; is nothing to you. It is certain that *Don Pedro* loves you, anſwered the Princeſs; and I have Vanity enough to believe that none beſides your ſelf could have diſputed his Heart with me; but the Secret is diſcover'd, and *Don Pedro* has not diſowned it; What, interrupted *Agnes*, (more ſurprized than ever) Is it then from Himſelf you have learnt his Weakneſs? The Princeſs then ſhew'd her the Verſes, and there was never any Deſpair like to hers.

While they were both thus ſadly employed, both Sighing, and both Weeping, the impatient *Elvira*, who was willing to learn the Effect of her Malice, return'd to the Apartment of the Princeſs, where ſhe freely entered, even to the Cabinet where theſe Unhappy Perſons were; whom all afflicted and troubled as they were, bluſh'd at her approach, whoſe Company they did not deſire; ſhe had the pleaſure to ſee *Conſtantia* hide from her the Paper which had been the Cauſe of all their Trouble, and which the Princeſs had never ſeen but for her Spight and Revenge; and to obſerve alſo in the Eyes of the Princeſs and thoſe of *Agnes*, an immoderate Grief; ſhe ſtay'd in the Cabinet as long as it was neceſſary to be aſſur'd that ſhe had ſucceeded in her Deſign, but the Princeſs, who did not deſire ſuch a Witneſs of the Diſorder, in which ſhe then was, deſir'd to be left alone; *Elvira* then went out of the Cabinet, and *Agnes de Caſtro* withdrew at the ſame time.

It was in her own Chamber that *Agnes* examining more freely this Adventure, found it as

Cruel as Death: She lov'd *Constantia* sincerely, and had not till then any thing more than an Esteem mixt with Admiration for the Prince of *Portugal*, which indeed none could refuse to so many fine Qualities. And looking on her self as the most Unfortunate of her Sex, as being the Cause of all the Suffering of the Princess, to whom she was obliged for the greatest Bounties, she spent the whole Night in Tears and Complaints, sufficient to have revenged *Constantia* of all the Griefs she made her suffer.

The Prince, on his side, was in no greater Tranquility; the Generosity of his Princess encreas'd his Remorse, without diminishing his Love, he fear'd, and with Reason, that those who were the Occasion of *Constantia*'s seeing those Verses, should discover his Passion to the King, from whom he hop'd for no Indulgence, and he would most willingly have given his Life to have been free from this Extremity.

In the mean time the Afflicted Princess languish't in a most deplorable Sadness, She found nothing in those who were the Cause of her Misfortunes, but things fitter to move her Tenderness than her Anger; it was in vain that Jealousie strove to combat the Inclination she had to love her fair Rival; nor was any Occasion of making the Prince less dear to her, and she felt neither Hatred, nor so much as Indifference for Innocent *Agnes*,

While these Three Disconsolate Persons abandon'd themselves to their Melancholy *Elvira*, not to leave her Vengeance imperfect, study'd

ſtudy'd in what manner ſhe might bring it to the Height of its Effects. Her Brother, on whom ſhe depended, ſhew'd her a great deal of Friendſhip; and judging rightly that the Love of *Don Pedro*, to *Agnes de Caſtro*, would not be approv'd by the King, ſhe acquainted *Don Alvaro* her Brother with it, who was not ignorant of the Paſſion the Prince had once proteſted to have for his Siſter. He found himſelf very much intereſted in this News, from a ſecret Paſſion he had for *Agnes*; whom the buſineſs of his Fortune had hitherto hindred him from diſcovering: And he expected a great many Favours from the King, that might render the Effort of his Heart the more conſiderable.

He hid not from his Siſter this one thing, which he found difficult to conceal; ſo that ſhe was now poſſeſt with a double Grief, to find *Agnes* ſovereign of all the Hearts, to which ſhe had a pretenſion.

Don Alvaro was one of thoſe Ambitious Men, that are Fierce without Moderation, and Proud without Generoſity; of a Melancholy, Cloudy Humour; of a Cruel Inclination, and to effect his Ends, found nothing difficult or unlawful. Naturally he lov'd not the Prince, who, on all Accounts ought to have held the firſt Rank in the Heart of the King, which ſhould have ſet bounds to the favour of *Don Alvaro*; who when he knew the Prince was his Rival, his Jealouſie increas'd his hate of him; and he conjured *Elvira* to employ all her care to oppoſe an Engagement that could not but be deſtructive to 'em both; ſhe promiſed him,

and

and he not very well satisfied, rely'd on her Address.

Don Alvaro, who had too lively a representation within himself of the Beauties and Grace of the Prince of *Portugal*, thought of nothing but how to combat his Merits, he himself being not handsome or well made: His fashion was as disagreeable as his Humor, and *Don Pedro* had all the advantages that one Man may possibly have over another. In fine, all that *Don Alvaro* wanted, adorn'd the Prince: But as he was the Husband of *Constantia*, and depended upon an absolute Father, and that *Don Alvaro* was free and Master of a good Fortune, he thought himself more assur'd of *Agnes*, and fix'd his hopes on that thought.

He knew very well, that the Passion of *Don Pedro*, could not but inspire a violent Anger in the Soul of the King. Industrious in doing ill, his first business was to carry this unwelcom News to him. After he had given time to his Grief, and had compos'd himself to his desire, he then besought the King to interest himself in his Amorous Affair, and to be the Protector of his Person.

Though *Don Alvaro*, had no other Merit to recommend him to the King, than a continual and blind Obedience to all his Commands; yet he had favour'd him with several Testimonies of his vast Bounty; and considering the height to which the King's Liberality had rais'd him, there were few Ladies that would have refus'd his Alliance. The King assur'd him of the continuation of his Friendship

Friendship and Favour, and promis'd him if he had any Authority, he would give him the Charming *Agnes*.

Don Alvaro, perfectly skilful in managing his Master, answer'd the King's last Bounties with a profound submission. He had yet never told *Agnes* what he felt for her; but he thought now he might make a publick Declaration of it, and sought all means to do it.

The Gallantry which *Coimbra* seem'd to have forgotten, began now to be awaken'd. The King to please *Don Alvaro*, under pretence of diverting *Constantia*, order'd some publick Sports, and commanded that every thing should be very Magnificent.

Since the adventure of the Verses, *Don Pedro* endeavour'd to lay a constraint on himself, and to appear less troubled: But in his Heart he suffer'd always alike; and it was not but with great uneasiness he prepar'd himself for the Turnament. And since he could not appear with the colours of *Agnes*, he took those of his Wife, without Device, or any great Magnificence.

Don Alvaro adorn'd himself with the Liv'ries of *Agnes de Castro*; and this fair Maid, who had yet found no consolation from what the Princess had told her, had this new cause of being Displeas'd.

Don Pedro appear'd in the List with an admirable Grace; and *Don Alvaro*, who look'd on this day as his own, appear'd there all shining with Gold, mix'd with Stones of blew, which were the colours of *Agnes*; and there

was

was Embroider'd all over his Equipage, flaming Hearts of Gold, on blew Velvet, and Nets for the snares of Love, with abundance of double *A's*; his device was a Love coming out of a Cloud, with these Verses written underneath.

Love from a Cloud breaks like the God of Day,
And to the World his Glories does display;
To gaze on charming Eyes, and make 'em know
What to soft Hearts, and to his Power they owe.

The Pride of *Don Alvaro* was soon humbled at the Feet of the Prince of *Portugal*, who threw him against the Ground, with twenty others, and carry'd alone the Glory of the Day. There was in the Evening a Noble Assembly at *Constantia's*, where *Agnes* would not have been, unless expressly commanded by the Princess. She appear'd there all negligent and careless in her Dress, but yet she appear'd all Beautiful and Charming. She saw, with disdain, her Name and her Colours worn by *Don Alvaro*, at a publick Triumph; and if her Heart were capable of any tender Motions, it was not for such a Man as he, for whom her delicacy destin'd them: She look'd on him with a contempt, which did not hinder him from pressing so near, that there was a necessity for her to hear, and what he had to declare to her.

She treated him not uncivily, but her coldness would have rebated the Courage of any but *Alvaro*. *Madam*, said he, (when he could be

be heard of none but her self) *I have hitherto concealed the Passion you have inspir'd me with, fearing it should displease you; but it has committed a violence on my respect; and I could no longer conceal it from you. I never reflected on your Actions,* answer'd *Agnes,* with all the Indifference of which she was capable, *and if you think you offend me, you are in the wrong to make me perceive it. This coldness is but an ill Omen for me,* reply'd Don Alvaro, *and if you have not found me out to be your Lover to day, I fear you will never approve my Passion.*

Oh! what a time you have chosen to make it appear to me (pursu'd *Agnes*) *is it so great an Honor for me, that you must take such care to shew it to the World? And do you think that I am so desirous of Glory, that I must aspire to it by your Actions? If I must, you have very ill maintain'd it in the Turnament; and if it be that vanity that you depend upon, you'll make no great progress on a Soul that is not fond of Shame. If you were possest of all the advantages, which the Prince has this day carried away, you yet ought to consider what you are going about; and it is not a Maid like me, who is touch'd with Enterprizes, without respect or permission ask'd.*

The Favorite of the King, was too proud to hear *Agnes,* without Indignation; But as he was willing to conceal it, and not offend her, he made not his Resentment appear; and considering the Observation she made on the the Triumphs of *Don Pedro,* (which encreased his Jealousies:) If I have not overcome at the Turnament, reply'd he, I am not the less

in

in Love for being Vanquish'd, nor less capable of Success on Occasions.

They were interrupted here, but from that day, *Don Alvaro*, who had open'd the first Difficulties, kept no more his wonted Distance, but perpetually persecuted *Agnes*; yet tho he were protected by the King, that inspir'd in her never the more consideration for him. *Don Pedro* was always ignorant by what means the Verses he had lost in the Garden, fell into the hands of *Constantia*: As the Princess appeared to him Indulgent, he was only concerned for *Agnes*; and the Love of *Don Alvaro*, which was then so well known, increas'd the Pain; and had he been possest of the Authority, he would not have suffer'd her to have been expos'd to the Persecutions of so unworthy a Rival. He was also afraid of the King's being advertised of his Passion, but he thought not at all of *Elvira's*, nor apprehended any Malice from her Resentment.

While she burnt with a desire of Destroying *Agnes*, against whom she vented all her Venom; and she was never weary of making new Reports to her Brother, assuring him, that tho they could not prove, that *Agnes* made any returns to the Tenderness of the Prince; yet that was the cause of *Constantia's* Grief. And, that if this Princess should die of it, *Don Pedro* might Marry *Agnes*. In fine, she so incens'd the jealous *Don Alvaro's* Jealousie, that he could not hinder himself from running immediately to the King, with the Discovery of all he knew, and all he guest, and

whom

whom he had the pleasure to find, was infinitely inrag'd at the News. My dear *Alvaro*, said the King, you shall instantly Marry this dangerous Beauty. And let Possession assure your Repose and mine. If I have protected you in other Occasions, judge what a Service of so great an Importance for me, would make me undertake; and without any reserve, the Forces of this State are in your power, and almost any thing that I can give, shall be assur'd you, so you render your self Master of the Destiny of *Agnes*.

Don Alvaro pleas'd and vain with his Master's Bounty, made use of all the Authority he gave him: He passionately lov'd *Agnes*, and would not, on the sudden, make use of Violence; but resolv'd with himself to employ all possible means to win her fairly; but if that fail'd, to have recourse to force, if she contied always Insensible.

While *Agnes de Castro* (importun'd by his Assiduities, despairing at the Grief of *Constantia*, and perhaps made tender by those she had caus'd in the Prince of *Portugal*) took a Resolution worthy of her Virtue; yet, amiable as *Don Pedro* was, she found nothing in him, but his being Husband to *Constantia*, that was dear to her: And, far from encouraging the Power she had got over his Heart, she thought of nothing but removing from *Coimbra*; the Passion of *Don Alvaro*, which she had no inclinatien to Favour, serv'd her as a Pretext, and press'd with the fear of causing, in the End, a cruel Divorce between the Prince and his Princess, she went to find *Constantia*,

with

with a Trouble, which all her care was not able to hide from her.

The Princess easily found it out; and their common Misfortune having not chang'd their Friendship: ---What ails you, *Agnes*? said the Princess to her, in a soft Tone, and her ordinary Sweetness; and what new Misfortune causes that Sadness in thy Looks? Madam, reply'd *Agnes*, shedding a Rivulet of Tears, The Obligations and Tyes I have to you, put me upon a Cruel Tryal; I had bounded the Felicity of my Life in hope of passing it near your Highness; yet I must carry, to some other part of the World, this unlucky Face of mine, which renders me nothing but ill Offices: And it is to obtain that Liberty, that I am come to throw my Self at your Feet; looking upon you as my Sovereign.

Constantia was so surpriz'd and touch'd with the Proposition of *Agnes*, that she lost her Speech for some Moments; Tears, which were sincere, express'd her first Sentiments: And after having shed abundance, to give a new Mark of her Tenderness to the Fair afflicted *Agnes*, she with a sad and melancholy Look, fixt her Eyes upon her, and holding out her Hand to her, in a most obliging manner, Sighing, cry'd—you will then, my dear *Agnes*, leave me? And expose me to the Griefs of seeing you no more? Alas, Madam, interrupted this Lovely Maid, hide from the Unhappy *Agnes* a Bounty, which does but encrease her Misfortunes. It is not I, Madam, that would leave you, it is my Duty, and my Reason that orders my Fate. And those Days

which

which I shall pass far from you; promise me nothing to oblige me to this Design, if I did not see my self absolutely forc'd to it: I am not ignorant of what passes at *Coimbra*; and I shall be an Accomplice of the Injustice there committed, if I should stay there any longer.—Ah, I know your Virtue, cry'd *Constantia*, and you may remain here, in all safety, while I am your Protectress, and let what will happen, I will accuse you of nothing. There's no Answering for what's to come, reply'd *Agnes*, sadly; and I shall be sufficiently Guilty, if my Presence cause Sentiments, which cannot be innocent. Beside, Madam, the Importunities of *Don Alvaro* are insupportable to me; and though I find nothing but Aversion for him, since the King protects his Insolence, and he's in a Condition of undertaking any thing, my Flight is absolutely necessary; but, Madam, tho' he has nothing but what seems odious to me. I call Heaven to witness, that if I could cure the Prince by Marrying *Don Alvaro*, I would not consider of it a moment; and finding in my Punishment the Consolation of Sacrificing my Self to my Princess, I would support it without murmuring. But if I were the Wife of *Don Alvaro*, *Don Pedro* would always look upon me with the same Eyes: so that I find nothing more reasonable for me than to hide my self in some Corner of the World; where, though I shall most certainly live without Pleasure, yet, I shall preserve the Repose of my dearest Mistris. All the Reason you find in this Design, answered the Princess, cannot oblige me to approve of your Absence:

Will it restore me the Heart of *Don Pedro*? And will he not fly away with you; his Grief is mine, and my Life is ty'd to his; do not make him despair then, if you love me. I I know ye, I tell you so once more; and let your Power be never so great over the Heart of the Prince, I will not suffer you to abandon us.

Though *Agnes* thought she had perfectly known *Constantia*, yet she did not expect to find so intire a Virtue in her, which made her think her self more Happy, and the Prince more Criminal. Oh Wisdom! Oh Bounty without Example! (cry'd she) Why is it that the Cruel Destinies do not give you all you deserve? You are the Disposer of my Actions, continued she (in kissing the hand of *Constantia*) I'll do nothing but what you'll have me: But consider, weigh well the Reasons that ought to counsel you in the Measures you oblige me to take.

Don Pedro, who had not seen the Princess all that Day, came in then, and finding 'em both extreamly troubled; with a fierce impatience, demanded the Cause: Sir, Answered *Constantia*, Agnes *too Wise, and too Scrupulous, fears the Effects of her Beauty, and will live no longer at* Coimbra; *and it was on this Subject, (which cannot be agreeable to me) that she ask'd my Advice.* The Prince grew pale at this Discourse, and snatching the Words from her Mouth (with more concern, than possest either of them) cry'd with a Voice very feeble, *Agnes cannot fail, if she follow your Counsel, Madam; and I leave you full liberty to give it her.* He then imme-

immediately went out, and the Princess, whose Heart he perfectly possest, not being able to hide her displeasure, said, *My dear* Agnes, *if my Satisfaction did not only depend on your Conversation, I should desire it of you, for* Don Pedro's *sake; it is the only Advantage that his unfortunate Love can hope; and would not the World have reason to call me Barbarous, if I contributed to deprive him of that? But the sight of me will prove a Poyson to him.* ——Reply'd *Agnes, And what should I do, my Princess, if after the reserve he has hitherto kept, his Mouth should add any thing to the Torments I have already felt, by speaking to me of his Flame? You would hear him sure, without causing him to despair,* reply'd *Constantia; and I should put this Obligation to the Account of the rest you have done me. Would you then have me expect those Events which I fear, Madam?* Reply'd *Agnes, well—I will Obey, but just Heavens, pursued she, if they prove fatal, do not punish an Innocent Heart for it.* Thus this Conversation ended. *Agnes* withdrew into her Chamber, but it was not to be more at ease.

What *Don Pedro* had learn'd of the Design of *Agnes*, caus'd a cruel agitation in his Soul; he wish'd he had never lov'd her, and desir'd a Thousand times to dye: But it was not for him to make Vows against a thing which Fate had design'd him; and whatever Resolutions he made, to bear the Absence of *Agnes*, his Tenderness had not force enough to consent to it.

After having, for a long time, combated with himself, he determin'd to do, what was impossible for him, to let *Agnes* do. His Cou-

rage reproached him with the Idleness, in which he past the most youthful and vigorous of his Days; and making it appear to the King, that his Allies, and even the Prince *Don John Emanuel*, his Father in Law, had Concerns in the World, which demanded his Presence on the Frontiers; he easily obtain'd Liberty to make this Journey, to which the Princess would put no Obstacle.

Agnes saw him part without any Concern, but it was not upon the Account of any Aversion she had for him. *Don Alvaro* began then to make his Importunity, an open Persecution; he forgot nothing that might touch the insensible *Agnes*, and made use, a long time, only of the Arms of Love: But seeing that his Submissions and Respect was to no purpose, he form'd strange Designs.

As the King had a deference for all his Counsels, it was not difficult to inspire him with what he had a mind to: he complain'd of the ingrateful *Agnes*, and forgot nothing that might make him perceive that she was not cruel to him, on his Account; but from the too much sensibility she had for the Prince. The King who was extream angry at this, reiterated all the Promises he had made him.

The King had not yet spoke to *Agnes*, in favour of *Don Alvaro*; and not doubting but his Approbation would surmount all Obstacles, he took an occasion to entertain her with it. And removing some distance from those who might hear him, *I thought* Don Alvaro *had Merit enough*, said he to her, *to have obtain'd a little share in your esteem*; *and I could not imagine*, *there*

there would have been any neceſſity of my ſoliciting it for him: I know you are very Charming, but he has nothing that renders him unworthy of you; and when you ſhall reflect on the Choice my Friendſhip has made of him, from among all the Great Men of my Court, you will do him, at the ſame time, Juſtice. His fortune is none of the meaneſt, ſince he has me for his Protector: He is Nobly Born, a Man of Honour and Courage; he adores you, and it ſeems to me, that all theſe Reaſons are ſufficient to vanquiſh your Pride.

The Heart of *Agnes* was ſo little diſpoſed to give it ſelf to *Don Alvaro*, that all that the King of *Portugal* had ſaid, had no Effect on her, in his favour. *If* Don Alvaro, *Sir*, anſwered ſhe, *were without Merit, he poſſeſt Advantages enough in the Bounty Your Majeſty is pleaſed to Honour him with, to make him Maſter of all things It is not that I find any defect in him, that I anſwer not his deſires: But, Sir, by what obſtinate Power, would you that I ſhould Love, if Heaven has not given me a Soul that is tender? And why ſhould you pretend that I ſhould ſubmit to him, when nothing is dearer to me than my Liberty? You are not ſo free, nor ſo inſenſible, as you ſay* (anſwered the King, bluſhing, with Anger.) *And if your Heart were exempt from all ſorts of Affection, he might expect a more reaſonable return, than what he finds. But imprudent Maid, conducted by an ill Fate,* added he, in Fury) *What Pretenſions have you to* Don Pedro? *Hitherto, I have hid the Chagreen, which his Weakneſs and yours gave me, but it was not the leſs violent for being hid: And ſince you oblige me to break out, I muſt tell you, that if my Son were not already married to* Conſtantia, *he ſhould never*

be your Husband; renounce then those vain Ideas, which will cure him, and justify you.

The Courageous *Agnes* was scarce Mistress of the first Transports, at a Discourse so full of Contempt; but calling her Vertue to the aid of her Anger, she recover'd her self by the assistance of Reason. And considering the Outrage she receiv'd, not as coming from a Great King, but a Man blinded and possest by *Don Alvaro*; She thought him not worthy of her Resentment; her fair Eyes animated themselves with so shining a vivacity, they answered for the purity of her Sentiments; and fixing them stedfastly on the King, *If the Prince* Don Pedro *have Weaknesses,* (reply'd she) *with an Air disdainful, he never communicated 'em to me; and I am certain, I never contributed wilfully to 'em: But to let you see how little I regard your Defiance, and to put my Glory in safety, I will live far from you, and all that belongs to you: Yes, Sir, I will quit* Coimbra *with pleasure, and for this Man who is so dear to you,* (answered she with a noble Pride and Fierceness, of which the King felt all the Force) *for this Favourite, so worthy to possess the most tender affections of a great Prince, I assure you, that into whatever part of the World Fortune conducts me, I will not carry away the least Remembrance of him.* At these Words she made a profound Reverence, and made such haste from his Presence, that he could not oppose her going if he would.

The King was now more strongly convinced than ever, that she favoured the Passion of *Don Pedro*, and immediately went to *Constantia*, to inspire her with the same thought; but she was

not

not capable of receiving such impressions, and following her own natural Inclinations, she generously defended the Virtue of *Agnes*. The King angry to see her so well intentioned to her Rival, whom he would have had her hated, reproached her with the sweetness of her Temper, and went thence to mix his Anger with *Don Alvaro*'s Rage, who was totally confounded when he saw the Negotiation of his Master had taken no Effect. The haughty Maid braves me then, Sir, said he to the King, and despises the Honour which your Bounty offered her! Why cannot I resist so fatal a Passion? But I must love her in spight of my self; and if this Flame consume me, I can find no way to extinguish it; what can I farther do for you, replyed the King? Alas' Sir, answered *Don Alvaro*, I must do by force, what I cannot otherwise hope from the Proud and Cruel *Agnes*. Well then, added the King, since it is not fit for me to Authorize publickly a Violence in the midst of my Kingdom, chuse those of my Subjects which you think most capable of serving you, and take away by force the Beauty that Charms you, and if she do not yield to your Love, put that Power you are Master of in Execution, to oblige her to Marry you.

Don Alvaro ravish'd with this Proposition, which at the same time flatter'd both his Love and Anger, cast himself at the feet of the King, and renewed his Acknowledgments by fresh Protestations, and thought of nothing but employing his unjust Authority against *Agnes*.

Don Pedro had been about three Months ab-

ſent, when *Alvaro* undertook what the King Counſell'd him to; tho' the Moderation was known to him, yet he feared his Preſence, and would not attend the Return of a Rival, with whom he would avoid all Diſputes.

One Night, when the ſad *Agnes*, full of her Ordinary Inquietudes, in vain expected the God of Sleep; ſhe heard a Noiſe, and after ſaw ſome Men unknown enter her Chamber, whoſe Meaſures being well conſulted, they carry'd her out of the Palace, and putting her in a Cloſe Coach, forc'd her out of *Coimbra*, without being hindred by any Obſtacle. She knew not of whom to complain, nor whom to ſuſpect; *Don Alvaro* ſeem'd too puiſſant to ſeek his ſatisfaction this way, and ſhe accus'd not the Prince of this Attempt, of whom ſhe had ſo favourable and Opinion; whatever ſhe could think or ſay, ſhe could not hinder her ill Fortune, they hurried her on with diligence, and before it was Day, were a conſiderable way off from the Town.

Aſſoon as Day began to break, ſhe ſurveyed thoſe that incompaſſed her, without ſo much as knowing one of them; and ſeeing that her Crys and Prayers were all in vain with theſe deaf Raviſhers, ſhe ſatisfied her ſelf with imploring the Protection of Heaven, and abandon'd her ſelf to its Conduct.

While ſhe ſate thus overwhelm'd with grief, uncertain of her Deſtiny, ſhe ſaw a Body of Horſe advance towards the Troop which conducted her. The Raviſhers did not ſhun them, thinking it to be *Don Alvaro*; but when he approach'd more near, they found it was the Prince

Prince of *Portugal*, who was at the Head of 'em, and who without foreseeing the occasion, that would offer it self of serving *Agnes*, was returning to *Coimbra* full of her *Idea*, after having perform'd what he ought in this Expedition.

Agnes, who did not expect him, chang'd now her Opinion, and thought that it was the Prince, that had caused her to be stolen away. Oh Sir, said she to him, having still the same thought, Is it you that have torn me from the Princess? And could so cruel a blow come from a hand that is so dear to her, what will you do with an unfortunate Creature, who desires nothing but Death? And why will you obscure the Glory of your Life, by an Artifice unworthy of you? This Language astonish'd the Prince, no less than the sight of *Agnes* had done, he found by what she had said, that she was taken away by force; and immediately passing to the height of Rage, he made her understand by one only look, that he was not the base Author of her Trouble. I tear you from *Constantia*, whose only pleasure you are, reply'd he: What Opinion have you of *Don Pedro*? No, Madam, tho you see me here, I am altogether innocent of the Violence that has been done you, and there is nothing I will refuse to hinder it; he then turn'd himself to behold the Ravishers, but his Presence had already scatter'd 'em; he order'd some of his Men to pursue 'em, and to seize some of 'em, that he might know what Authority it was that set 'em at Work.

During this, *Agnes* was no less confus'd than before,

before, ſhe admir'd the Conduct of her Deſtiny, that brought the Prince at a time, when he was ſo neceſſary to her; her inclinations to do him Juſtice, ſoon repair'd the Offence her Suſpicions had caus'd; ſhe was glad to have eſcap'd a Misfortune, which appear'd certain to her; but this was not a ſincere Joy, when ſhe conſider'd that her Lover was her Deliverer, and a Lover worthy of all her Acknowledgments, but who ow'd his Heart to the moſt amiable Princeſs in the World.

While the Prince's Men were purſuing the Raviſhers of *Agnes*, he was left almoſt alone with her; and tho he had always reſolv'd to ſhun being ſo, yet his conſtancy was not proof againſt ſo fair an Occaſion: Madam, ſaid he to her, is it poſſible that Men born amongſt thoſe that Obey us, ſhould be capable of offending you? I never thought my ſelf deſtined to revenge ſuch an Offence; but ſince Heaven has permitted you to receive it, I will either periſh or make them repent it. Sir, replied *Agnes*, more concerned at this Diſcourſe than at the Enterprize of *Don Alvaro*, thoſe who are wanting in their Reſpect to the Princeſs and you, are not obliged to have any for me. I do not in the leaſt doubt but *Don Alvaro* was the Undertaker of this Enterprize, and I judg'd what I ought to fear from him, by what his Importunities have already made me ſuffer. He is ſure of the King's Protection, and he will make him an Accomplice in his Crime; but, Sir, Heaven conducted you hither happily for me, and I owe you for the liberty I have of ſerving the Princeſs yet longer. You

will

will do for *Constantia*, reply'd the Prince, what 'tis impossible not to do for you, your goodness attaches you to her, and my destiny ingages me to you for ever.

The modest *Agnes*, who fear'd this discourse as much as the Misfortune she had newly shunned, answer'd nothing but by down-cast Eyes, and the Prince who knew the trouble she was in, left her to go speak to his Men, who brought back one of those that belong'd to *Don Alvaro*, by whose confession he found the Truth; He Pardon'd him, thinking not fit to Punish him, who obey'd a Man whom the weakness of his Father had render'd powerful.

Afterwards, they conducted *Agnes* back to *Coimbra*, where her Adventure began to make a great Noise; the Princess was ready to die with Despair, and at first thought it was only a continuation of the design this fair Maid had of retiring; but some Women that serv'd her, having told the Princess, that she was carried away by Violence, *Constantia* made her complaint to the King, who regarded her not at all.

'Madam, said he to her, let this fatal Plague 'remove it self, who takes from you the Heart 'of your Husband, and without afflicting your 'self for her Absence, bless Heaven and me 'for it.

The Generous Princess took *Agnes*'s part with a great deal of Courage, and was then disputing her defence with the King, when *Don Pedro* arriv'd at *Coimbra*.

The first Object that met the Prince's Eyes was *Don Alvaro*, who was passing through one

of

of the Courts of the Palace, amidst a croud of Courtiers, whom his favour with the King drew after him. This sight made *Don Pedro* rage; but that of the Princess and *Agnes*, caus'd in him another sort of Emotion: He easily Divin'd, that it was *Don Pedro*, who had taken her from his Men, and if his fury had acted what it wou'd, it might have produc'd very sad effects.

'*Don Alvaro*, said the Prince to him, is it 'thus you make use of the Authority which 'the King my Father has given you? Have 'you receiv'd Employments and Power from 'him for no other end but to do base Actions, 'and to commit Rapes on Ladies? Are you 'ignorant how the Princess interrests her self 'in all that concerns this Maid? And do you 'not know the tender and affectionate esteem 'she has for her? No, reply'd *Don Alvaro*, (with an Insolence which had like to have put the Prince past all Patience) 'I am not igno-'rant of it, nor of the Interest your Heart 'takes in her. Base and treacherous as thou 'art, reply'd the Prince, neither the favour 'which thou hast so much abused, nor the In-'solence which makes thee speak this, should 'hinder me from punishing thee, wert thou 'worthy of my Sword; but there are other 'ways to humble thy Pride, and 'tis not fit 'for such an Arm as mine to seek so base an 'Imployment to punish such a Slave as thou 'art.

Don Pedro went away at these words and left *Alvaro* in a Rage, which is not to be expres'd; dispair to see himself defeated in an Enterprize

Enterprize he thought so sure, and at the Contempt the Prince shew'd him, he promis'd himself to sacrifice all to his Revenge.

Tho the King lov'd his Son, he was so prepossess'd against his Passion, that he could not Pardon him what he had done, and Condemn'd him as much for this last act of Justice in delivering *Agnes*, as if it had been the greatest of Crimes.

Elvira, whom the sweetness of hope flatter'd some Moments, saw the return of *Agnes* with a sensible Displeasure, which suffer'd her to think of nothing but irritating her Brother.

In fine, the Prince saw the King, but instead of being receiv'd by him with a joy, due to the success of his Journey, he appear'd all sullen and out of Humour. After having paid him his first Respects, and gave him an exact account of what he had done, he spoke to him about the Violence committed against the Person of *Agnes de Castro*, and complain'd to him of it in the Name of the Princess, and of his own. 'You ought to be silent in this Affair, 'reply'd the King, and the Motive which 'makes you speak, is so shameful for you, that 'I sigh and blush at it; what is it to you, if 'this Maid, whose Presence is troublesome to 'me, be remov'd hence, since 'tis I that de-'sire it? But, Sir, interrupted the Prince, what necessity is there of employing Force, Artifice, and the Night, when the least of your Orders had been sufficient; *Agnes* wou'd willingly have Obey'd you; and if she continue at *Coimbra*, 'tis perhaps against her will; but be it as it will, Sir, *Constantia* is offended,

and

and if it were not for fear of displeasing you, (the only thing that retains me) the Ravisher should not have gone Unpunish'd. 'How happy are you, reply'd the King, smiling with disdain, in making use of the name of *Constantia* to uphold the Interest of your Heart, you think I am ignorant of it, and that this unhappy Princess looks on the Injury you do her with indifference. Never speak to me more of *Agnes*, (with a Tone very severe) Content your self, that I Pardon what's past, and think maturely of the Considerations I have for *Don Alvaro*, when you would design any thing against him. Yes, Sir, reply'd the Prince with fierceness, I will speak to you no more of *Agnes*, but *Constantia*, and I will never suffer that she should be any more expos'd to the insolence of your Favourite. The King had like to have broke out into Rage at this Discourse; but he had yet a rest of Prudence left that hinder'd him. *Retire*, (said he to *Don Pedro*) *and go make reflections on what my Power can do, and what you owe me.*

During this Conversation *Agnes* was receiving from the Princess, and from all the Ladies of the Court, great expressions of Joy and Friendship, *Constantia* saw again her Husband, with a great deal of satisfaction, and far from being sorry at what he had lately done for *Agnes*, she privately return'd him Thanks for it, and still was the same towards him, notwithstanding all the Jealousie which was endeavour'd to be inspir'd in her.

Don Alvaro, who found in his Sister a Maliciousness worthy of his trust, did not conceal his

his fury from her. After she had made vain atttempts to moderate it, in blotting *Agnes* out of his Heart, seeing that his Disease was incurable, she made him understand, that so long as *Constantia* should not be Jealous, there was no Hopes. That if *Agnes* should once be suspected by her, she would not fail of Abandoning her, and that then it would be easie to get Satisfaction, the Prince being now so proud of *Constantia*'s Indulgency. In giving this Advice to her Brother, she promis'd to serve him effectually; and having no need of any body but her self to perform ill things, she recommended *Don Alvaro* to manage well the King.

Four Years were pass'd in that melancholy Station, and the Princess besides her first dead Child, and *Ferdinand*, who was still Living, had brought two Daughters into the World.

Some days after *Don Pedro*'s return, *Elvira*, who was most dextrous in the Art of well governing any wicked Design, did gain one of the Servants which belong'd to *Constantia* Chamber. She first spoke her fair, then overwhelm'd her with Presents and Gifts, and finding in her as ill a Disposition as in her self, she readily resolv'd to employ her.

After she was sure of her, she compos'd a Letter, which was after writ over again in an unknown Hand, which she deposited in that Maids, hands that she might deliver it to *Constantia* with the first opportunity, telling her, that *Agnes* had drop'd it. This was the substance of it.

I Employ not my own Hand to Write to you, for Reasons that I shall acquaint you with. How happy am I to have overcome all your Scruples! And what Happiness shall I find in the progess of our Intrigue! The whole course of my Life, shall continually represent to you the sincerity of my Affections; pray think on the secret Conversation that I require of you; I dare not speak to you in publick, therefore let me conjure you here, by all that I have suffer'd, to come to night to the place appointed, and speak to me no more of Constantia; *for she must be content with my Esteem, since my Heart can be only Yours.*

The unfaithful *Portugues* serv'd *Elvira* exactly to her Desires, and the very next day seeing *Agnes* go out from the Princess, she carry'd *Constantia* the Letter; which she took, and found there what she was far from imagining. Tenderness never produc'd an Effect more full of Grief, than what it made her suffer. *Alas, they are both culpable* (said she, Sighing;) *and in spight of the defence my Heart wou'd make for 'em, my Reason Condemns 'em. Unhappy Princess, the sad Subject of the Capriciousness of Fortune! why dost thou not die, since thou hast not a Heart of Honour to revenge it self?* O Don Pedro! *why did you give me your Hand without your Heart? And thou, Fair and Ungrateful! wert thou born to be the Misfortune of my Life, and perhaps the only cause of my Death.* After having given some Moments to the violence of her Grief, she call'd the Maid, who brought her the Letter, commanding her to speak of it to no body, and to suffer no one to enter into her Chamber.

She

She consider'd then of that Prince with more Liberty, whose Soul she was not able to touch with the least Tenderness; and of the Cruel Fair One, that had betray'd her: Yet, even while her Soul was upon the Rack, she was willing to excuse 'em, and ready to do all she could for *Don Pedro*; at least, she made a firm Resolution, not to Complain of him.

Elvira was not long without being inform'd of what had pass'd, nor of the Melancholy of the Princess, from whom she hop'd all she desir'd.

Agnes, far from foreseeing this Tempest, return'd to *Constantia*; and hearing of her Indisposition, pass'd the rest of the day at her Chamber Door, that she might from time to time learn News of her Health, for she was not suffer'd to come in, at which *Agnes* was both surpriz'd and troubl'd. The Prince had the same Destiny, and was astonish'd at an Order which ought to have excepted him.

The next Day *Constantia* appear'd, but so alter'd, that 'twas not difficult to imagine what she had suffer'd. *Agnes* was the most impatient to approach her, and the Princess could not forbear weeping. They were both silent for some time, and *Constantia* attributed this Silence of *Agnes* to some Remorse which she felt; and this unhappy Maid being able to hold no longer, *Is it possible, Madam* (said she,) *that two Days should have taken from me all the Goodness you had for me? What have I done? And for what do you punish me?* The Princess regarded her with a languishing Look, and return'd her no Answer but Sighs. *Agnes*, offended at this

Reserve, went out with very great Dissatisfaction and Anger; which contributed to her being thought Criminal. The Prince came in immediately after, and found *Constantia* more disorder'd than usual, and conjur'd her in a most Obliging Manner to take care of her Health. *The greatest Good for me* (said she) *is not the Continuation of my Life: I should have more Care of it if I lov'd you less; but* ——— She could not proceed; and the Prince, excessively afflicted at her Trouble, sigh'd sadly, without making her any Answer, which redoubled her Grief. Spight then began to mix it self; and all things perswading the Princess that they made a Sacrifice of her, she would enter into no Explanatiou with her Husband, but suffer'd him to go away without saying any thing to him.

Nothing is more capable of troubling our Reason, and consuming our Health, than secret Motions of Jealousie in Solitude.

Constantia, who us'd to open her Heart freely to *Agnes*, now believing she had deceiv'd her, abandon'd her self so absolutely to Grief, that she was ready to sink under it: She immediately fell sick with the Violence of it, and all the Court was concern'd at this Misfortune: *Don Pedro* was truly afflicted at it, but *Agnes* more than all the World beside. *Constantia*'s Coldness towards her, made her continually sigh; and her Distemper, created meerly by Fancy, caus'd her to reflect on every thing that offer'd it self to her Memory; so that at last she began even to fear her self, and to reproach her self for what the Princess suffer'd.

But

But the Distemper began to be such, that they fear'd *Constantia*'s Death, and she her self began to feel the Approaches of it. This Thought did not at all disquiet her; she look'd on Death as the only Relief from all her Torments, and regarded the Despair of all that approach'd her without the least Concern.

The King, who lov'd her tenderly, and who knew her Vertue, was infinitely mov'd at the Extremity she was in. And *Don Alvaro*, who lost not the least Occasion of making him understand, that it was Jealousie which was the Cause of *Constantia*'s Distemper, did but too much incense him against Criminals worthy of Compassion. The King was not of a Temper to conceal his Anger long. 'You give fine 'Examples (*said he to the Prince,*) and such as 'will render your Memory illustrious; and 'the Death of *Constantia* (of which you are 'only to be accus'd of) is the unhappy Fruit 'of your guilty passion. Fear Heaven after 'this; and behold your self as a Monster that 'does not deserve to see the Light. If the In-'tereſt you have in my Blood did not plead for 'you, what ought you not to fear from my 'just Resentment? But what must not im-'prudent *Agnes*, to whom nothing tyes me, 'expect from my hands? If *Constantia* dyes, 'she, who has the Boldness in my Court, to 'cherish a Foolish Flame by vain Hopes, and 'make us lose the most Amiable Princess, 'whom thou art not worthy to possess, shall 'feel the Effects of her Indiscretion.

Don Pedro knew very well, that *Constantia* was not ignorant of his Sentiments for *Agnes*;

but he knew also with what Moderation she receiv'd it: He was very sensible of the King's Reproaches; but as his Fault was not voluntary, and that a commanding Power, a fatal Star had forc'd him to love in spight of himself, he appear'd afflicted and confus'd. 'You 'condemn me, Sir, (*answered he*) without having well examin'd me; and if my Intentions were known to you, perhaps you would 'not find me so Criminal: I would take the 'Princess for my Judge, whom you say, I sacrifice, if she were in a Condition to be consulted. If I am guilty of any Weakness, her 'Justice never reproach'd me for it, and my 'Tongue never inform'd *Agnes* of it. But suppose I have committed any Fault, why wou'd 'you punish an Innocent Lady, who perhaps 'condemns me for it as much as you? Ah, 'Villain! (*interrupted the King,*) she has but 'too much favour'd you: You would not have 'Lov'd thus long, had she not made you some 'Returns. Sir, (*Reply'd the Prince, pierced with Grief for the Outrage that was committed against 'Agnes,*) you offend a Vertue, than which no'thing can be purer; and those Expressions 'which break from your Choler, are not worthy of you. *Agnes* never granted me any Favours; I never asked any of her; and I protest to Heaven, I never thought of any thing 'contrary to the Duty I owe *Constantia*.

As they thus Argued, one of the Princess her Women came all in Tears, to acquaint *Don Pedro*, That the Princess was in the last Extremities of Life. *Go, see thy Fatal Work,* (said the King,) *& expect from a too long patient Father the Usage thou deservest.* The

The Prince ran to *Conſtantia*, whom he found Dying, and *Agnes* in a Swoon, in the Arms of ſome of the Ladies, What caus'd this double Calamity was, that *Agnes*, who could ſuffer no longer the Indifferency of the Princeſs, had conjur'd her to tell her what was her Crime, and either to take her Life from her, or reſtore her Friendſhip.

Conſtantia, who found ſhe muſt die, could no longer keep her ſecret Affliction from *Agnes*; and after ſome Words, which were a preparative to the ſad Explanation, ſhe ſhew'd her that fatal Billet which *Elvira* had caus'd to be Written. 'Ah! Madam, (*cry'd out the 'fair* Agnes, *after having read it*;) Ah, Ma-'dam! How many cruel Inquietudes had you 'ſpar'd me, had you open'd your Heart to me 'with your wonted Bounty? 'Tis eaſy to ſee 'that this Letter is Counterfeit, and that I 'have Enemies without Compaſſion. Cou'd 'you believe the Prince ſo Impudent, to make 'uſe of any other hand but his own, on an 'Occaſion like this? And do you believe me 'ſo ſimple, to keep about me this Teſtimony 'of my Shame, with ſo little precaution? You 'are neither Betray'd by your Husband nor 'me; I atteſt Heaven, and thoſe Efforts I 'have made, to leave *Coimbra*. Alas, my dear 'Princeſs! How little have you known her, 'whom you have ſo much Honour'd? Do 'not believe, that when I have juſtify'd my 'ſelf, I will have any more Communication 'with the World. No, No; there will be no 'Retreat far enough from hence for me. I,

'will take care to hide this unlucky Face,
'where it shall be sure to do no more harm.

The Princess touch'd at this Discourse, and the Tears of *Agnes*, press'd her hand, which she held in hers; and fixing Looks upon her, capable of moving Pity in the most insensible Souls, 'If I have committed any Offence, my 'dear *Agnes*, (*answer'd she*) Death, which I ex-'pect in a Moment, shall revenge it. I ought 'also to protest to you, that I have not ceas'd 'loving you, and that I believe every thing 'you have said, giving you back my most ten-'der Affections.

'Twas at this time that the Grief, which equally oppress'd 'em, put the Princess into such an Extremity, that they sent for the Prince. He came and found himself almost without Life or Motion at this Sight: And what secret Motive soever might call him to the Aid of *Agnes*, 'twas to *Constantia* he ran. The Princess, who finding her last Moments drawing on, by a cold Sweat that cover'd her all over; and finding she had no more business with Life, and causing those Persons she most suspected to retire, 'Sir, (*said she to* Don 'Pedro) if I abandon Life without Regret, it 'is not without Trouble that I part with you. But, Prince, we must vanquish when we 'come to die; and I will forget my self 'wholly, to think of nothing but of you. I have 'no Reproaches to make against you, know-'ing that 'tis Inclination that disposes Hearts, 'and not Reason. *Agnes* is Beautiful enough 'to inspire the most ardent Passion, and Ver-'tuous enough to deserve the first Fortunes in the

'the World. I ask her once more Pardon for 'the Injustice I have done her, and recom-'mend her to you, as a Person most dear to 'me. Promise me, my dear Prince, before I 'Expire, to give her my place in your Throne; 'it cannot be better fill'd: You cannot chuse 'a Princess more perfect for your People, nor 'a better Mother for our little Children. And 'you, my Dear, and my faithful *Agnes* (*pur-'su'd she*) listen not to a Vertue too scrupulous, 'that may make any Opposition to the Prince 'of *Portugal*: Refuse him not a Heart, of 'which he is worthy; and give him that 'Friendship which you had for me, with that 'which is due to his Merit. Take care of my 'little *Fernando*, and the two young Prin-'cesses: Let 'em find me in you, and speak 'to 'em sometimes of me. Adieu; live both 'of you happy, and receive my last Embra-'ces.

The afflicted *Agnes*, who had recover'd a little her Forces, lost 'em again a second time. Her Weakness was follow'd with Convulsions so vehement, that they were afraid of her Life; but *Don Pedro* never remov'd from *Constantia*. What, Madam, (*said he*) you will 'leave me then; and you think 'tis for my 'Good. Alas, *Constantia*! if my Heart has 'committed any Out-rage against you, your 'Vertue has sufficiently reveng'd you on me, 'in spight of you. Can you think me so bar-'barous?——As he was going on, he saw Death shut the Eyes of the most Generous Princess for ever; and he was within a very little of following her.

But what loads of Grief was this for *Agnes*, when she found that in that Interval, when Life and Death were struggling in her Soul, that *Constantia* was newly expir'd! She would then have taken away her own Life, and have let her Despair fully appear.

At the noise of the Death of the Princess, the Town and the Palace was all in Tears. *Elvira* who saw then *Don Pedro* free to engage himself, repented of having contributed to the Death of *Agnes*, who thought her self the cause of it, promis'd her Griefs never to Pardon her self.

She had need of being guarded several days together; during which time, she fail'd not incessantly to Weep. And the Prince gave all those days to deepest Mourning: But when the first Emotions were past, those of his Love made him feel that he was still the same.

He was a long time without seeing *Agnes*, but this Absence of his serv'd only to make her appear the more Charming when he did see her.

Don Alvaro, who was afraid of the Liberty of the Prince, made new efforts to move *Agnes de Castro*, who was now become insensible to every thing but Grief. *Elvira*, who was willing to make the best of the Design she had begun, consulted all her Women's Arts, and the delicacy of her Wit, to revive the Flames with which the Prince once burnt for her: But his Inconstancy was bounded, and it was *Agnes* alone that was to reign over his Heart.

She

She had taken a firm Reſolution, ſince the Death of *Conſtantia*, to paſs the reſt of her days in a ſolitary Retreat. In ſpight of the pre-caution ſhe took to hide this Deſign, the Prince was inform'd of it, and did all he was able to diſpoſe his Conſtancy and Fortitude to it. He thought himſelf ſtronger than he really was; but after he had too well conſulted his Heart, he found but too well how neceſſary the Preſence of *Agnes* was to him. 'Madam, (*ſaid he to her one day, with a Heart 'big, and his Eyes in Tears*) Which action of my Life 'has made you determin my Death? Tho I never told 'you how much I lov'd you, yet I am perſwaded, you 'are not ignorant of it. I was conſtrain'd to be Si-'lent during ſome Years for your ſake, for *Conſtantia*'s and 'my own; but 'tis not poſſible for me to put this Force 'upon my Heart for ever: I muſt once at leaſt tell you 'how it languiſhes. Receive then the Aſſurances of a 'Paſſion, full of Reſpect and Ardour; with an offer of 'my Fortune, which I wiſh not better, but for your 'Advantage.

Agnes anſwer'd not immediately to theſe Words, but with abundance of Tears; which having wip'd away, and beholding *Don Pedro* with an Air which made him eaſily comprehend ſhe did not agree with his Deſires; 'If I were capable of the Weakneſs with which you 'wou'd inſpire me, you wou'd be oblig'd to puniſh me 'for it. What! (*ſaid ſhe*) *Conſtantia* is ſcarce Bury'd, 'and you wou'd have me offend her! No, my Princeſs, '(*added ſhe with more Softneſs*;) No, no: She whom 'you have heap'd ſo many Favours on, will not call 'down the Anger of Heaven, and the Contempt of Men 'upon her, by an Action ſo Perfidious. Be not obſti-'nate then in a Deſign in which I will never ſhew you 'Favour. You owe to *Conſtantia* after her Death, a 'Fidelity that may juſtifie you: And I to repair the 'Ills I have made her ſuffer, ought to ſhun all Converſe 'with you. Go, Madam, (*reply'd the Prince, growing 'Pale*;) go, and expect the news of my Death, in that 'part of the World, whither your Cruelty ſhall lead 'you, the News ſhall follow cloſe after; you ſhall quickly

'quickly hear of it; and I will go ſeek it in thoſe Wars 'which reign among my Neigbours.

Theſe Words made the fair *Agnes de Caſtro* perceive that her Innocency was not ſo great as ſhe Imagin'd, and that her Heart intereſted it ſelf in the Preſervation of *Don Pedro*. 'You ought Sir, to preſerve your Life, '(*reply'd* Agnes) for the ſake of the little Prince and 'Princeſſes, which *Conſtantia* has left you. Wou'd 'you abandon their Youth (*continu'd ſhe, with a tender 'Tone*) to the Cruelty of *Don Alvaro*? Live, Sir; live! 'and let the unhappy *Agnes* be the only Sacrifice. Alas, 'cruel Maid! (*interrupted* Don Pedro;) why do you 'command me to live, if I cannot live with you? Is it an 'effect of your Hatred? No, Sir, (*reply'd* Agnes) I do 'not hate you; and I wiſh to God that I cou'd be in-'different, that I might be able to defend my ſelf againſt 'the Weakneſs with which I find my ſelf poſſeſs'd. Ob-'lige me to ſay no more, Sir: You ſee my Bluſhes, In-'terpret them as you pleaſe; but conſider yet, that the 'leſs Averſion I find I have for you, the more culpable 'I am; and that I ought no more to ſee, or ſpeak to 'you. In fine, Sir, if you oppoſe my Retreat, I de-'clare to you, that *Don Alvaro*, as Opious as he is to 'me, ſhall ſerve for a Defence againſt you; and that I 'will ſooner conſent to Marry a Man I Abhor, than to 'favour a Paſſion that coſt *Conſtantia* her Life. Well 'then, *Agnes*, (*reply'd the Prince, with Looks all languiſh-'ing and dying*) follow the Motions which barbarous 'Vertue inſpires you with; take thoſe Meaſures you 'judge neceſſary, againſt an unfortunate Lover, and en-'joy the Glory of having cruellyrefus'd me.

At theſe Words he went away; and as troubled as *Agnes* was, ſhe would not ſtay him: Her Courage Com-bated with her Grief, and ſhe thought now, more than ever, of departing.

'Twas difficult for her to go out of *Coimbra*; and not to defer what appear'd to her ſo neceſſary; ſhe went im-mediately to the Apartment of the King, notwithſtand-ing the Intereſt of *Don Alvaro*. The King receiv'd her with a Countenance ſevere, not being able to conſent to

what

what she demanded. 'You shall not go hence (*said he*) 'and if you are wise, you shall enjoy here, with *Don* '*Alvaro*, both my Friendship, and my Favour. I have 'taken another Resolution, (*answer'd* Agnes) and the 'World has no part in it. You will accept *Don Pedro*, '(*reply'd the King*;) his Fortune is sufficient to satisfie 'an Ambitious Maid: But you will not succeed *Constan-* '*tia*, who lov'd you so tenderly; and *Spain* has Princes- 'ses enough to fill up part of the Throne which I shall 'leave him. Sir, (*reply'd* Agnes, *piqu'd at this Discourse*) 'If I had a disposition to Love, and a design to Marry, 'perhaps the Prince might be the only Person on whom 'I wou'd fix 'em: And you know, if my Ancestors did 'not possess Crowns, yet they were worthy to wear 'em. 'But let it be how it will, I am resolv'd to depart, and 'to remain no longer a Slave in a place to which I came 'Free.

This bold Answer, which shew'd the Character of *Agnes*, anger'd and astonish'd the King. *You shall go when we think fit*, (reply'd he) *and without being a Slave at* Coimbra, *you shall attend our Orders.*

Agnes saw she must stay, and was so griev'd at it, that she kept her Chamber several Days, without daring to inform her self of the Prince; and this Retirement spar'd her the Affliction of being visited by *Don Alvaro.*

During this, *Don Pedro* fell sick, and was in so great Danger, that there was a general apprehension of his Death. *Agnes* did not in the least doubt, but it was an effect of his Discontent: She thought at first she had Strength and Resolution enough to see him Die, rather than to favour him; but had she reflected a little, she had soon been convinc'd to the contrary: She found not in her Heart that cruel Constancy, she thought there so well establish'd; she felt Pains and Inquietude, shed Tears, made Wishes; and in fine, discover'd that she Lov'd.

'Twas impossible to see the Heir of the Crown, a Prince that deserv'd so well, even at the point of Death, without a general Affliction: The People who lov'd him, pass'd whole days at the Palace-gate to hear

News

News of him: The Court was all overwhelm'd with Grief.

Don Alvaro knew very well how to conceal a malicious Joy, under an appearance of Sadneſs. *Elvira* full of Tenderneſs, and perhaps of Remorſe, ſuffer'd alſo on her ſide. The King, altho he condemn'd the Love of his Son, yet ſtill had a Tenderneſs for him, and cou'd not reſolve to loſe him. *Agnes de Caſtro*, who knew the Cauſe of his Diſtemper, expected the end of it, with ſtrange Anxieties. In fine, after a Month had paſs'd away in fears, they began to have a little hopes of his Recovery. The Prince, and *Don Alvaro* were the only Perſons that were not glad of it. But *Agnes* Rejoyc'd enough for all the reſt.

Don Pedro ſeeing that he muſt Live whether he wou'd or no, thought of nothing, but paſſing his days in Melancholy and Diſcontent: As ſoon as he was in a condition to walk, he ſought out the moſt ſolitary Places; and gain'd ſo much upon his own Weakneſs, to go every where, where *Agnes* was not; but her *Idea* follow'd him always, and his Memory faithful to repreſent her to him, with all her Charms, render'd her always Dangerous.

One day when they had carry'd him into the Garden, he ſought out a Labyrinth which was at the fartheſt part of it, to hide his Melancholy, during ſome Hours; there he found the ſad *Agnes*, whom Grief, little different from his, had brought thither; the ſight of her, whom he expected not, made him Tremble: She ſaw by his Pale and Meagre Face, the remains of his Diſtemper; his Eyes full of languiſhment troubled her, and tho her deſire was ſo great to have fled from him, an unknown Power ſtopt her, and 'twas impoſſible for her to go.

After ſome Moments of ſilence, which many Sighs interrupted, *Don Pedro* rais'd himſelf from the place, where his weakneſs had forc'd him to ſit; he made *Agnes* ſee as he approached her, the ſad Marks of his Sufferings, and not content with the pity he ſaw in her Eyes, 'You 'have reſolv'd my Death then, cruel *Agnes*, (*ſaid he*) 'my deſire was the ſame with yours, but Heaven has

thought

'thought fit to reserve me for other Misfortunes, and I see 'you again as unhappy, but more in love than ever.

There was no need of these Words to move *Agnes* to Compassion, the Languishment of the Prince spoke enough: And the Heart of this Fair Maid, was but too much dispos'd to yield it self. She thought then that *Constantia* ought to be satisfied: Love which Combated for *Don Pedro* Triumphed over Friendship, and found that happy Moment for which the Prince of *Portugal* had so long sighed.

Do not reproach me, for that which has cost me more than you, Sir, (reply'd she) *and do not accuse a Heart, which is neither Ingrateful nor Barbarous; and I must tell you that I love you. But now I have made you that Confession, what is it farther that you require of me? Don Pedro,* who expected not a Change so favourable, felt a double satisfaction, and falling at the Feet of *Agnes*, he express'd more by the silence of his Passion created, than he could have done by the most Eloquent Words.

After having known all his good Fortune, he then consulted with the Amiable *Agnes*, what was to be fear'd from the King; they concluded that the Cruel Billet, which so troubled the last days of *Constantia*, could come from none but *Elvira* and *Don Alvaro*. The Prince who knew that his Father had search'd already an Alliance for him, and was resolv'd on his Favourites Marrying *Agnes*, conjur'd her so tenderly to prevent these Persecutions, by consenting to a secret Marriage; that after having a long time considered, she at last consented, *I will do what you will have me,* (said she) *though I presage nothing but fatal Events from it; all my Blood turns to Ice, when I think of this Marriage, and the Image of* Constantia *seems to hinder me from doing it.*

The Amorous Prince surmounted all her Scruples, and separated himself from *Agnes*, with a satisfaction which soon redoubled his Forces; he saw her afterward with the pleasure of a Mystery, and the Day of their Union arriv'd: *Dom Gill*, Bishop of *Guarda*, performed the Ceremony of the Marriage, in the presence of several Witnesses, faithful to *Don Pedro*, who saw him Possessor of all the Charms of the fair *Agnes*.

She

She liv'd not the more peaceable for belonging to the Prince of *Portugal*; her Enemies who continually perſecuted her, left her not without Troubles, and the King whom her refuſal inrag'd, laid his abſolute Commands on her, to Marry *Don Alvaro*, with Threats to force her to it, if ſhe continued Rebellious.

The Prince took loudly her part, and this joyn'd to the Refuſal he made of marrying the Princeſs of *Arragon*, caus'd ſuſpicions of the Truth in the King his Father.

He was ſeconded by thoſe that were too much intereſted, not to unriddle this Secret. *Don Alvaro* and his Siſter acted with ſo much care, gave ſo many Gifts, and made ſo many Promiſes, that they diſcovered the Secret Engagements of *Don Pedro* and *Agnes*.

The King wanted but little of breaking out into all the rage and fury ſo great a diſappointment could inſpire him with, againſt the Princeſs. *Don Alvaro*, whoſe Love was chang'd into the moſt violent Hatred, appeas'd the firſt Tranſports of the King, by making him comprehend that if they could break the Marriage of 'em, that would not be a ſufficient Revenge, and ſo poyſoned the Soul of the King, to conſent to the Death of *Agnes*.

The Barbarous *Don Alvaro* offered his Arm for this terrible Execution, and his Rage was ſecurity for the Sacrifice.

The King, who thought the Glory of his Family diſgraced by this Alliance, and his own in particular in the procedure of his Son, gave full Power to this Murder, to make the innocent *Agnes*, a Victim to his Rage.

It was not eaſie to execute this horrid Deſign: Though the Prince ſaw *Agnes* but in ſecret, yet all his Cares were ſtill awake for her, and he was marryed to her above a Year, before *Don Alvaro* could find out an Opportunity ſo long ſought for.

The Prince diverted himſelf but little, and very rarely went far from *Coimbra*: But on a Day, an Unfortunate Day, and mark'd out by Heaven for an unheard of and Horrid Aſſaſſin, he made a Party to hunt at a fine Houſe, which the King of *Portugal* had near the City.

Agnes lov'd every thing that gave the Prince ſatisfa-

ction; but a secret Trouble made her apprehend some misfortune in this unhappy Journey. *Sir*, (said she) to him alarm'd, without knowing the Reason why I tremble, *seeing you to day, as it were design'd the last of my Life. Preserve your self my Dear Prince, and though the Exercise you take be not very dangerous, beware of the least Hazards; and bring me back all that I trust with you.* Don Pedro, who had never found her so Handsome and so Charming before, embraced her several times, and went out of the Palace with his Followers, with a design not to return till the next Day.

He was no sooner gone, but the Cruel *Don Alvaro* prepared himself for the Execution he had resolv'd on; he thought it of that importance, that it requir'd more hands than his Own; and so chose for his Companions *Diego Lopes Pacheo*, and *Pedro Cuello*, two Monsters like himself, whose Cruelty he was assur'd of by the Presents he had made 'em.

They waited the coming of the Night, and the lovely *Agnes* was in her first sleep, which was the last of her Life, when these Assassins approach'd her Bed. Nothing made resistance to *Don Alvaro*, who could do every thing, and whom the Blackest Furies introduced to *Agnes*; she wakened, and opening her Curtains, saw by the Candle burning in her Chamber, the Poniard with which *Don Alvaro* was arm'd: He having not his Face covered she easily knew him, and forgetting her self to think of nothing but the Prince. *Just Heaven*, (said she) lifting up her fine Eyes, *If you will revenge* Constantia, *satisfie your self with my Blood only, and spare that of* Don Pedro. The Barbarous Man that heard her, gave her not time to say more; and finding he could never (by all he could do by Love) touch the Heart of the Fair *Agnes*, he pierc'd it with his Poynard; his Accomplices gave her several Wounds, tho' there were no Necessity of so many to put an End to an Innocent Life.

What a sad Spectacle was this for those who approach'd her Bed the next Day, and what dismal News was this to the Unfortunate Prince of *Portugal*! He return'd to *Coimbra*, at the first Report of this Adventure,

and

and ſaw what had certainly coſt him his Life, if Men could dye of Grief; after having a thouſand times embraced the Bloody Body of *Agnes*, and ſaid all that a juſt Deſpair could inſpire him with, he ran like a Mad-Man into the Palace, demanding the Murderers of his Wife, of things that could not hear him: In fine, he ſaw the King, and without obſerving any Reſpect, he gave a Looſe to his Reſentment; after having rail'd a long time, overwhelm'd with Grief, he fell into a Swoon, which continued all that Day: They carryed him into his Apartment, and the King believing that this Misfortune would prove his Cure, repented not of what he had permitted.

Don Alvaro, and the two other Aſſaſſins, quitted *Coimbra*. This Abſence of theirs, made 'em appear guilty of the Crime, for which the Afflicted Prince vowed a ſpeedy Vengeance to the Ghoſt of his Lovely *Agnes*, reſolving to purſue them to the uttermoſt part of the Univerſe: He got a conſiderable Number of Men together, ſufficient to have made Reſiſtance, even on the King of *Portugal* himſelf, if he ſhould yet take the Part of the Murderers; with theſe he ravaged the whole Country, as far as the *Duero* Waters, and carryed on a War, even till the Death of the King, continually mixing Tears with Blood, which he gave to the Revenge of his Deareſt *Agnes*.

Such was the Deplorable End of the Unfortunate Love *Don Pedro* of *Portugal*, and of the Fair *Agnes de Caſtro*, whoſe Remembrance he faithfully preſerved in his heart, even upon the Throne, to which he mounted by the Right of his Birth, after the Death of the King.

FINIS.

THE LOVER's Watch.

The ARGUMENT.

THIS in the most Happy and August Court of the Best and Greatest Monarch of the World, that *Damon*, a young Nobleman, whom we will render under that Name, languishes for a Maid of Quality, who will give us leave to call her *Iris*:

Their Births are equally Illustrious; they are both Rich, and both Young; their Beauty such, as I dare not too nicely particularize, lest I should discover (which I am not permitted to do) who these charming Lovers are. Let it suffice, that *Iris* is the most fair and accomplisht Person that ever adorn'd a Court; and that *Damon* is only worthy of the Glory of her Favour; for he has all that can render him Lovely in the fair Eyes of the Amiable *Iris*. Nor is he Master of those Superficial Beauties alone, that please at first Sight; he can charm the Soul with a thousand Arts of Wit and Gallantry. And, in a word, I may say, without flattering either, that there is no one Beauty, no one Grace, no Perfection of Mind and Body, that wants to compleat a Victory on both sides.

The Agreement of Age, Fortunes, Quality and Humours in the two fair Lovers, made the impatient *Damon* hope, that nothing would oppoſe his Paſſion; and if he ſaw himſelf every Hour, languiſhing for the Adorable Maid, he did not however deſpair: And if *Iris* ſigh'd, it was not for fear of being one day more happy.

In the midſt of the Tranquility of theſe two Lovers, *Iris* was obliged to go into the Country for ſome Months, whither 'twas impoſſible for *Damon* to wait on her, he being oblig'd to attend the King his Maſter; and being the moſt Amorous of his Sex, ſuffer'd with extream Impatience the Abſence of his Miſtreſs. Nevertheleſs, he fail'd not to ſend to her every day, and gave up all his melancholy Hours to Thinking, Sighing, and Writing to her the ſofteſt Letters that Love could inſpire. So that *Iris* even bleſſed that Abſence, that gave her ſo tender and convincing Proofs of his Paſſion; and found this dear way of Converſing, even recompenced all her Sighs for his Abſence.

After a little Intercourſe of this kind, *Damon* bethought himſelf to ask *Iris* a *Diſcretion*, which he had won of her, before ſhe left the Town; and in a *Billet-doux* to that purpoſe, preſt her very earneſtly for it. *Iris* being infinitely pleas'd with his Importunity, ſuffer'd him to ask it often; and he never fail'd of doing ſo.

But as I do not here deſign to relate the Adventures of theſe two Amiable Perſons, nor give you all the *Billet-douxes* that paſt between them: You ſhall here find nothing but the *Watch*, this charming Maid ſent her impatient Lover.

Iris

IRIS to *DAMON*.

IT muſt be confeſt, *Damon*, that you are the moſt importuning Man in the World. Your Billets have an hundred times demanded a *Diſcretion*, which you won of me; and tell me, you will not wait my Return, to be paid. You are either a very faithleſs Creditor, or believe me very unjuſt, that you dun with ſuch Impatience. But, to let you ſee I am a Maid of Honour, and value my Word, I will acquit my ſelf of this Obligation I have to you, and ſend you a *Watch* of my faſhion; perhaps you never ſaw any ſo good. It is not one of thoſe, that have always ſomething to be mended in it; but one that is without Fault, very juſt and good, and will remain ſo, as long as you continue to love me. But *Damon*, know, that the very Minute you ceaſe to do ſo, the String will break, and it will go no more. 'Tis only uſeful in my Abſence, and when I return, 'twill change its Motion: And though I have ſet it but for the Spring-time, 'twill ſerve you the whole Year round; and 'twill be neceſſary only, that you alter the buſineſs of the Hours (which my *Cupid*, in the middle of my *Watch*, points you out) according to the length of the Days and Nights. Nor is the

Dart of that little God directed to thoſe Hours, ſo much to inform you how they paſs, as how you ought to paſs them, how you ought to employ thoſe of your Abſence from *Iris*. 'Tis there you ſhall find the whole Buſineſs of a Lover, from his Miſtreſs; for I have deſign'd it a Rule to all your Actions. The Conſideration of the Workman, ought to make you ſet a Value upon the Work: And though it be not an accompliſht, and perfect Piece; yet *Damon*, you ought to be grateful, and eſteem it, ſince I have made it for you alone. But however I may boaſt of the Deſign, I know, as well as I believe, you love me; that you will not ſuffer me to have the Glory of it wholly, but will ſay in your heart,

That Love, *the great Inſtructor of the Mind,*
That forms anew, and faſhions every Soul,
Refines the groſs Defects of Humane kind;
Humbles the Proud and Vain, inſpires the Dull:
Gives Cowards noble Heat in Fight,
And teaches feeble Woman how to write:
That doth the Univerſe command;
Does from my Iris *Heart direct her Hand.*

I give you the liberty to ſay this to your Heart, if you pleaſe: And that you may know, with what Juſtice you do ſo, I will confeſs in my turn.

The

The Confeſſion.

That Love's *my Conduct where I go,*
And Love *inſtructs me all I do.*
Prudence no longer is my Guide,
Nor take I Counſel of my Pride.
In vain does Honour now invade,
In vain does Reaſon take my part;
If againſt Love *it do perſwade,*
If it rebel againſt my Heart.

If the ſoft Ev'ning do invite,
And I incline to take the Air,
The Birds, the Spring, the Flowers no more delight;
'Tis Love *makes all the Pleaſure there;*
Love, *which about me ſtill I bear:*
I'm charm'd with what I thither bring,
And add a Softneſs to the Spring.

If for Devotion I deſign,
Love *meets me, even at the Shrine;*
In all my Worſhips claims a part,
And robs even Heaven of my Heart.
All Day does counſel and controul,
And all the Night employs my Soul.
No wonder then, if all you think be true,
That Love's *concern'd in all I do for you.*

And, *Damon*, you know that *Love* is no ill Maſter; and I muſt ſay, with a Bluſh, that he has found me no unapt Schollar; and he inſtructs too agreeably, not to ſucceed in all he undertakes:

Who can resist his soft Commands?
When he resolves, what God withstands?

But I ought to explain to you my *Watch*: The naked *Love* which you will find in the middle of it, with his Wings clip'd, to shew you he is fix'd and constant, and will not fly away, points you out, with his Arrow, the four and twenty Hours that compose the Day and the Night: Over every Hour you will find written what you ought to do, during its Course; and every Half-hour is marked with a Sigh, since the quality of a Lover is, to sigh day and night: Sighs are the Children of Lovers, that are born every hour. And that my *Watch* may always be just, *Love* himself ought to conduct it, and your Heart should keep Time with the Movement:

My Present's delicate, and new,
If by your Heart the Motion's set;
According as that's false, or true,
You'll find, my Watch will answer it.

Every hour is tedious to a Lover, separated from his Mistress; and, to shew you how good I am, I will have my *Watch* instruct you, to pass some of them without Inquietude; that the force of your Imagination may sometimes charm the Trouble you have for my Absence.

Perhaps

Perhaps I am miſtaken here,
My Heart may too much Credit give;
But Damon, *you can charm my Fear,*
And ſoon my Error undeceive.

But I will not diſturb my Repoſe at this time, with a Jealouſie, which, I hope is altogether frivolous and vain; but begin to inſtruct you in the Myſteries of my *Watch*: Caſt then your Eyes upon the Eighth Hour in the Morning, which is the Hour I would have you begin to wake: You will find there written,

---

VIII A-Clock.

Agreeable Reverie.

DO not riſe yet; you may find Thoughts agreeable enough, when you awake, to entertain you longer in Bed. And 'tis in that hour you ought to recollect all the Dreams you had in the Night. If you have dream'd any thing to my Advantage, confirm your ſelf in that thought; but if to my Diſadvantage, renounce it, and diſown the injurious Dream. 'Tis in this Hour alſo, that I give you leave to reflect on all that I have ever ſaid and done, that has been moſt obliging to you, and that gives you the moſt tender Sentiments.

The Reflection.

Remember Damon, *while your Mind*
Reflects on things that charm and pleaſe,
You give me Proofs that you are kind,
And ſet my doubting Soul at eaſe:
For when your Heart receives with Joy
The thoughts of Favours which I give,
My Smiles in vain I not employ,
And on the Square we love and live.

Think then on all I ever did,
That e're was charming, e're was dear.
Let nothing from that Soul be hid,
Whoſe Griefs and Joys I feel and ſhare.
All that your Love and Faith have ſought,
All that your Vows and Sighs have bought,
Now render preſent to your Thought.

And for what's to come, I give you leave, *Damon*, to flatter your ſelf, and to expect, I ſhall ſtill purſue thoſe Methods, whoſe remembrance charms ſo well; But, if it be poſſible, conceive theſe kind Thoughts between Sleeping and Waking, that all my too forward Complaiſance, my Goodneſs, and my Tenderneſs, which I confeſs to have for you, may paſs for half Dreams; for 'tis moſt certain,

That, though the Favours of the Fair
Are ever to the Lover dear;

Yet,

Yet, leſt he ſhould reproach that eaſie Flame,
That buys its Satisfaction with its Shame,
She ought but rarely to confeſs,
How much ſhe finds of Tenderneſs;
Nicely to guard the yielding part,
And hide the hard-kept Secret in her Heart.

For, let me tell you, *Damon*, though the Paſſion of a Woman of Honour be never ſo innocent, and the Lover never ſo diſcreet and honeſt; her Heart feels I know not what of Reproach within, at the Reflection of any Favours ſhe has allow'd him. For my part, I never call to mind the leaſt ſoft, or kind Word I have ſpoken to *Damon*, without finding, at the ſame inſtant, my Face cover'd over with Bluſhes, and my Heart with ſenſible Pain. I ſigh at the Remembrance of every Touch I have ſtol'n from his Hand, and have upbraided my Soul, which confeſſes ſo much guilty Love, as that ſecret deſire of Touching him made appear. I am angry at the Diſcovery, though I am pleas'd at the ſame time, with the Satisfaction I take in doing ſo; and ever diſorder'd at the remembrance of ſuch Arguments of too much Love. And theſe unquiet Sentiments alone, are ſufficient to perſwade me, that our Sex cannot be reſerv'd too much. And I have often, on theſe occaſions, ſaid to my ſelf,

The

The Reserve.

Though Damon *every Vertue have,*
With all that pleases in his Form,
That can adorn the Just and Brave,
That can the coldest Bosom warm;
Though Wit and Honour there abound;
Yet the Pursuer's ne'r pursu'd,
And when my Weakness he has found,
His Love will sink to Gratitude:
While on the Asking Part he lives,
'Tis she th'Obliger is, who gives.

And he that, at one throw, the Stake has won,
Gives over Play, since all the Stock is gone.
And what dull Gamester ventures certain Store
With Losers, who can set no more.

IX A-Clock.

Design to please no Body.

I Should continue to accuse you of that Vice I have often done, that of Laziness, if you remain'd past this Hour in Bed; 'tis time for you to rise; my *Watch* tells you 'tis Nine a-Clock. Remember that I am absent, therefore do not take too much pains in dressing your self, and setting your Person off.

The

The Question.

Tell me! What can he design,
Who in his Miſtreſs abſence will be fine?
Why does he Cock, and Comb, and Dreſs?
Why is the Cravat-ſtring in print?
What does th' Embroyder'd Coat confeſs?
Why to the Glaſs this long Addreſs,
If there be nothing in't?
If no new Conqueſt is deſign'd,
If no Beauty fill his Mind?

Let Fools and Fops, whoſe Talents lie
In being neat, in being ſpruce,
Be dreſt, in vain, and tawdery;
With Men of Sence, 'tis out of uſe:
The only Folly that Diſtinction ſets
Between the noiſie flutt'ring Fools and Wits.

Remember, Iris *is away;*
And ſighing, to your Valet cry,
Spare your Perfumes and Care, to day
I have no buſineſs to be gay,
Since Iris *is not by.*
I'll be all negligent in Dreſs,
And ſcarce ſet off for Complaiſance.
Put me on nothing that may pleaſe,
But only ſuch as may give no Offence.

Say to your ſelf, as you are Dreſſing, "Would it pleaſe Heaven, that I might ſee "*Iris* to day! But Oh! 'tis impoſſible: There- "fore all that I ſhall ſee, will be but indifferent

"Ob-

"Objects, since 'tis *Iris* only that I wish to see. And sighing, whisper to your self:

The Sigh.

Ah! Charming Object of my wishing Thought!
Ah! Soft Idea of a distant Bliss!
That only art in Dreams and Fancy brought,
To give short Intervals of Happiness.
But when I waking, find thou absent art;
And with thee, all that I adore,
What Pains, what Anguish fills my Heart!
What Sadness seizes me all o're!
All Entertainments I neglect,
Since Iris *is no longer there:*
Beauty scarce claims my bare Respect,
Since in the Throng I find not her.
Ah then! How vain it were to dress, and show,
Since all I wish to please, is absent now!

'Tis with these Thoughts, *Damon*, that your Mind ought to be employed, during your time of Dressing: And you are too knowing in Love, to be ignorant,

That when a Lover ceases to be blest
With the dear Object he desires,
Ah! How indifferent are the rest!
How soon their Conversation tires!

Though they a thousand Arts to please, invent,
Their Charms are dull, their Wit impertinent.

X A-Clock.

Reading of Letters.

MY *Cupid* points you now to the Hour, in which you ought to retire into your Cabinet, having already paſt an Hour in Dreſſing; and for a Lover, who is ſure not to appear before his Miſtreſs, even that Hour is too much to be ſo employ'd. But I will think, you thought of nothing leſs than Dreſſing, while you were about it. Loſe then no more Minutes, but open your Scrutore, and read over ſome of thoſe Billets you have receiv'd from me. Oh! What Pleaſures a Lover feels about his Heart, in reading thoſe from a Miſtreſs he entirely loves!

The Joy.

Who, but a Lover can expreſs
The Joys, the Pants, the Tenderneſs,
That the ſoft Amorous Soul invades,
While the dear Billet-doux *he reads?*
Raptures Divine the Heart o'er-flow;
Which he that Loves not, cannot know.

A thouſand Tremblings, thouſand Fears,
The ſhort-breath'd Sighs, the joyful Tears;
The Tranſport, where the Love's confeſt,
The Change, where Coldneſs is expreſt;
The diff'ring Flames the Lover burns,
As thoſe are ſhy, or kind, by Turns.

Howe-

However you find 'em, *Damon*, conſtrue 'em all to my Advantage: Poſſibly, ſome of 'em have an Air of Coldneſs, ſomething different from that Softneſs they are uſually too amply fill'd with; but where you find they have, believe there, that Sence of Honour, and my Sexes Modeſty, guided my Hand a little, againſt the Inclinations of my Heart; and that it was a kind of an Atonement, I believed, I ought to make, for ſomething I feared, I had ſaid too kind, and too obliging before: But where-ever you find that, ſtop that Check in my Carriere of Love; you will be ſure to find ſomething that follows it to favour you, and deny that unwilling Impoſition upon my Heart; which, leſt you ſhould miſtake, *Love* ſhews himſelf in Smiles again, and flatters more agreeably, diſdaining the Tyranny of Honour, and Rigid Cuſtom, that Impoſition on our Sex; and will, in ſpight of me, let you ſee, he Reigns abſolutely in my Soul.

The Reading my *Billet-doux* may detain you an Hour; I have had Goodneſs enough to write you enough to entertain you ſo long, at leaſt, and ſometimes reproach my ſelf for it; but, contrary to all my Scruples, I find my ſelf diſpos'd to give you thoſe frequent Marks of my Tenderneſs. If yours be ſo great as you expreſs it, you ought to kiſs my Letters a Thouſand times, you ought to read them with Attention, and weigh every Word, and value every Line. A Lover may receive a Thouſand indearing Words from a Miſtreſs, more eaſily than a Billet. One ſays a great many kind Things of Courſe

Courſe to a Lover, which one is not willing to write, or to give teſtify'd under one's Hand, Sign'd and Seal'd. But when once a Lover has brought his Miſtreſs to that degree of Love, he ought to aſſure himſelf, ſhe loves not at the common Rate.

Love's Witneſs.

Slight, unpremeditated Words are born
By every common Wind, into the Air;
Careleſly utter'd, die as ſoon as born,
And in one inſtant, give both Hope and Fear:
Breathing all Contraries with the ſame Wind,
According to the Caprice of the Mind.

But Billets-doux *are conſtant Witneſſes,*
Subſtantial Records to Eternity;
Juſt Evidences, who the Truth confeſs;
On which, the Lover ſafely may rely:
They're ſerious Thoughts, digeſted and reſolv'd;
And laſt, when Words are into Clouds devolv'd.

I will not doubt, but you give Credit to all that is Kind in my Letters; and I will believe, you find a Satisfaction in the Entertainment they give you, and that the Hour of Reading 'em is not diſagreeable to you. I cou'd wiſh, your Pleaſure might be Extream, even to the Degree of ſuffering the Thought of my Abſence not to diminiſh any Part of it. And I cou'd wiſh too, at the End of your Reading, you wou'd ſigh with Pleaſure, and ſay to your ſelf,——

The

The Tranſport.

O Iris! *While you thus can charm,*
While at this Diſtance, you can wound and warm;
My abſent Torments I will bleſs and bear,
That give me ſuch dear Proofs, how kind you are.
Preſent, the valu'd Store was only ſeen:
Now I am rifling the bright Maſs within.

Every dear paſt, and happy Day,
When Languiſhing at Iris *Feet, I lay;*
When all my Prayers, and all my Tears cou'd move
No more than her Permiſſion, I ſhould love:
Vain with my Glorious Deſtiny,
I thought, beyond, ſcarce any Heaven cou'd be.

But, Charming Maid, now I am taught,
That Abſence has a thouſand Joys to give,
On which, the Lover, preſent, never thought,
That recompence the Hours we grieve.
Rather by Abſence let me be undone,
Than forfeit all the Pleaſures that has won.

With this little Rapture, I wiſh you wou'd finiſh the Reading my Letters, ſhut your Scrutore, and quit your Cabinet; for my *Love* leads to Eleven A-Clock.

XI A-

XI A-Clock.

The Hour to Write in.

IF my *Watch* did not inform you, 'tis now time to Write: I believe, *Damon*, your Heart wou'd; and tell you alſo, that I ſhould take it kindly, if you wou'd employ a whole Hour that way; and that you ſhou'd never loſe an Occaſion of Writing to me, ſince you are aſſur'd of the Welcome I give your Letters. Perhaps you will ſay, an Hour is too much, and that 'tis not the Mode to write long Letters. I grant you, *Damon*, when we write thoſe indifferent ones, of Gallantry in Courſe, or neceſſary Compliment; the handſome Compriſing of which, in the feweſt Words, renders 'em the moſt agreeable: But in Love, we have a Thouſand fooliſh things to ſay, that, of themſelves, bear no great Sound, but have a mighty Sence in Love; for there is a peculiar Eloquence, natural alone to a Lover, and to be underſtood by no other Creature: To thoſe, Words have a thouſand Graces, and Sweetneſſes; which, to the Unconcerned, appears Meanneſs, and Eaſie Senſe, at the beſt. But, *Damon*, you and I are none of thoſe ill Judges of the Beauties of Love; we can penetrate beyond the Vulgar, and perceive the fine Soul in every Line, through all the humble Dreſs of Phraſe; when poſſibly, they who think they diſcern it beſt in Florid Language,

do not ſee it at all. *Love* was not born, or bred in Courts, but Cottages; and nurs'd in Groves and Shades, ſmiles on the Plains, and wantons in the Streams; all Unador'd, and Harmleſs. Therefore, *Damon*, do not conſult your Wit in this Affair, but *Love* alone; and ſpeak all that he and Nature taught you, and let the fine Things you learn in Schools alone: Make uſe of thoſe Flowers you have gather'd there, when you converſe with States-men and the Gown. Let *Iris* poſſeſs your Heart in all its ſimple Innocence, that's the beſt Eloquence to her that Loves; and this is my Inſtruction to a Lover, that would ſucceed in his Amours; for I have a Heart very difficult to pleaſe, and this is the neareſt Way to it:

Advice to Lovers.

Lovers, *if you would gain a Heart,*
Of Damon *learn to win the Prize;*
He'll ſhew you all its tend'reſt Part,
And where its greateſt Danger lies.
The Magazine of its Diſdain;
Where Honour, feebly guarded, does remain.

If Preſent, do but little ſay;
Enough the ſilent Lover ſpeaks:
But wait, and ſigh, and gaze all day:
Such Rhet'rick, more than Language takes.
For Words the dulleſt way do move;
And utter'd more to ſhew your Wit, than Love.

Let

Let your Eyes tell her of your Heart:
Its Story is, for Words, too delicate.
Souls thus exchange, and thus impart,
And all their Secrets can relate.
A Tear, a broken Sigh, She'll underſtand;
Or the ſoft trembling Preſſings of the Hand.

Or if your Pain muſt be in Words expreſt,
Let 'em fall gently, unaſſur'd, and ſlow;
And where they fail, your Looks may tell the reſt:
Thus Damon *ſpoke, and I was conquer'd ſo.*
The witty Talker has miſtook his Art;
The modeſt Lover only charms the Heart.

Thus while all day you gazing ſit,
And fear to ſpeak, and fear your Fate,
You more Advantages by Silence get,
Than the gay forward Youth, with all his Prate.
Let him be ſilent here; but when away,
Whatever Love can dictate, let him ſay.

There let the Baſhful Soul unvail,
And give a Looſe to Love and Truth:
Let him improve the Amorous Tale,
With all the Force of Words, and Fire of Youth.
There all, and any thing, let him expreſs;
Too long he cannot write, too much confeſs.

O *Damon!* How well have you made me underſtand this ſoft Pleaſure! You know my Tenderneſs too well, not to be ſenſible, how I am charmed with your agreeable long Letters.

The Invention.

Ah! He who first found out the Way,
Souls to each other to convey,
Without dull Speaking, sure must be
Something above Humanity.
Let the fond World in vain dispute,
And the first Sacred Mystery impute
Of Letters, to the Learned Brood;
And of the Glory, cheat a God:
'Twas Love *alone, that first the Art essay'd;*
And Psyche *was the first fair yielding Maid,*
That was by the dear Billet-doux *betray'd.*

It is an Art too ingenious, to have beeu found out by Man; and too necessary to Lovers, not to have been invented by the God of Love himself. But, *Damon*, I do not pretend to exact from you those Letters of Gallantry, which, I have told you, are fill'd with nothing but fine Thoughts, and writ with all the Arts of Wit and Subtilty: I wou'd have yours still, all Tender, unaffected Love, Words unchosen, Thoughts unstudied, and Love unfeigned. I had rather find more Softness, than Wit, in your Passion; more of Nature, than of Art; more of the Lover, than the Poet. Nor wou'd I have you write any of those little short Letters, that are read over in a Minute: In Love, long Letters bring a long Pleasure. Do not trouble your self to make 'em fine, or write a great deal of Wit and Sence in a few Lines; that is the Notion of a witty Billet, in any Affair, but that of Love:

And

And have a Care, rather to avoid these Graces to a Mistress, and assure your self, dear *Damon*, that what pleases the Soul, pleases the Eye; and the Largeness, or Bulk of your Letter, shall never offend me; and that I only am displeased, when I find them small. A Letter is ever the best, and most powerful Agent to a Mistress: It almost always perswades; 'tis always renewing little Impressions, that possibly, otherwise, Absence would deface. Make use then, *Damon*, of your Time, while 'tis given you; and thank me, that I permit you to write to me: Perhaps, I shall not always continue in the Humour of suffering you to do so; and it may so happen, by some Turn of Chance and Fortune, that you may be deprived, at the same time, both of my Presence, and of the Means of Sending to me. I will believe, that such an Accident wou'd be a great Misfortune to you; for I have often heard you say, that, "To make the most happy Lo-"ver suffer Martyrdom, one need only forbid "him Seeing, Speaking, and Writing to the "Object he loves. Take all the Advantages then you can, you cannot give me too often, Marks too powerful of your Passion: Write therefore, during this Hour, every Day. I give you leave to believe, that while you do so, you are Serving me the most Obligingly, and Agreeably you can, while Absent; and that you are giving me a Remedy against all Gtief, Uneasiness, Melancholy, and Despair. Nay, if you exceed your Hour, you need not be asham'd: The Time you employ in this kind Devoir, is the Time that I shall be grateful for, and no

doubt, will recompence it. You ought not, however, to neglect Heaven for me; I will give you time for your Devotion, for my *Watch* tells you, 'tis time to go to the Temple.

XII A-Clock.

Indiſpenſible Duty.

THere are certain Duties, which one ought never to neglect: That of Adoring the Gods, is of this nature; and which we ought to pay, from the bottom of our Hearts: And that, *Damon*, is the only Time, I will diſpence with your not Thinking on me. But I would not have you go to one of thoſe Temples, where the Celebrated Beauties, and thoſe that make a Profeſſion of Gallantry, go; and which come thither, only to ſee, and be ſeen; and whither they repair, more to ſhew their Beauty and Dreſs, than to honour the Gods. If you will take my Advice, and oblige my Wiſh, you ſhall go to thoſe that are at leaſt frequented; and you ſhall appear there, like a Man, that has a perfect Veneration for all things Sacred.

The Inſtruction.

Damon, *if your Heart, and Flame,*
You wiſh, ſhould always be the ſame,

Do

Do not give it leave to Rove,
Nor expose it to new Harms:
E're you think on't, you may Love,
If you gaze on Beauty's Charms.
If with me, you won'd not part,
Turn your Eyes into your Heart.

If you find a new Desire,
In your Easie Soul, take Fire,
From the Tempting Ruine fly;
Think it Faithless, think it Base:
Fancy soon will fade, and die,
If you wisely cease to gaze.
Lovers should have Honour too,
Or they pay but half Love's Due.

Do not to the Temple go,
With design to Gaze, or Show:
What e're Thoughts you have abroad,
Though you can deceive elsewhere,
There's no Feigning with your God;
Souls should be all Perfect there.
The Heart that's to the Altar brought,
Only Heaven should fill its Thought.

Do not your sober Thoughts perplex,
By gazing on the Ogling Sex.
Or if Beauty call your Eyes,
Do not on the Object dwell;
Guard your Heart from the Surprize,
By thinking Iris *doth excel*
Above all Earthly Things, I'd be,
Damon, *most Belov'd by Thee:*
And only Heaven must Rival me.

I A-Clock.

Forc'd Entertainment.

I Perceive, it will be very difficult for you to quit the Temple, without being ſurrounded with Complements, from People of Ceremony, Friends, and News-Mongers, and ſeveral of thoſe ſorts of Perſons, who afflict and buſie themſelves, and rejoyce at a hundred things, they have no Intereſt in; Coquets, and Politicians; who make it the Buſineſs of their whole Lives, to gather all the News of the Town: adding, or diminiſhing, according to the Stock of their Wit and Invention, and ſpreading it all abroad, to the believing Fools and Goſſips; and perplexing every Body with a hundred ridiculous Novels, which they paſs off, for Wit, and Entertainment; Or elſe, ſome of thoſe Recounters of Adventures, that are always telling of Intrigues, and that make a Secret, to a hundred People, of a Thouſand fooliſh things they have heard. Like a certain Pert, and Impertinent Lady of the Town, whoſe Youth and Beauty being paſt, ſets up for Wit, to uphold a feeble Empire over idle Hearts: And whoſe Character is this,——

The Coquet.

Milinda, *who had never been*
Esteem'd a Beauty at Fifteen,
Always Amorous was, and Kind:
To every Swain, she lent an Ear.
Free as Air, but False as Wind;
Yet none complain'd, She was Severe.
She ear'd more then she made complain:
Was always Singing, Pert, and Vain.

Where e're the Throng was, she was seen,
And swept the Youths along the Green.
With equal Grace, she flatter'd all;
And fondly Proud of all Address:
Her Smiles invite, her Eyes do call;
And her vain Heart, her Looks confess.
She Rallies this, to that she Bow'd;
Was Talking ever, Laughing loud.

On every Side, she makes Advance;
And every where, a Confidance.
She tells, for Secrets, all she knows;
And all to know, she does pretend.
Beauty in Maids, she treats as Foes;
But every handsom Youth, as Friend.
Scandal still passes off for Truth;
And Noise and Nonsence, Wit and Youth.

Coquet *all o're, and every Part,*
Yet wanting Beauty, even of Art.

Herds

Herds with the Ugly, and the Old;
And plays the Critick on the reſt
Of Men, the Baſhful, and the Bold;
Either, and All, by Turns, likes beſt:
Even now, tho' Youth be languiſht, ſhe
Sets up for Love, and Gallantry.

This ſort of Creature, *Damon*, is very dangerous; not that I fear you will ſquander away a Heart upon her, but your Hours; for, in ſpight of you, ſhe'll detain you with a Thouſand Impertinencies, and Eternal Tattle. She paſſes for a Judging Wit; and there is nothing ſo troubleſome, as ſuch a Pretender. She, perhaps, may get ſome Knowledge of our Correſpondence; and then, no doubt, will improve it, to my Diſadvantage. Poſſibly ſhe may rail at me; that is her Faſhion, by the way of Friendly Speaking; and an Awkward Commendation, the moſt effectual Way of Defaming, and Traducing. Perhaps ſhe tells you, in a cold Tone, that you are a happy Man, to be Belov'd by me; That *Iris*, indeed, is handſome; and ſhe wonders, ſhe has no more Lovers; but the Men are not of her Mind; if they were, you ſhould have more Rivals. She commends my Face, but that I have Blue Eyes, and 'tis pity my Complexion is no better: My Shape, but too much inclining to Fat. Cries——She would charm infinitely with her Wit, but that ſhe knows too well, ſhe is Miſtreſs of it. And concludes,——But all together, ſhe is well enough.——Thus ſhe runs on, without giving you leave to edge in a Word, in my Defence; and ever, and anon, Crying up

up her own Conduct, and Management: Tell you, how she is oppress't with Lovers, and fatigu'd with Addresses; and recommending her self, at every Turn, with a perceivable Cunning: And all the while, is Jilting you of your good Opinion; which she would buy, at the Price of any Body's Repose, or her own Fame, though but for the Vanity of Adding to the number of her Lovers. When she sees a new Spark, the first thing she does, she inquires into his Estate: If she find it such, as may (if the Coxcomb be well manag'd) supply her Vanity, she makes Advances to him, and applys her self to all those little Arts she usually makes use of, to gain her Fools; and, according to his Humour, dresses and affects her own. But, *Damon*, since I point to no particular Person, in this Character, I will not name who you should avoid; but all of this sort, I conjure you, wheresoever you find 'em. But if unlucky Chance throw you in their Way, hear all they say, without Credit, or Regard, as far as Decency will suffer you: Hear 'em, without approving their Foppery; and hear 'em, without giving 'em Cause to censure you. But 'tis so much Time lost, to listen to all the Novels, this sort of People will perplex you with; whose Business is, to be idle; and who even tire themselves with their own Impertinencies. And be assur'd, after all, there is nothing they can tell you, that is worth your Knowing. And, *Damon*, a perfect Lover never asks any News, but of the Maid he loves.

The

The Enquiry.

Damon, If your Love be True,
To the Heart that you poſſeſs,
Tell me; What have you to do,
Where you have no Tenderneſs?
Her Affairs, who cares to learn,
For whom he has not ſome Concern?

If a Lover fain would know,
If the Object lov'd be true,
Let her but induſtrious be,
To watch his Curioſity.
Tho' ne'r ſo cold his Queſtions ſeem,
They come from warmer Thoughts within.

When I hear a Swain enquire
What Gay Melinda *does to live,*
I conclude, there is ſome Fire
In a Heart inquiſitive:
Or 'tis, at leaſt, the Bill, that's ſet,
To ſhew, The Heart is to be Let.

II A-Clock.

Dinner time.

LEave all thoſe fond Entertainments, or you will diſoblige me, and make Dinner wait for you; for my *Cupid* tells you, 'tis that Hour. *Love* does not pretend to make you loſe that; nor is it my Province, to order you your Diet. Here I give you a perfect Liberty, to do what you pleaſe: And poſſibly, 'tis the only Hour in the whole Four and twenty, that I will abſolutely reſign you, or diſpence with your even ſo much as Thinking on me. 'Tis true, in Seating your ſelf at Table, I wou'd not have you plac'd over againſt a very Beautiful Object; for in ſuch an one, there are a thouſand little Graces, in Speaking, Looking, and Laughing, that fail not to Charm, if one gives way to the Eyes, to gaze and wander that way; in which, perhaps, in ſpight of you, you will find a Pleaſure: And while you do ſo, though without Deſign, or Concern, you give the fair Charmer a ſort of Vanity, in believing you have plac'd your ſelf there, only for the Advantage of Looking on her; and aſſumes a Hundred little Graces, and Affectations, which are not Natural to her, to compleat a Conqueſt, which ſhe believes ſo well begun already. She ſoftens her Eyes, and ſweetens her Mouth; and, in fine, puts on another Air, than when ſhe had no Deſign; and when you did not, by your conti-

continual Looking on her, rouze her Vanity, and increaſe her eaſie Opinion of her own Charms. Perhaps ſhe knows, I have ſome Intereſt in your Heart; and Prides her ſelf, at leaſt, with believing, ſhe has attracted the Eyes of my Lover, if not his Heart; and thinks it eaſie to vanquiſh the Whole, if ſhe pleaſes; and triumphs over me in her ſecret Imaginations. Remember, *Damon*, that while you act thus in the Company and Converſation of other Beauties, that every Look, or Word you give in favour of 'em, is an Indignity to my Reputation; and, which you cannot ſuffer, if you love me truly, and with Honour: And, aſſure your ſelf, ſo much Vanity as you inſpire in her, ſo much Fame you rob me off; for whatever Praiſes you give another Beauty, ſo much you take away from mine. Therefore, if you Dine in Company, do as others do: Be generally Civil, not applying your ſelf, by Words, or Looks to any particular Perſon: Be as gay as you pleaſe: Talk and laugh with all, for this is not the Hour for Chagrin.

The Permiſſion.

My Damon, *tho' I ſtint your Love,*
I will not ſtint your Appetite;
That I would have you ſtill improve,
By every new, and freſh Delight.
Feaſt, till Apollo *hides his Head;*
Or drink the Am'rous God to Thetis *Bed.*

Be

Be like yourself: All Witty, Gay!
And o're the Bottle bleſs the Board,
The Liſtening round will, all the Day,
Be charm'd, and pleas'd with every Word.
Tho' Venus *Son inſpire your Wit,*
'Tis the Selenian *God best utters it.*

Here talk of ev'ry thing but me,
Since ev'ry Thing you ſay with Grace.
If not diſpos'd your Humour be,
And you'd this Hour in Silence paſs;
Since ſomething muſt the Subject prove
Of Damon's *Thoughts; let it be Me, and* Love.

But, Damon, *this enfranchis'd Hour,*
No Bounds, or Laws, will I impoſe;
But leave it wholly in your Pow'r,
What Humour to refuſe, or chuſe.
I Rules preſcribe *but to your Flame;*
For I, your Miſtreſs, not Phyſitian, am.

III A-Clock.

Viſits to Friends.

Damon, my Watch is juſter than you imagine; it would not have you live Retired and Solitary, but permits you to go, and make Viſits. I am not one of thoſe that believe, Love and Friendſhip cannot find a Place in one and the

the ſame Heart: And that Man wou'd be very unhappy, who, as ſoon as he had a Miſtreſs, ſhou'd be oblig'd to renounce the Society of his Friends. I muſt confeſs, I wou'd not, that you ſhou'd have ſo much Concern for them, as you have for me; for I have heard a ſort of a Proverb, that ſays, "He cannot be very fervent in "Love, who is not a little cold in Friendſhip. You are not ignorant, that when *Love* eſtabliſhes himſelf in a Heart, he Reigns a Tyrant there; and will not ſuffer, even Friendſhip, if it pretend to ſhare his Empire there.

Cupid.

Love is a God, whoſe charming Sway,
Both Heaven, and Earth, and Seas obey.
A Pow'r that will not mingled be
With any dull Equality.
Since firſt from Heaven, which gave him Birth,
He rul'd the Empire of the Earth,
Jealous of Sov'raign Power, he rules,
And will be Abſolute in Souls.

I ſhou'd be very angry, if you had any of thoſe Friendſhips, which one ought to deſire in a Miſtreſs only; for many times it happens, that you have Sentiments a little too tender for thoſe Amiable Perſons; and many times, Love and Friendſhip are ſo confounded together, that one cannot eaſily diſcern one from t'other. I have ſeen a Man flatter himſelf with an Opinion, that he had but an Eſteem for a Women, when by ſome Turn of Fortune in her Life, as Marrying,

rying, or Receiving the Addreſſes of Men, he has found, by Spight and Jealouſies within, that that was Love, which he before took for Complaiſance, or Friendſhip. Therefore have a Care; for ſuch Amities are dangerous. Not but that a Lover may have Fair and Generous Female-Friends, whom he ought to viſit; and perhaps, I ſhou'd eſteem you leſs, if I did not believe you were valued by ſuch, if I were perfectly aſſured they were Friends, and not Lovers. But have a care, you hide not a Miſtreſs under this Veil, or that you gain not a Lover by this Pretence; for you may begin with Friendſhip, and end with Love; and I ſhou'd be equally afflicted, ſhou'd you give it, or receive it. And though you charge our Sex with all the Vanity; yet I often find Nature to have given you as large a Portion of that Common Crime, which you wou'd ſhuffle off, as aſham'd to own; and are as fond and vain of the Imagination of a Conqueſt, as any *Coquet* of us all; though, at the ſame time, you deſpiſe the Victim, you think it adds a Trophy to your Fame. And I have ſeen a Man dreſs, and trick, and adjuſt his Looks and Meen, to make a Viſit to a Woman he lov'd, nor ever cou'd love not, as for thoſe he made to his Miſtreſs; and only for the Vanity of making a Conqueſt upon a Heart, even unworthy of the little Pains he has taken about it. And what is this but buying Vanity at the Expence of Senſe and Eaſe; and with Fatigue, purchaſe the Name of a Conceited Fop, beſides that of a Diſhoneſt Man? For he who takes pains to make himſelf Belov'd, only to pleaſe his curious Humour, though he ſhould ſay nothing that

tends to it, more than by his Looks, his Sighs, and now and then breaking into Praises and Commendations of the Object, by the Care he takes, to appear well dreſt before her, and in good order; he lyes in his Looks, he deceives with his Meen and Faſhion, and cheats with every Motion and every Grace he puts on: He cozens when he Sings, or Dances; he diſſembles when he Sighs; and every thing he does, that wilfully gains upon her, is Malice propenſe, Baſeneſs and Art below a Man of Senſe, or Vertue: And yet theſe Arts, theſe Coz'nages are the common Practices of the Town. What's this but that Damnable Vice, of which they ſo reproach our Sex; that of Jilting for Hearts? And 'tis in vain, that my Lover, after ſuch foul Play, ſhall think to appeaſe me with ſaying, *He did it to try how eaſily he cou'd Conquer, and of how great Force his Charms were: And why ſhou'd I be angry, if all the Town lov'd him, ſince he lov'd none but* Iris? Oh Fooliſh Pleaſure! How little Senſe goes to the making of ſuch a Happineſs? And how little Love muſt he have for one particular Perſon, who wou'd wiſh to inſpire it into all the World, and yet himſelf pretend to be inſenſible? But this (*Damon*) is rather what is but too much practiſed by your Sex, than any Guilt I charge on you; though Vanity be an Ingredient that Nature very ſeldom omits in the Compoſition of either Sex; and you may be allow'd a Tincture of it at leaſt. And perhaps I am not wholly exempt from this Leaven in my Nature, but accuſe my ſelf ſometimes of finding a ſecret Joy of being Ador'd, though I even hate my Worſhipper. But if any ſuch Pleaſure touch

my

my Heart, I find it at the same time blushing in my Cheeks with a guilty Shame; which soon checks the petty Triumph, and I have a Vertue at soberer Thoughts, that I find surmounts my Weakness and Indiscretion; and I hope *Damon* finds the same; for, should he have any of those Attachments, I should have no Pity for him.

I pen to meet at one and the same time together, in a Place. Make not Visits to Friends, to be silent, you ought to enter into Discourse, you ought to be silent, for there is no necessity for Conversation, or to entertain Company, or to talk merely diverting, or to be Learned, or to be Eloquent, to them. Secrets never so trivial, yet since uttered between Lovers, become more binding than Oaths.

The Example.

Damon, if you would have me True,
Be you my President and Guide:
Example sooner we pursue,
Than the dull Dictates of our Pride.
Precepts of Men are too weak an Aim:
'Tis Demonstration, that can best reclaim.

Shew me the Path you'd have me go,
With such a Guide, I cannot stray:
What you approve, what e're you do,
It is but just I bend that Way.
If true, my Honour favours your Design:
If false, Revenge is the Result of mine.

A Lover True, a Maid Sincere,
Are to be priz'd, as Things Divine:
'Tis Justice makes the Blessing dear;
Justice of Love, without Design.
And She that Reigns not in a Heart alone,
Is never Safe, or Easie, on her Throne.

IV A-Clock.

General Converſation.

IN this Viſiting-Hour, many People will happen to meet at one and the ſame time together, in a Place: And as you make not Viſits to Friends, to be ſilent, you ought to enter into Converſation with 'em; but thoſe Converſations ought to be General, and of General Things; for there is no neceſſity of making your Friend the Confident of your Amours: 'Twould infinitely diſpleaſe me, to hear you have reveal'd to them all that I have repos'd in you: Though Secrets never ſo trivial, yet, ſince utter'd between Lovers, they deſerve to be priz'd at a higher Rate. For what can ſhew a Heart more indifferent and indiſcreet, than to declare in any Faſhion, or with Mirth, or Joy, the Tender Things a Miſtreſs ſays to a Lover; and which poſſibly, related at Second Hand, bear not the ſame Senſe, becauſe they have not the ſame Sound and Air, they had Originally, when they came from the ſoft Heart of her, who ſigh'd 'em firſt to her laviſh Lover. Perhaps they are told again with Mirth, or Joy, unbecoming their Character and Buſineſs; and then they loſe their Graces; (for Love is the moſt Solemn Thing in Nature, and the moſt unſuiting with Gayety.) Perhaps the ſoft Expreſſions ſute not ſo well the harſher Voice of the Maſculine Lover, whoſe Accents were not form'd for ſo much Tenderneſs; at leaſt, not of that ſort; for Words that

that have the ſame Meaning, are alter'd from their Senſe, by the leaſt Tone, or Accent of the Voice; and thoſe proper, and fitted to my Soul, are not poſſibly, ſo to yours, though both have the ſame Efficacy upon us, yours upon my Heart, as mine upon yours; and both will be miſ-underſtood by the unjudging World. Beſides this, there is a Holineſs in Love, that's true, that ought not to be prophan'd: And as the Poet truly ſays at the latter End of an *Ode*; of which, I will recite the Whole:

The Invitation.

Aminta, fear not to confeſs
The charming Secret of thy Tenderneſs:
That which a Lover can't conceal,
That which, to me, thou ſhouldſt reveal;
And is but what thy Lovely Eyes expreſs.
Come, whiſper to my panting Heart,
That heaves, and meets thy Voice half way:
That gueſſes what thou won'dſt impart,
And languiſhes for what thou haſt to ſay.
Confirm my trembling Doubt, and make me know,
Whence all theſe Bluſhings, and theſe Sighings flow.

Why doſt thou ſcruple to unfold
A Myſtery that does my Life concern?
If thou ne'r ſpeak'ſt, it will be told;
For Lovers all things can diſcern.
From every Look, from every baſhful Grace,
That ſtill ſucceed each other in thy Face,
I ſhall the dear Tranſporting Secret learn:

But 'tis a Pleasure not to be express,
To hear it by thy Voice confest,
When soft Sighs breathe it on my panting Breast.

All calm and silent is the Grove,
Whose shading Boughs resist the Day,
Here thou may'st blush, and talk of Love,
While only Winds, unheeding, stay,
That will not bear the Sound away.
While I, with solemn Awful Joy,
All my Attentive Faculties employ;
Liſt'ning to ev'ry valu'd Word;
And in my Soul, the Sacred Treasure hoard.
There, like some Myſtery Divine,
The Wondrous Knowledge I'll enſhrine.
Love can his Joys, no longer call his own,
Than the dear Secret's kept unknown.

There is nothing more true than those two laſt Lines; and that Love ceaſes to be a Pleaſure, when it ceaſes to be a Secret, and one you ought to keep Sacred. For the World, who never makes a right Judgment of Things, will miſ-interpret Love, as they do Religion; every one judging it, according to the Notion he has of it, or the Talent of his Senſe. *Love*, as a great Duke ſaid, is like Apparitions; every one talks of 'em, but few have ſeen 'em: Every body thinks himſelf capable of underſtanding Love, and that he is a Maſter in the Art of it; when there is nothing ſo nice or difficult to be rightly comprehended; and indeed, cannot be, but to a Soul very delicate. Nor will he make himſelf known to the Vulgar: There muſt be an uncommon Fineneſs in the Mind, that contains

tains him; the reſt, he only viſits in as many Diſguiſes, as there are Diſpoſitions and Natures; where he makes but a ſhort Stay, and is gone. He can fit himſelf to all Hearts, being the greateſt Flatterer in the World: And he poſſeſſes every one with a Confidence, that they are in the Number of his Elect; and they think, they know him perfectly, when nothing but the Spirits refin'd, poſſeſs him in his Excellency. From this difference of Love in different Souls, proceeds thoſe odd Fantaſtick Maxims, which ſo many hold of ſo different Kinds; And this makes the moſt innocent Pleaſures paſs oftentimes for Crimes, with the unjudging Crowd, who call themſelves Lovers: And you will have your Paſſion cenſur'd, by as many as you ſhall diſcover it to, and as many ſeveral Ways. I adviſe you therefore (*Damon*) to make no Confidents of your Amours; and believe, that Silence has, with me, the moſt powerful Charm.

'Tis alſo in theſe Converſations, that thoſe indiſcreetly civil Perſons often are, who think to oblige a good Man, by letting him know he is Belov'd by ſome one or other; and making him underſtand how many good Qualities he is Maſter of, to render him agreeable to the Fair Sex, if he wou'd but advance where Love and good Fortune calls; and that a too conſtant Lover loſes a great part of his Time, which might be manag'd to more Advantage, ſince Youth hath ſo ſhort a Race to run: By this, and a Thouſand the like indecent Complaiſances, give him a Vanity, that ſutes not with that Diſcretion, which has hitherto acquir'd him ſo good a Reputation. I wou'd not have you (*Damon*)

act on these Occasions, as many of the Easie Sparks have done before you, who receive such Weakness and Flattery for Truth; and passing it off with a Smile, suffer 'em to advance in Folly, 'till they have gain'd a Credit with 'em, and they believe all they hear; telling 'em they do so, by consenting Gestures, Silence, or open Approbation. For my part, I shou'd not condemn a Lover, that shou'd answer a sort of civil Brokers for Love somewhat briskly, and by giving 'em to understand, they are already engaged; or directing 'em to Fools, that will possibly hearken to 'em, and credit such Stuff, shame 'em out of a Folly so infamous and disingenious. In such a Case only I am willing you shou'd own your Passion; not that you need tell the Object which has charm'd you: And you may say, you are already a Lover, without saying, you are Belov'd. For so long as you appear to have a Heart unengag'd, you are expos'd to all the little Arts and Addresses of this sort of obliging Procurers of Love, and give way to the Hope they have of making you their Proselyte. For your own Reputation then, and my Ease and Honour, shun such Conversations; for they are neither credible to you, nor pleasing to me: And believe me (*Damon*) a true Lover has no Curiosity, but what concerns his Mistress.

V A-Clock.

Dangerous Viſits.

I Foreſee, or fear, that theſe buſie, impertinent Friends will oblige you to viſit ſome Ladies of their Acquaintance, or yours: My *Watch* does not forbid you. Yet I muſt tell you, I apprehend Danger in ſuch Viſits; and I fear, you will have need of all your Care and Precaution, in theſe Encounters. That you may give me no Cauſe to ſuſpect you, perhaps you will argue, that Civility obliges you to't: If I were aſſur'd, there wou'd no other Deſign be carried on, I ſhou'd believe it were to advance an Amorous Prudence too far, to forbid you. Only keep your ſelf upon your Guard; for the Buſineſs of moſt part of the Fair Sex is, to ſeek only the Conqueſt of Hearts: All their Civilities are but ſo many Intereſts; and they do nothing without Deſign. And in ſuch Converſations, there is always a *Je ne ſcay quoy*, that is to be fear'd; eſpecially when Beauty is accompanied with Youth and Gayety; and which they aſſume upon all Occaſions that may ſerve their Turn. And I confeſs, 'tis not an eaſie matter to be juſt in theſe Hours and Converſations: The moſt certain Way of being ſo, is to imagine I read all your Thoughts, obſerve all your Looks, and hear all your Words.

The Caution.

My Damon, *if your Heart be kind,*
Do not too long with Beauty stay;
For there are certain Moments, when the Mind
Is hurry'd, by the Force of Charms, away.
In Fate, a Minute Critical there lies,
That waits on Love, *and takes you by Surprise.*

A Lover plead with Constancy,
Lives still as if the Maid he lov'd were by;
As if his Actions were in View,
As if his Steps she did pursue;
Or that his very Soul she knew.
Take heed; for tho' I am not present there,
My Love, my Genius, waits you every-where.

I am very much pleas'd with the Remedy, you say, you make use of to defend your self from the Attacks that Beauty gives your Heart; which in one of your Billets, you said was this, or to this purpose:

The Charm for Constancy.

Iris, to keep my Soul entire, and true,
I think, each Moment of the Day, on You.
And when a charming Face I see,
That does all other Eyes incline,
It has no Influence on me:
I think it ev'n deform'd to thine.
My Eyes, my Soul, and Sense, regardless move
To all, but the dear Object of my Love.

But

But (*Damon*) I know all Lovers are naturally Flatterers, though they do not think so themselves; because every one makes a Sense of Beauty according to his own Fancy. But perhaps you will say in your own Defence, That 'tis not Flattery to say, an Unbeautiful Woman is Beautiful, if he that says so believes she is so. I shou'd be content to acquit you of the first, provided you allow me the last: And if I appear Charming in *Damon*'s Eyes, I am not fond of the Approbation of any other. 'Tis enough the World thinks me not altogether disagreeable, to justifie his Choice; but let your good Opinion give what Increase it pleases to my Beauty; though your Approbation give me a Pleasure, it shall not a Vanity; and I am contented, that *Damon* should think me a Beauty, without my believing I am one. 'Tis not to draw new Assurances, and new Vows from you, that I speak this; though Tales of Love are the only ones we desire to hear often told, and which never tire the Hearers, if addrest to themselves. But 'tis not to this End, I now seem to doubt what you say to my Advantage. No, my Heart knows no Disguise, nor can dissemble one Thought of it to *Damon*; 'tis all Sincere and Honest as his Wish: 'Tis therefore it tells you, it does not credit every Thing you say; though I believe, you say abundance of Truths, in a great Part of my Character. But when you advance to that, which my own Sense, my Judgment, or my Glass cannot perswade me to believe; you must give me leave either to believe you think me vain enough to credit you, or pleas'd that your Sentiments and mine are differing in this Point.

But

But I doubt, I may rather reply in ſome Verſes, a Friend of yours and mine ſent to a Perſon, ſhe thought, had but indifferent Sentiments for her; yet, who nevertheleſs flatter'd her, becauſe he imagin'd ſhe had a very great Eſteem for him. She is a Woman that, you know, naturally hates Flattery: On the other ſide, ſhe was extreamly diſſatisfy'd, and uneaſie at his Opinion, of his being more in her Favour than ſhe deſir'd he ſhou'd believe. So that one Night, having left her full of Pride and Anger, ſhe next Morning ſent him theſe Verſes, inſtead of a *Billet-doux*:

The Defiance.

By Heaven 'tis falſe; I am not vain;
And rather wou'd the Subject be
Of your Indifference, or Diſdain,
Than Wit, or Raillery.

Take back the trifling Praiſe you give,
And paſs it on ſome Eaſier Fool,
Who may th' Injuring Wit believe,
That turns her into Ridicule.

Tell her, ſhe's Witty, Fair, and Gay;
With all the Charms that can ſubdue;
Perhaps ſhe'll credit what you ſay:
But Curſe me, if I do.

If your Diverſion you deſign,
On my Good Nature you have preſt:
Or if you do intend it mine,
You have miſtook the Jeſt.

Philander,

Philander, *fly that guilty Art:*
Your Charming Facil Wit will find,
It cannot play long on a Heart,
That is Sincere and Kind.

For Wit with Softneſs does reſide,
Good Nature is with Pity ſtor'd;
But Flatt'ry's the Reſult of Pride,
And fawns to be Ador'd.

Nay, even when you ſmile and bow,
'Tis to be render'd more compleat.
Your Wit, with ev'ry Grace you ſhew,
Is but a Popular Cheat.

Laugh on, and call me Coxcomb——do;
And, your Opinion to improve,
Think, all you think of me, is true;
And to confirm it, ſwear I love.

Then, while you wreck my Soul with Pain,
And of a Cruel Conqueſt boaſt,
'Tis you, Philander, *that are Vain,*
And Witty at my Coſt.

Poſſibly the angry *Aminta*, when ſhe writ theſe Verſes, was more offended, that he believ'd himſelf belov'd, than that he flatter'd; though ſhe wou'd ſeem to make that a great part of the Quarrel, and Cauſe of her Reſentment: For we are often in an Humour to ſeem more Modeſt in that Point, than naturally we are; being too apt to have a favourable Opinion of our ſelves: And 'tis rather, the Effects of a Fear that we are flatter'd,

flatter'd, than our own ill Opinion of the Beauty flatter'd; and that the Praiſer does not think ſo well of it, as we do our ſelves, or as at leaſt we wiſh he ſhou'd. Not but there are Grains of Allowance for the Temper of him that ſpeaks: One Man's Humour is to talk much; and he may be permitted to enlarge upon the Praiſe he gives the Perſon he pretends to, without being accus'd of much Guilt. Another hates to be Wordy; from ſuch an one, I have known one ſoft Expreſſion, one tender Thing go as far as whole Days everlaſting Proteſtations, urg'd with Vows and mighty Eloquence: And both the One and the Other, indeed, muſt be allow'd in good Manners, to ſtretch the Complement beyond the Bounds of nice Truth; and we muſt not wonder to hear a Man call a Woman a Beauty, when ſhe is not Ugly; or another, a Great Wit, if ſhe have but common Senſe above the Vulgar; well Bred, when well Dreſt; and Good-Natur'd when Civil. And as I ſhou'd be very Ridiculous, if I took all you ſaid for Abſolute Truth; ſo I ſhou'd be very Unjuſt, not to allow you very Sincere in almoſt all you ſaid beſides; and thoſe Things, the moſt material to Love, Honour and Friendſhip. And for the reſt (*Damon*) be it true or falſe, this believe: You ſpeak with ſuch a Grace, that I cannot chuſe but Credit you; and find an Infinite Pleaſure in that Faith, becauſe I love you: And if I cannot find the Cheat, I am contented you ſhou'd deceive me on, becauſe you do it ſo agreeably.

VI. A-

VI. A-Clock.

Walk without Design.

YOU yet have Time to Walk; and my Watch foresaw you could not refuse your Friends. You must to the *Park*, or to the *Mall*; for the Season is fair and inviting; and all the Young Beauties love those Places too well, not to be there. 'Tis there, that a Thousand Intrigues are carried on, and as many more design'd. 'Tis there, that every one is set out for Conquest; and who aim at nothing less than Hearts. Guard yours well, my *Damon*; and be not always Admiring what you see. Do not, in passing by, sigh 'em silent Praises. Suffer not so much as a guilty Wish to approach your Thoughts, nor a heedful Glance to steal from your fine Eyes: Those are Regards, you ought only to have for her you Love. But Oh! Above all, have a Care of what you say. You are not reproachable, if you should remain silent, all the Time of your Walk; nor wou'd those that know you, believe it the Effects of Dulness, but Melancholy. And if any of your Friends ask you, Why you are so? I will give you leave to sigh, and say——

The Mall-Content.

And Wonder not, if I appear
Regardless of the Pleasures here;
Or that my Thoughts are thus confin'd
To the Just Limits of my Mind.

My

My Eyes take no Delight to rove
O're all the Smiling Charmers of the Grove,
Since She is abſent, whom they Love.

Ask me not, Why the flow'ry Spring,
Or the Gay Little Birds that ſing,
Or the Young Streams, no more delight,
Or Shades and Arbours can't invite?
Why the ſoft Murmurs of the Wind,
Within the Thick-grown Groves confin'd,
No more my Soul tranſport, or cheer?
*Since all that's Charming,——*Iris *is not here;*
Nothing ſeems Glorious, nothing Fair.

Then ſuffer me to Wander thus,
With Down-caſt Eyes, and Arms a-croſs.
Let Beauty, unregarded go;
The Trees and Flowers, unheeded ſtrow.
Let purling Streams neglected glide;
With all the Spring's adorning Pride.
'Tis Iris *only Soul can give*
To the dull Shades, and Plains, and make 'em thrive;
Nature, and my loſt Joys, retrieve.

I do not, for all this, wholly confine your Eyes: You may look indifferently on all; but with a particular Regard on none. You may praiſe all the Beauties in General; but no ſingle One too much. I will not exact from you, neither an entire Silence: There are a Thouſand Civilities you ought to pay to all your Friends and Acquaintance; and while I caution you of Actions, that may get you the Reputation of a Lover, of ſome of the Fair that haunt thoſe Places; I wou'd not have you, by an unneceſſa-

ry,

ry, and uncomplaisant Sullenness, gain that of a Person too Negligent, or Morose. I wou'd have you remiss in no one *Punctilio* of Good Manners. I wou'd have you very Just, and pay all you Owe. But in these Affairs, be not Over-generous, and give away too much. In fine, You may Look, Speak, and Walk; but (*Damon*) do it all without Design: And while you do so, remember, that *Iris* sent you this Advice.

The Warning.

Take heed, my Damon, *in the Grove,*
Where Beauties, with Design, do walk:
Take heed, my Damon, *how you look and talk;*
For there are Ambuscades of Love.
The very Winds, that softly blow,
Will help betray your Easie Heart;
And all the Flowers that blushing grow;
The Shades above, and Rivulets below,
Will take the Victor's Part.

Remember (Damon) *all my Safety lies*
In the Just Conduct of your Eyes.
The Heart, by Nature, Good and Brave,
Is, to those Treacherous Guards, a Slave.
If they let in the Fair destructive Foe,
Scarce Honour can defend her Noble Seat:
Ev'n She will be corrupted too,
Or driv'n to a Retreat.
The Soul is but the Cully to the Sight,
And must be pleas'd in what that takes Delight.

Therefore, examine your self well; and conduct your Eyes, during this Walk, like a Lo-

ver, that ſeeks nothing: And do not ſtay too long in theſe Places.

VII A-Clock.

Voluntary Retreat.

'TIS Time to be weary; 'tis Night: Take Leave of your Friends, and retire Home. 'Tis in this Retreat, that you ought to recollect in your Thoughts, all the Actions of the Day; and all thoſe Things, that you ought to give me an Account of, in your Letter: You cannot hide the leaſt Secret from me, without Treaſon againſt Sacred Love. For all the World agrees, that Confidence is one of the greateſt Proofs of the Paſſion of Love: and that Lover, who refuſes this Confidence to the Perſon he loves, is to be ſuſpected to love but very indifferently, and to think very poorly of the Senſe and Generoſity of his Miſtreſs. But, that you may acquit your ſelf like a Man, and a Lover of Honour, and leave me no doubt upon my Soul; think of all you have done this Day, that I may have all the Story of it in your next Letter to me: But deal faithfully; and neither add, nor diminiſh, in your Relation; the Truth and Sincerity of your Confeſſion will attone, even for little Faults that you ſhall commit againſt me, in ſome of thoſe Things you ſhall tell me. For if you have fail'd in any Point, or Circumſtance of Love, I had much rather

hear

hear it from you than another: For 'tis a sort of Repentance to accuse your self; and wou'd be a Crime unpardonable, if you suffer me to hear it from any other: And be assur'd, while you confess it, I shall be indulgent enough to forgive you. The noblest Quality of Man, is Sincerity; and (*Damon*) one ought to have as much of it in Love, as in any other Business of one's Life, notwithstanding the most Part of Men make no Account of it there; but will believe, there ought to be double Dealing, and an Art, practis'd in Love, as well as in War. But Oh! beware of that Notion.

Sincerity.

Sincerity! Thou greatest Good!
Thou Vertue, which so many boast!
And art so nicely understood!
And often, in the Searching, lost.
For when we do approach thee near,
The fine Idea, *fram'd of thee,*
Appears not now so charming fair,
As the more useful Flattery.
Thou hast no Glist'ring to invite;
Nor tak'st the Lover at first Sight.

The Modest Vertue shuns the Croud,
And lives, like Vestals, in a Cell:
In Cities 'twill not be allow'd;
Nor takes Delight, in Courts to dwell.
'Tis Nonsence with the Man of Wit;
And ev'n a Scandal to the Great;
For all the Young, and Fair, unfit;
And scorn'd by wiser Fops of State.

A Vertue yet was never known
To the false Trader, or the falser Gown.

And (Damon) *tho' thy Noble Blood*
Be most Illustrious, and Refin'd;
Tho' ev'ry Grace, and ev'ry Good
Adorn thy Person, and thy Mind;
Yet, if this Vertue shine not there;
(This God-like Vertue, which alone,
Were thou less Witty, Brave, or Fair,
Would for all these, less prize'd, attone:)
My tender Folly I'd controul,
And scorn the Conquest of thy Soul.

VIII A-Clock.

Impatient Demands.

AFter you have sufficiently recollected your self, of all the past Actions of the Day, call your Page into your Cabinet, or him, whom you trusted with your last Letter to me; where you ought to enquire of him a thousand things; and all of me. Ask impatiently; and be angry, if he answers not your Curiosity soon enough: Think that he has a Dreaming in his Voice, in these Moments, more than at other times; and reproach him with Dulness. For 'tis most certain, that when one loves tenderly, we wou'd know in a Minute, what cannot be related in an Hour. Ask him, How I did? How I receiv'd his Letter? And if he examin'd the Air of my

Face,

Face, when I took it? If I Blusht, or lookt Pale? If my Hand trembl'd, or I spoke to him with short interrupting Sighs? If I askt him any Questions about you, while I was opening the Seal? Or if I cou'd not well speak, and was silent? If I read it attentively, and with Joy? And all this, before you open the Answer, I have sent you by him: Which, because you are impatient to read, you, with the more Haste and Earnestness, demand all you expect from him; and that you may the better know, what Humour I was in, when I writ that to you, For, Oh! A Lover has a thousand little Fears, and Dreads; he knows not why. In fine, make him recount to you all that past, while he was with me: And then you ought to read that which I have sent, that you may inform your self of all that passes in my Heart; for you may assure your self, all that I say to you that way, proceeds from thence.

The Assurance.

How shall a Lover come to know,
Whether he's Belov'd, or no?
What dear Things must she impart,
To assure him of her Heart?
Is it, when her Blushes rise;
And she languish in her Eyes;
Tremble, when he does approach;
Look Pale, and faint at ev'ry Touch?

Is it when a Thousand Ways,
She does his Wit and Beauty praise?

Or she vent'rous to explain,
In less moving Words, a Pain;
Tho' so indiscreet she grows,
To confirm it with her Vows.

These some short-liv'd Passion moves,
While the Object's by, she loves;
While the gay, and sudden Fire
Kindles by some fond Desire:
And a Coldness will ensue,
When the Lover's out of View.
Then she reflects, with Scandal, o're
The easie Scene, that past before.
Then, with Blushes, won'd reveal
The unconsid'ring Criminal;
In which, a Thousand Faults she'll find,
And chide the Errors of her Mind.
Such fickle Weight is found in Words,
As no substantial Faith affords:
Deceiv'd and baffl'd all may be,
Who trust that frail Security.

But a well-digested Flame,
That will always be the same;
And that does, from Merit, grow
Establisht by our Reason too;
By a better Way, will prove,
'Tis th' unerring Fire of Love.
Lasting Records it will give:
And, that all she says, may live,
Sacred and Authentick stand,
Her Heart confirms it by her Hand.
If this, a Maid, well born, allow;
Damon, *believe her Just and True.*

IX A-Clock.

Melancholy Reflections.

YOU will not have much trouble to explain what my *Watch* deſigns here. There can be no Thought more afflicting, than that of the Abſence of a Miſtreſs; and which, the Sighings of the Heart will ſoon make you find. Ten Thouſand Fears oppreſs him; he is jealous of every Body, and envies thoſe Eyes and Ears that are charm'd, by being near the Object ador'd. He grows impatient, and makes a thouſand Reſolutions, and as ſoon abandons 'em all. He gives himſelf wholly up to the Torment of Incertainty; and by degrees, from one cruel Thought to another, winds himſelf up to inſupportable Chagrin. Take this Hour then, to think on your Misfortunes; which cannot be ſmall to a Soul that is wholly ſenſible of Love. And every one knows, that a Lover, depriv'd of the Object of his Heart, is depriv'd of all the World, and Inconſolable. For though one wiſhes, without ceaſing, for the dear Charmer one loves, and though you ſpeak of her every Minute; though you are writing to her every Day, and though you are infinitely pleas'd with the dear and tender Anſwers; yet, to ſpeak ſincerely, it muſt be confeſt, that the Felicity of a true Lover, is to be always near his Miſtreſs. And you may tell me, O *Damon!* What you pleaſe; and ſay, that Abſence inſpires the Flame, which

which perpetual Preſence wou'd ſatiate; I love too well to be of that Mind; and when I am, I ſhall believe my Paſſion is declining. I know not whether it advances your Love; but ſurely, it muſt ruine your Repoſe: And is it impoſſible to be, at once, an abſent Lover, and Happy too? For my part, I can meet with nothing that can pleaſe, in the Abſence of *Damon*; but, on the contrary, I ſee all Things with Diſguſt. I will flatter my ſelf, that 'tis ſo with you; and that the leaſt Evils appear great Misfortunes; and that all thoſe who ſpeak to you of any thing but of what you love, increaſe your Pain, by a new Remembrance of her Abſence. I will believe that theſe are your Sentiments, you are aſſur'd, not to ſee me in ſome Weeks; and, if your Heart do not betray your Words, all thoſe Days will be tedious to you. I wou'd not, however, have your Melancholy too extream; and to leſſen it, you may perſwade your ſelf, that I partake it with you; for, I remember in your laſt, you told me, you wou'd wiſh, we ſhou'd be both griev'd at the ſame time, and both at the ſame time pleas'd; and I believe, I love too well, not to obey you.

Love Secur'd.

Love, of all Joys, the ſweeteſt is;
The moſt ſubſtantial Happineſs;
The ſofteſt Bleſſing Life can crave;
The nobleſt Paſſion, Souls can have.
Yet, if no Interruptions were,
No Difficulties came between,
I wou'd not be render'd half ſo dear.
The Sky is gayeſt, when ſmall Clouds are ſeen. The

The ſweeteſt Flower, the bluſhing Roſe,
Amidſt the Thorns, ſecureſt grows.
If Love were one continu'd Joy,
How ſoon the Happineſs would cloy!
The wiſer Gods did this foreſee;
And, to preſerve the Bliſs entire,
Mixt it with Doubt and Jealouſie,
Thoſe neceſſary Fuels to the Fire.
Suſtain'd the fleeting Pleaſures, with new Fears;
With little Quarrels, Sighs, and Tears;
With Abſence, that tormenting Smart,
That makes a Minute ſeem a Day;
A Day a Year to the impatient Heart,
That languiſhes in the delay,
But cannot ſigh the tender Pain away;
That ſtill returns, and with a greater Force,
Through every Vein it takes its grateful Courſe.
But whatſoe'er the Lover does ſuſtain,
Tho' he ſtill ſigh, complain, and fear,
It cannot be a Mortal Pain,
When Two do the Affliction bear.

X A-Clock.

Reflections.

AFter the afflicting Thoughts of my Abſence, make ſome Reflections on your Happineſs. Think it a Bleſſing, to be permitted to love me: Think it ſo, becauſe I permit it to you alone; and never could be drawn to allow it any other.

The

The first thing you ought to consider is, that at length I have suffer'd my self to be overcome, to quit that Nicety that is natural to me, and receive your Addresses; nay, thought 'em agreeable; and that I have at last confest, the Present of your Heart is very dear to me. 'Tis true, I did not accept of it the first time it was offer'd me, nor before you had told me a thousand times, that you cou'd not escape expiring, if I did not give you leave to sigh for me, and gaze upon me; and that there was an absolute necessity for me, either to give you leave to love, or die. And all those Rigours my Severity has made you suffer, ought now to be re-counted to your Memory, as Subjects of Pleasure; and you ought to esteem and judge of the Price of my Affections, by the Difficulties you found in being able to touch my Heart: Not but you have Charms that can conquer at first Sight; and you ought not to have valu'd me less, if I had been more easily gain'd: But 'tis enough to please you, to think, and know I am gain'd; no matter when or how. When, after a thousand Cares and Inquietudes, that which we wish for, succeeds to our Desires, the Remembrance of those Pains and Pleasures we encounter'd, in arriving at it, gives us a new Joy.

Remember also (*Damon*) that I have prefer'd you before all those that have been thought worthy of my Esteem; and that I have shut my Eyes to all their pleading Merits, and cou'd survey none but yours.

Consider then, that you had not only the Happiness to please me; but that you only found out the way of doing it; and I had the

Good-

Goodneſs at laſt to tell you ſo, contrary to all the Delicacy and Niceneſs of my Soul; contrary to my Prudence, and all thoſe Scruples, you know, are natural to my Humour.

My Tenderneſs proceeded further, and I gave you innocent Marks of my new-born Paſſion, on all Occaſions that preſented themſelves: For after that, from my Eyes and Tongue, you knew the Sentiments of my Heart, I confirm'd that Truth to you, by my Letters. Confeſs (*Damon*) that if you make theſe Reflections, you will not paſs this Hour very diſagreeably.

Beginning Love.

As free as wanton Winds, I liv'd,
That unconcern'd do play:
No broken Faith, no Fate I griev'd;
No Fortune gave me Joy.
A dull Content crown'd all my Hours;
My Heart no Sighs oppreſs:
I call'd in vain on no deaf Pow'rs,
To eaſe a tortur'd Breaſt.

The ſighing Swains regardleſs pin'd,
And ſtrove in vain to pleaſe:
With Pain, I civilly was kind;
But cou'd afford no Eaſe.
Tho' Wit and Beauty did abound,
The Charm was wanting ſtill,
That cou'd inſpire the tender Wound,
Or bend my careleſs Will.

Till in my Heart, a kindling Flame,
Your ſofter Sighs had blown;

Which

Which I, with striving, Love and Shame,
Too sensibly did own.
What e're the God before cou'd plead;
What e're the Youth's Desert;
The feeble Siege in vain was laid,
Against my stubborn Heart.

At first my Sighs and Blushes spoke,
Just when your Sighs wou'd rise:
And when you gaz'd, I wisht to look;
But durst not meet your Eyes.
I trembled, when my Hand you prest,
Nor cou'd my Guilt controul;
But Love prevail'd, and I confest
The Secrets of my Soul.

And when, upon the giving part,
My Present to avow,
By all the Ways confirm'd my Heart,
That Honour wou'd allow;
Too mean was all that I cou'd say,
Too poorly understood:
I gave my Soul the noblest way,
My Letters made it good.

You may believe, I did not easily, nor suddenly bring my Heart to this Condescension; but I lov'd, and all things in *Damon*, were capable of making me resolve so to do. I cou'd not think it a Crime, where every Grace, and every Vertue justify'd my Choice: And when once one is assur'd of this, we find not much difficulty in owning that Passion which will so well commend one's Judgment; and there is no Obstacle, that Love does not surmount. I confest

my

my Weakneſs a thouſand ways, before I told it you, and I remember all thoſe things with Pleaſure; but yet I remember 'em alſo with Shame.

XI A-Clock.

Supper.

I Will believe (*Damon*) that you have been ſo well entertain'd, during this Hour, and have found ſo much Sweetneſs in theſe Thoughts, that if one did not tell you, that Supper waits, you wou'd loſe your ſelf in Reflections ſo pleaſing, many more Minutes. But you muſt go, where you are expected; perhaps, among the Fair, the Young, the Gay; but do not abandon your Heart to too much Joy, though you have ſo much Reaſon to be contented: But the greateſt Pleaſures are always imperfect. If the Object belov'd, do not partake of it: For this Reaſon be chearful, and merry with Reſerve. Do not talk too much; I know, you do not love it; and if you do it, 'twill be the Effect of too much Complaiſance, or with ſome deſign of pleaſing too well; for you know your own charming Power, and how agreeable your Wit and Converſation is to all the World. Remember, I am covetous of every Word you ſpeak, that is not addreſt to me; and envy the happy Liſtner, if I am not by: And I may reply to you as *Aminta* did to *Philander*, when he charg'd her of loving a Talker: And becauſe, perhaps,

you

you have not heard it, I will, to divert you, ſend it you; and at the ſame time aſſure you, *Damon*, that your more noble Quality, of ſpeaking little, has reduc'd me to a perfect Abhorrence of thoſe Wordy Sparks, that value themſelves upon their ready and much Talking upon every trivial Subject; and who have ſo good an Opinion of their Talent that way, they will let no body edge in a Word, or a Reply; but will make all the Converſation themſelves, that they may paſs for very Entertaining Perſons, and pure Company. But the Verſes——

The Reformation.

Philander, *ſince you'll have it ſo;*
I grant, I was impertinent;
And, till this Moment, did not know,
Through all my Life, what 'twas I meant.
Your kind Opinion was the flattering Glaſs,
In which my Mind found how deform'd it was.

In your clear Senſe, which knows no Art,
I ſaw the Errors of my Soul:
And all the Foibleſs of my Heart,
With one Reflection, you controul.
Kind as a God! and gently you chaſtiſe:
By what you hate, you teach me to be wiſe.

Impertinence, my Sex's Shame,
That has ſo long my Life purſu'd,
You with ſuch Modeſty reclaim,
As all the Women has ſubdu'd.
To ſo Divine a Power, what muſt I owe,
That renders me ſo like the perfect You?

That

That Converſable thing I hate
Already, with a juſt Diſdain,
That prides himſelf upon his Prate,
And is, of words, that Nonſence vain.
When in your few, appears ſuch Excellence,
As have reproacht, and charm'd me into Senſe.

For ever may I liſt'ning ſit,
Tho' but each Hour, a Word be born;
I wou'd attend the Coming Wit,
And bleſs what can ſo well inform.
Let the dull World, henceforth to Words be dam'd;
I'm into nobler Senſe, than Talking, ſham'd.

I believe you are ſo good a Lover, as to be of my Opinion; and that you will neither force your ſelf againſt Nature, nor find much occaſion to laviſh out thoſe excellent things that muſt proceed from you, whenever you ſpeak. If all Women were like me, I ſhou'd have more reaſon to fear your Silence than your Talk; for you have a thouſand ways to charm without ſpeaking; and thoſe which to me ſhew a great deal more Concern. But (*Damon*) you know, the greateſt part of my Sex, judge the fine Gentleman by the Volubility of his Tongue, by his Dexterity in Repartee; and cry ——*Oh! He never wants fine things to ſay: He's eternally talking the moſt ſurprizing things.* But (*Damon*) you are well aſſur'd, I hope, that *Iris* is none of theſe *Coquets*; at leaſt, if ſhe had any ſpark of it once in her Nature, ſhe is, by the Excellency of your contrary Temper, taught to know, and ſcorn the Folly: And take heed your Conduct never

give

give me cauſe to ſuſpect you have deceiv'd me in your Temper.

XII A-Clock.

Complaiſance.

NEvertheleſs (*Damon*) Civility requires a little Complaiſance after Supper; and I am aſſur'd, you can never want that, though, I confeſs, you are not accus'd of too general a Complaiſance; and do not often make uſe of it to thoſe Perſons you have an Indifference for; though one is not the leſs eſteemable, for having more of this than one ought; and, though an exceſs of it be a Fault, 'tis a very excuſable one: Have therefore ſome for thoſe with whom you are: You may Laugh with 'em, Drink with 'em, Dance or Sing with 'em, yet think of me. You may diſcourſe of a thouſand indifferent things with 'em, and at the ſame time ſtill think of me. If the Subject be any beautiful Lady, whom they praiſe, either for her Perſon, Wit, or Vertue; you may apply it to me: And if you dare not ſay it aloud, at leaſt let your Heart anſwer in this Language:

Yes, the fair Object, whom you praiſe,
Can give us Love a thouſand ways.
Her Wit and Beauty charming are;
But ſtill my Iris *is more fair.*

No

No Body ever ſpoke before me, of a faithful Lover, but I ſtill ſigh'd, and thought of *Damon*: And ever when they tell me Tales of Love, any ſoft pleaſing Intercourſes of an Amour; Oh! with what pleaſure do I liſten; and with pleaſure anſwer 'em, either with my Eyes, or Tongue———

That Lover may his Silvia *warm*;
But cannot, like my Damon, *charm.*

If I have not all thoſe excellent Qualities, you meet with in thoſe beautiful People, I am, however very glad that Love prepoſſeſſes your Heart to my Advantage: And I need not tell you (*Damon*) that a true Lover ought to perſwade himſelf, that all other Objects ought to give place to her, for whom his Heart ſighs——But ſee, my *Cupid* tells you 'tis One a-Clock, and that you ought not to be longer from your Apartment: Where, while you are Undreſſing, I will give you leave to ſay to your ſelf———

The Regret.

Alas! And muſt the Sun decline,
Before it have inform'd my Eyes
Of all that's Glorious, all that's Fine;
Of all I ſigh for, all I prize?
How joyful were thoſe happy Days,
When Iris *ſpread her charming Rays,*
Did my unwearied Heart inſpire,
With never-ceaſing awful Fire:
And e'ery Minute gave me new Deſire!

But now, alas! All dead and pale,
Like Flow'rs that wither in the Shade;
Where no kind Sun-beams can prevail
To raise its cold, and fading Head;
I sink into my useleſs Bed.
I graſp the ſenceleſs Pillow, as I lie;
A thouſand times, in vain, I ſighing cry,
"Ah! Wou'd to Heaven my Iris were as nigh!

---

1 A-Clock.

Impoſſibility to Sleep.

YOU have been up long enough; and *Cupid*, who takes care of your Health, tells you 'tis time for you to go to Bed. Perhaps you may not ſleep as ſoon as you are laid; and poſſibly you may paſs an Hour in Bed, before you ſhut your Eyes. In this impoſſibility of Sleeping, I think it very proper for you to imagine what I am doing, where I am. Let your Fancy take a little Journey then inviſible to obſerve my Actions and my Conduct. You will find me ſitting alone in my Cabinet (for I am one that do not love to go to Bed early) and will find me very uneaſie and penſive; pleas'd with none of thoſe things that ſo well entertain others. I ſhun all Converſation, as far as Civility will allow; and find no Satisfaction like being alone; where my Soul may, without interruption, converſe with *Damon*. I ſigh; and ſometimes you will ſee my

Cheeks wet with Tears, that insensibly glide down at a thousand Thoughts that present themselves soft and afflicting. I partake of all your Inquietude. On other things I think with indifference, if ever my Thoughts do stray from the more agreeable Object. I find, however, a little Sweetness in this Thought, that, during my Absence, your Heart thinks of me, when mine sighs for you. Perhaps I am mistaken; and that at the same time that you are the Entertainment of all my Thoughts, I am no more in yours: And perhaps you are thinking of those Things that immortalize the Young and Brave; either by those Glories, the Muses flatter you with; or that of *Bellona*, and the God of War: and Serving now a Monarch, whose Glorious Acts in Arms, has out-gone all the feign'd and real Heroes of any Age; who has, himself, out-done whatever History can produce of Great and Brave; and set so Illustrious an Example to the Under-World, that it is not impossible, as much a Lover as you are, but you are thinking now how to render your self worthy the Glory of such a God-like Master, by projecting a thousand Things of Gallantry and Danger. And though, I confess, such Thoughts are proper for your Youth, your Quality, and the Place you have the Honour to hold under our Soveraign; yet let me tell you (*Damon*) you will not be without Inquietude, if you think of either being a delicate Poet, or a brave Warriour; for *Love* will still interrupt your Glory, however you may think to divert him, either by Writing, or Fighting. And you ought to remember these Verses:

Love and Glory.

Beneath the kind protecting Laurel's Shade,
For sighing Lovers, and for Warriours made,
The soft Adonis, *and rough* Mars *were laid.*
Both were design'd to take their Rest;
But Love, the Gentle Boy oppress,
And false Alarms shook the stern Hero's Breast.
This, thinks to soften all his Toils of War,
In the dear Arms of the obliging Fair,
And That, by Hunting, to divert his Care.
All Day, o're Hills and Plains, wild Beasts he char't;
Swift as the flying Winds, his eager Haste,
In vain The God of Love pursues as fast.
But Mars *No Sports, no Toyls divertive prove:*
The Evening still returns him to the Grove,
To sigh, and languish for the Queen of Love.
Where Elegies and Sonnets, he does frame;
And to the list'ning Echo's sighs her Name;
And on the Trees carves Records of his Flame.
The Warriour in the Dusty Camp all Day,
With rattling Drums and Trumpets, does essay,
To fright the Tender Flatt'ring God away.
But still, alas, in vain! Whate'er Delight,
What Care he takes the wanton Boy to fright;
Love still revenges it at Night.

'Tis

'Tis then he haunts the Royal Tent;
The sleeping Hours in Sighs are spent;
And all his Resolutions does prevent.

In all his Pains, Love mixt his Smart;
In every Wound he feels a Dart;
And the soft God is trembling in his Heart.

Then he retires to shady Groves;
And there, in vain, he seeks Repose;
And strives to fly from what he cannot lose.

While thus he lay, Bellona came,
And with a generous fierce Disdain,
Upbraids him with his feeble Flame.

Arise! The World's great Terrour, and their Care!
Behold the glitt'ring Host from far,
That waits the Conduct of the God of War.

Beneath these Glorious Laurels which were made,
To Crown the Noble Victor's Head,
Why thus Supinely art thou laid?

Why on that Face, where Awful Terrour grew,
Thy Sun-parcht Cheeks; why do I view
The shining Tracts of falling Tears bedew?

What God has wrought these universal Harms?
What fatal Nymph? What fatal Charms
Has made the Hero deaf to War's Alarms?

Now let the Conquering Ensigns up be furld:
Learn to be gay, be soft, and curl'd,
And Idle, lose the Empire of the World.

Love and Glory.

Beneath the kind protecting Laurel's Shade,
For sighing Lovers, and for Warriours made,
The soft Adonis, *and rough* Mars *were laid.*
Both were design'd to take their Rest;
But Love, the Gentle Boy oppress,
And false Alarms shook the stern Hero's Breast.
This, thinks to soften all his Toils of War,
In the dear Arms of the obliging Fair,
And That, by Hunting, to divert his Care.
All Day, o're Hills and Plains, wild Beasts he chas't;
Swift as the flying Winds, his eager Haste,
In vain, The God of Love pursues as fast.
But Ah! No Sports, no Toyls divertive prove:
The Smarting still returns him to the Grove,
To sigh, and languish for the Queen of Love.
Where Elegies and Sonnets, he does frame;
And to the list'ning Echo's sighs her Name;
And on the Trees carves Records of his Flame.
The Warriour in the Dusty Camp all Day,
With rattling Drums and Trumpets, does essay,
To fright the Tender Flatt'ring God away.
But still, alas, in vain! Whate'er Delight,
What Care he takes the wanton Boy to fright;
Love still revenges it at Night.

'Tis

'Tis then he haunts the Royal Tent;
The ſleeping Hours in Sighs are ſpent;
And all his Reſolutions does prevent.

In all his Pains, Love mixt his Smart;
In every Wound he feels a Dart;
And the ſoft God is trembling in his Heart.

Then he retires to ſhady Groves;
And there, in vain, he ſeeks Repoſe;
And ſtrives to fly from what he cannot loſe.

While thus he lay, Bellona came,
And with a generous fierce Diſdain,
Upbraids him with his feeble Flame.

Ariſe! The World's great Terrour, and their Care!
Behold the glitt'ring Hoſt from far,
That waits the Conduct of the God of War.

Beneath theſe Glorious Lawrels which were made,
To Crown the Noble Victor's Head,
Why thus Supinely art thou laid?

Why on that Face, where Awful Terrour grew,
Thy Sun-parcht Cheeks; why do I view
The ſhining Tracts of falling Tears bedew?

What God has wrought theſe univerſal Harms?
What fatal Nymph? What fatal Charms
Has made the Hero deaf to War's Alarms?

Now let the Conqu'ring Enſigns up be furl'd:
Learn to be gay, be ſoft, and carl'd,
And Idle, loſe the Empire of the World.

In fond Effeminate Delights go on:
Loſe all the Glories you have won:
Bravely reſolve to Love, and be undone.

'Tis thus the Martial Virgin pleads;
Thus ſhe the Amorous God perſwades,
To fly from Venus, *and the flow'ry Meads.*

You ſee here that Poets and Warriours are oftentimes in Affliction, even under the Shades of their Protecting-Lawrels; and let the Nymphs and Virgins ſing what they pleaſe to their Memory, under the Mirtles, and on Flowery Beds; much better Days than in the Campaign. Nor do the Crowns of Glory ſurpaſs thoſe of Love: The Firſt is but an empty Name, which is won, kept, and loſt with Hazard; but Love more nobly employs a brave Soul, and all his Pleaſures are ſolid and laſting; and when one has a worthy Object of one's Flame, Glory accompanies Love too. But go to ſleep, the Hour is come; and 'tis now that your Soul ought to be entertain'd in Dreams.

II A-Clock.

Converſation in Dreams.

I Doubt not but you will think it very bold and arbitrary, that my *Watch* ſhou'd pretend to rule even your Sleeping Hours, and that my

Cupid shou'd govern your very Dreams; which are but Thoughts diſorder'd, in which Reaſon has no part; Chimera's of the Imagination, and no more: But though my Watch does not pretend to counſel unreaſonable, yet you muſt allow it here; if not to paſs the Bounds, at leaſt, to advance to the utmoſt Limits of it. I am aſſur'd, that after having thought ſo much of me in the Day, you will think of me alſo in the Night: And the firſt Dream my *Watch* permits you to make, is to think you are in Converſation with me.

Imagine (*Damon*) that you are talking to me of your Paſſion, with all the Tranſport of a Lover; and that I hear you with Satisfaction: That all my Looks and Bluſhes, while you are ſpeaking, gives you new Hopes and Aſſurances, that you are not indifferent to me; and that I give you a thouſand Teſtimonies of my Tenderneſs, all Innocent and Obliging.

While you are ſaying all that Love can dictate, all that Wit and good Manners can invent, and all that I wiſh to hear from *Damon*, believe in this Dream, all flattering and dear; that after having ſhew'd me the Ardour of your Flame, that I confeſs to you the Bottom of my Heart, and all the loving Secrets there; that I give you Sigh for Sigh, Tenderneſs for Tenderneſs, Heart for Heart, and Pleaſure for Pleaſure. And I wou'd have your Senſe of this Dream ſo perfect, and your Joy ſo intire, that if it happen you ſhou'd awake with the Satisfaction from this Dream, you ſhou'd find your Heart ſtill panting with the ſoft Pleaſure of the dear deceiving Tranſport, and you ſhou'd be ready to cry out——

Ah! How sweet it is to Dream,
When Charming Iris *is the Theam!*

For such, I wish, my *Damon*, your sleeping and your waking Thoughts shou'd render me to your Heart.

III. A-Clock.

Capricious Suffering in Dreams.

IT is but just, to mix a little Chagrin with these Pleasures, a little Bitter with your Sweet; you may be cloy'd with too long an Imagination of my Favours: And I will have your Fancy in Dreams represent me to it, as the most capricious Maid in the World. I know, here you will accuse my *Watch*, and blame me with unnecessary Cruelty, as you will call it; but Lovers have their little Ends, their little Advantages, to pursue by Methods wholly unaccountable to all, but that Heart that contrives 'em: And, as good a Lover as I believe you, you will not enter into my Design at first Sight; and though, on reasonable Thoughts, you will be satisfy'd with this Conduct of mine, at its first Approach, you will be ready to cry out!——

The Request.

Oh Iris! *Let my sleeping Hours be fraught*
With Joys, which you deny my waking Thought.
Is't not enough, you absent are?
Is't not enough, I sigh all Day;
And languish out my Life in Care:
To e'ery Passion made a Prey?
I burn with Love, and soft Desire;
I rave with Jealousie and Fear:
All Day, for Ease, my Soul I tire;
In vain I search it e'ery-where:
It dwells not with the Witty or the Fair.

It is not in the Camp, or Court;
In Bus'ness, Musick, or in Sport:
The Plays, the Park, and Mall afford
No more than the dull Basset-board.
The Beauties in the Drawing-room,
With all their Sweetness, all their Bloom,
No more my faithful Eyes invite,
Nor rob my Iris *of a Sigh, or Glance;*
Unless soft Thoughts of her incite
A Smile, or trivial Complaisance.
Then since my Days so anxious prove,
Ah, Cruel Tyrant! Give
A little Loose to Joys in Love;
And let your Damon *live.*
Let him in Dreams be happy made;
And let his Sleep some Bliss provide:
The nicest Maid may yield, in Night's dark Shade,
What she so long by Day-light had deny'd.
There let me think you present are;
And court my Pillow for my Fair.

There

There let me find you kind, and that you give
All that a Man of Honour dares receive.
And may my Eyes Eternal Watches keep,
Rather than want that Pleasure, when I sleep.

Some such Complaint as this, I know you will make; but (*Damon*) if the little Quarrels of Lovers render the reconciling Moments so infinitely Charming, you must needs allow, that these little Chagrins in capricious Dreams, must awaken you to more Joy to find 'em but Dreams, than if you had met with no Disorder there. 'Tis for this Reason, that I wou'd have you suffer a little Pain, for a coming Pleasure; nor, indeed, is it possible for you to escape the Dreams, my *Capid* points you out. You shall Dream that I have a thousand *Foibleſſes*, something of the Lightness of my Sex; that my Soul is employ'd in a thousand Vanities; that (proud and fond of Lovers) I make Advances for the Glory of a Slave, without any other Interest, or Design, than that of being ador'd. I will give you leave to think my Heart fickle; and that, far from resigning it to any one, I lend it only for a Day, or an Hour, and take it back at Pleasure; that I am a very *Coquet*, even to Impertinence.

All this I give you leave to think, and to offend me; but 'tis in Sleep only that I permit it; for I wou'd never pardon you the least Offence of this Nature, if in any other kind than in a Dream. Nor is it enough Affliction to you, to imagine me thus idly vain; but you are to pass on to a hundred more capricious Humours; as that I exact of you a hundred unjust Things;

that

that I pretend you shou'd break off with all your Friends, and, for the future, have none at all; that I will, my self, do those Things, which I violently condemn in you; and that I will have for others, as well as you, that tender Friendship that resembles Love; or rather, that Love, which People call Friendship; and that I will not, after all, have you dare complain on me.

In fine, be as ingenious as you please, to torment your self; and believe, that I am become unjust, ungrateful, and insensible: But were I so indeed, O *Damon!* Consider your awaking Heart, and tell me; Wou'd your Love stand the Proof of all these Faults in me? But know, that I wou'd have you believe, I have none of these Weaknesses, though I am not wholly without Faults, but those will be excusable to a Lover; and this Notion I have of a perfect one:

What e'er fantastick Humours rule the Fair,
She's still the Lover's Date-age, and his Care.

IV. A-Clock.

Jealousie in Dreams.

DO not think (*Damon*) to wake yet; for I design you shall yet suffer a little more: Jealousie must now possess you; that Tyrant over the Heart, that compels your very Reason, and seduces all your good Nature. And in this Dream, you must believe that in Sleeping, which you

you cou'd not do me the Injuſtice to do, when awake. And here you muſt explain all my Actions to the utmoſt Diſadvantage: Nay, I will wiſh, that the Force of this Jealouſie may be ſo extream, that it may make you languiſh in Grief, and be overcome with Anger.

You ſhall now imagine, that one of your Rivals is with me, interrupting all you ſay, or hindring all you wou'd ſay; that I have no attention to what you ſay aloud to me, but that I incline my Ear, to hearken to all that he whiſpers to me. You ſhall repine, that he purſues me every-where; and is eternally at your Heels if you approach me: That I careſs him with Sweetneſs in my Eyes, and that Vanity in my Heart, that poſſeſſes the Humours of almoſt all the Fair; that is, to believe it greatly for my Glory, to have abundance of Rivals for my Lovers. I know you love too well, not to be extreamly uneaſie in the Company of a Rival, and to have one perpetually near me; for let him be belov'd or not by the Miſtreſs, it muſt be confeſt, a Rival is a very troubleſome Perſon: But, to afflict you to the utmoſt, I will have you imagine, that my Eyes approve of all his Thoughts; that they flatter him with Hopes, and that I have taken away my Heart from you, to make a Preſent of it to this more lucky Man. You ſhall ſuffer, while poſſeſt with this Dream, all that a cruel Jealouſie can make a tender Soul ſuffer.

The Torment.

O Jealouſie! Thou Paſſion moſt ingrate!
Tormenting as Deſpair, envious as Hate!

Spightful

Spightful as Witchcraft, which th' Invoker harms:
Worse than the Wretch that suffers by its Charms.
Thou subtil Poyson in the Fancy bred;
Diffus'd through every Vein, the Heart and Head;
And over all, like wild Contagion spread.
Thou, whose sole Property is to destroy;
Thou Opposite to Good, Antipathy to Joy;
Whose Attributes are cruel, Rage, and Fire;
Reason debaucht, false Sense, and mad Desire.

In fine, It is a Passion that ruffles all the Senses, and disorders the whole Frame of Nature. It makes one hear and see what was never spoke, and what never was in view. 'Tis the Bane of Health and Beauty, an unmannerly Intruder; and an Evil of Life worse than Death. She is a very cruel Tyrant in the Heart; she possesses and pierces it with infinite Unquiets: And we may lay it down as a certain Maxim——

She that wou'd wreck a Lover's Heart
To the Extent of Cruelty,
Must his Tranquility subvert
To tort'ring Jealousie.

I speak too sensibly of this Passion, not to have lov'd well enough, to have been toucht with it: And you shall be this unhappy Lover (*Damon*) during this Dream; in which nothing shall present it self to your tumultuous Thoughts, that shall not bring its pain. You shall here pass and re-pass a hundred Designs that shall confound one another. In fine (*Damon*) Anger, Hatred and Revenge shall surround your Heart.

There

There they shall all together reign
With mighty Force, with mighty Pain;
In Spight of Reason, in Contempt of Love:
Sometimes by Turns, sometimes united move.

V. A-Clock.

Quarrels in Dreams.

I Perceive you are not able to suffer all this Injustice, nor can I permit it any longer; and though you commit no Crime your self, yet you believe in this Dream, that I complain of Injuries you do my Fame; and that I am extreamly angry with a Jealousie so prejudicial to my Honour. Upon this Belief, you accuse me of Weakness; you resolve to see me no more, and are making a thousand feeble Vows against Love! You esteem me as a false One, and resolve to cease loving the vain *Coquet*; and will say to me, as a certain Friend of yours said to his false Mistress:

The Inconstant.

Though Sylvia, you are very fair,
Yet disagreeable to me:
And since you so inconstant are,
Your Beauty's damn'd with Levity.
Your Wit, your most offensive Arms,
For want of Judgment, wants its Charms.

To

To every Lover that is new,
All new and charming you ſurprize;
But when your fickle Mind they view,
They ſhun the danger of your Eyes.
Show'd you a Miracle of Beauty ſhow,
Yet you're inconſtant, and will ſtill be ſo.

'Tis thus you will think of me: And in fine (*Damon*) during this Dream, we are in a perpetual State of War.

Thus both reſolve to break their Chain,
And think to do't without much Pain:
But Oh! Alas! We ſtrive in vain.

For Lovers of themſelves can nothing do:
There muſt be the Conſent of Two;
You give it me, and I muſt give it you.

And if we ſhall never be free, till we acquit one another, this Tye between you and I (*Damon*) is likely to laſt as long as we live: Therefore in vain you endeavour, but can never attain your End: And in Concluſion, you will ſay, in thinking of me:

Oh! How at Eaſe my Heart wou'd live,
Cou'd I renounce this Fugitive;
This dear, (but falſe) attracting Maid,
That has her Vows and Faith betray'd!
Reaſon won'd have it ſo; but Love
Dares not the dang'rous Tryal prove.

Do not be angry then, for this afflicting hour is drawing to an End, and you ought not to deſpair of coming into my abſolute Favour again.'

Then do not let your murm'ring Heart,
Againſt my Int'reſt, take your Part.
The Feud was rais'd by Dreams, all falſe and vain,
And the next Sleep ſhall reconcile again.

VI A-Clock

Accommadition in Dreams.

THough the angry Lovers force themſelves, all they can, to chace away the troubleſome Tenderneſs of the Heart, in the height of their Quarrels, Love ſees all their Sufferings, pities and redreſſes 'em: And when we begin to cool, and a ſoft Repentance follows the Chagrin of the Love-Quarrel, 'tis then that Love takes the Advantage of both Hearts, and renews the charming Friendſhip more forcibly than ever, puts a ſtop to all our Feuds, and renders the Peace-making Minutes, the moſt dear and tender part of our Life. How pleaſing 'tis to ſee your Rage diſſolve! How ſweet, how ſoft is every Word that pleads for Pardon at my Feet! 'Tis there, that you tell me, your very Sufferings are over-paid, when I but aſſure you from my Eyes, that I will forget your Crime: And your Imagination ſhall here preſent me, the moſt

most sensible of your past Pain, that you can wish; and that all my Anger being vanisht, I give you a thousand Marks of my Faith and Gratitude; and lastly, to crown all, that we again make new Vows to one another of inviolable Peace.

After these Debates of Love,
Lovers thousand Pleasures prove;
Which they ever think to taste,
Tho' oftentimes they do not last.

Enjoy then all the Pleasures that a Heart that is very amorous, and very tender, can enjoy. Think no more on those Inquietudes that you have suffer'd, bless *Love* for his Favours, and thank me for my Graces; and resolve to endure any thing, rather than enter upon any new Quarrels. And however dear the reconciling Moments are, there proceeds a great deal of Evil from these little frequent Quarrels; and I think, the best counsel we can follow, is to avoid 'em as near as we can: And if we cannot, but that, in spight of Love and good Understanding, they shou'd break out, we ought to make as speedy a Peace as possible; for 'tis not good to grate the Heart too long, lest it grow harden'd insensibly, and lose its native Temper. A few Quarrels there must be in Love; Love cannot support it self without 'em; and besides the Joy of an Accommodation, Love becomes by it more strongly united, and more charming. Therefore let the Lover receive this, as a certain Receipt against declining Love;

Love reconcil'd.

He that wou'd have the Passion be
Entire between the Am'rous Pair,
Let not the little Feuds of Jealousie
Be carry'd on to a Despair:
That pauls the Pleasure he wou'd raise;
The Fire that he wou'd blow, allays.

When Understandings false arise,
When misinterpreted your Thought;
If false Conjectures of your Smiles and Eyes
Be up to baneful Quarrel wrought;
Let Love the kind Occasion take,
And strait Accommodation make.

The sullen Lover, long unkind,
Ill-natur'd, hard to reconcile,
Loses the Heart he had inclin'd,
Love cannot undergo long Toil:
He's soft and sweet, not born to bear
The rough Fatigues of painful War.

VII A-Clock.

Divers Dreams.

BEhold (*Damon*) the last Hour of your Sleep, and of my *Watch*. She leaves you at liberty now, and you may chuse your Dreams: Trust 'em to your Imaginations, give a Loose to

Fancy, and let it rove at Will; provided, *Damon*, it be always guided by a reſpectful *Love*. For thus far I pretend to give Bounds to your Imagination, and will not have it paſs beyond 'em: Take heed, in Sleeping, you give no Ear to a flattering *Cupid*, that will favour your ſlumbring Minutes with Lies too pleaſing and vain: You are diſcreet enough when you are awake; Will you not be ſo in Dreams?

Damon, awake: My *Watch's* Courſe is done. After this, you cannot be ignorant of what you ought to do, during my Abſence. I did not believe it neceſſary to caution you about Balls and Comedies: You know, a Lover depriv'd of his Miſtreſs, goes ſeldom there. But if you cannot handſomly avoid theſe Diverſions, I am not ſo unjuſt a Miſtreſs, to be angry with you for it. Go, if Civility, or other Duties oblige you: I will only forbid you, in Conſideration of me, not to be too much ſatisfy'd with thoſe Pleaſures; but ſee 'em ſo, as the World may have Reaſon to ſay, you do not ſeek 'em; you do not make a Buſineſs or a Pleaſure of 'em; and that 'tis Complaiſance, and not Inclination that carries you thither. Seem rather negligent than concern'd at any thing there; and let every Part of you ſay, Iris *is not here.*——

I ſay nothing to you neither of your Duty elſewhere; I am ſatisfy'd, you know it too well, and have too great a Veneration for your Glorious Maſter, to neglect any part of that for even Love it ſelf! And I very well know, how much you love to be eternally near his Illuſtrious Perſon; and that you ſcarce prefer your Miſtreſs before him, in point of Love: In all things elſe,

I give him leave to take place of *Iris*, in the Noble Heart of *Damon*.

I am ſatisfy'd, you paſs your Time well now at *Windſor*, for you adore that Place; and 'tis not, indeed, without great Reaſon; for 'tis moſt certainly now render'd, the moſt glorious Palace in the Chriſtian World. And had our late Gracious Soveraign of bleſſed Memory had no other Miracles and Wonders of his Life and Reign, to have immortaliz'd his Fame, (of which there ſhall remain a Thouſand to Poſterity:) This Noble Structure alone, this Building (almoſt Divine) wou'd have Eterniz'd the great Name of Glorious *Charles* the Second, till the World moulder again to its old Confuſion, its firſt *Chaos*. And the Paintings of the famous *Vario*, and Noble Carvings of the unimitable *Gibon*, ſhall never die; but remain, to tell ſucceeding Ages, that all Arts and Learning were not confin'd to ancient *Rome* and *Greece*; but that *England* too cou'd boaſt its mightieſt Share. Nor is the In-ſide of this magnificent Structure immortaliz'd with ſo many eternal Images of the Illuſtrious *Charles* and *Katherine*, more to be admir'd, than the wondrous Proſpects without. The ſtupendious Heighth, on which the famous Pile is built, renders the Fields, and Flowery Meads below, the Woods, the Tickets, and the winding Streams, the moſt delightful Object that ever Nature produc'd. Beyond all theſe, and far below, in an inviting Vale, the venerable Colledge, an Old, but Noble Building, raiſes it ſelf, in the midſt of all the Beauties of Nature; high-grown Trees, fruitful Plains, purling Rivulets, and ſpacious Gardens,

adorn'd

adorn'd with all Variety of Sweets, that can delight the Senſes.

At farther diſtance yet, on an Aſcent, almoſt as high as that to the Royal Structure, you may behold that famous and noble *Clifdon* riſe; a Palace erected by the Illuſtrious Duke of *Buckingham*: Who will leave this wondrous Piece of Architecture, to inform the future World of the Greatneſs and Delicacy of his Mind; it being, for its Situation, its Proſpects, and its marvellous Contrivances, one of the fineſt *Villa*'s of the World; at leaſt, were it finiſhed, as begun; and wou'd ſufficiently declare the Magnifick Soul of the Hero, that caus'd it to be built, and contriv'd all its Fineneſs. And this makes up not the leaſt Part of the beautiful Proſpect from the Palace-Royal, while on the other ſide, lies ſpread a fruitful and delightful Park and Foreſt, well ſtor'd with Deer, and all that make the Proſpect charming; fine Walks, Groves, diſtant Vallies, Downs and Hills, and all that Nature cou'd invent, to furniſh out a quiet ſoft Retreat, for the moſt Fair, and moſt Charming of Queens, and the moſt Heroick, Good, and Juſt of Kings; And theſe Groves alone, are fit and worthy to divert ſuch Earthly Gods.

Nor can Heaven, Nature, or Humane Art contrive an Addition to this Earthly Paradiſe, unleſs thoſe great Inventors of the Age, Sir *Samuel Morland*, or Sir *Robert Gorden*, cou'd, by the power of Engines, convey the Water ſo into the Park and Caſtle, as to furniſh it with delightful Fountains, both uſeful and beautiful. Theſe are only wanting, to render the Place all Perfection, without Exception.

This, *Damon*, is a long Digreſſion from the Buſineſs of my Heart; but you know, I am ſo in Love with that charming Court, that when you gave me an Occaſion, by your being there now, but to name the Place, I cou'd not forbear tranſgreſſing a little, in favour of its wond'rous Beauty; and the rather, becauſe I wou'd, in recounting it, give you to underſtand how many fine Objects there are, beſides the Ladies that adorn it, to employ your vacant Moments in; and hope you will, without my Inſtructions, paſs a great part of your idle Time in ſurveying theſe Proſpects; and give that Admiration you ſhou'd pay to living Beauty, to thoſe more venerable Monuments of everlaſting Fame.

Neither need I (*Damon*) aſſign you your waiting Times; your Honour, Duty, Love, and Obedience will inſtruct you, when to be near the Perſon of the King; and I believe, you will omit no part of that Devoir. You ought to eſtabliſh your Fortune, and your Glory: For I am not of the Mind of thoſe Critical Lovers, who believe it a very hard Matter to reconcile Love and Intereſt; to adore a Miſtreſs, and ſerve a Maſter at the ſame time. And I have heard thoſe, who, on this Subject, ſay, *Let a Man be never ſo careful in theſe double Duties, 'tis Ten to One but he loſes his Fortune or his Miſtreſs.* Theſe are Errors that I condemn: And I know, that Love and Ambition are not incompatible; but that a brave Man may preſerve all his Duties to his Soveraign, and his Paſſion and his Reſpect for his Miſtreſs. And this is my Notion of it.

Love

Love and Ambition,

The Noble Lover, who wou'd prove
Uncommon in Addreſs;
Let him Ambition joyn with Love;
With Glory, Tenderneſs:
But let the Vertues ſo be mixt,
That when to Love he goes,
Ambition may not come betwixt,
Nor Love his Power oppoſe.
The vacant Hours from ſofter Sport,
Let him give up to Intereſt at the Court.

'Tis Honour ſhall his Buſineſs be,
And Love, his nobleſt Play:
Thoſe two ſhou'd never diſagree;
For both make either Gay.
Love without Honour, where can mean
For any gallant Heart;
And Honour ſimply, but a Dream,
Where Love muſt have no part.
A Flame like this, you cannot fear,
Where Glory claims an equal Share,

Such a Paſſion (*Damon*) can never make you quit any part of your Duty to your Prince. And the Monarch, you ſerve, is ſo gallant a Maſter, that the Inclination you have to his Perſon, obliges you to ſerve him, as much as your Duty; for *Damon*'s Loyal Soul loves the Man, and adores the Monarch; for he is certainly all that compels both, by a charming Force and Goodneſs from all Mankind.

The King.

Darling of Mars! Bellona's Care!
The second Deity of War!
Delight of Heaven, and Joy of Earth!
Born for great and wonderous Things!
Destin'd at his Auspicious Birth,
T'out-do the num'rous Race of long-past Kings.

Best Representative of Heaven!
To whom its chiefest Attributes are given!
Great, Just, Stedfast, Just, and Brave!
To Vengeance slow, but swift to Save!
Dispencing Mercy all abroad!
Soft and Forgiving as a God!

Thou Saving Angel, who preserv'st the Land
From the Just Rage of the Avenging Hand:
Stopt the dire Plague, that o're the Earth was hurl'd!
And sheathing thy Almighty Sword,
Calm'd the wild Fears of a distracted World,
(As Heaven first made it) with a Sacred Word!

But I will stop the low Flight of my humble Muse, who, when she is upon the Wing, on this Glorious Subject, knows no Bounds. And all the World has agreed to say so much of the Vertues and Wonders of this great Monarch, that they have left me nothing new to say; though indeed, he every day gives us new Theams of his growing Greatness; and we see nothing that equals him in our Age. Oh! how happy are we to obey his Laws; for he is the greatest of Kings and the best of Men!

You will be very unjuſt (*Damon*) if you do not confeſs, I have acquitted my ſelf like a Maid of Honour, of all the Obligations I owe you, upon the Account of the *Diſcretion* I loſt to you. If it be not valuable enough, I am generous enough to make it good; And ſince I am ſo willing to be juſt, you ought to eſteem me, and to make it your chiefeſt Care to preſerve me yours; for I believe, I ſhall deſerve it, and wiſh you ſhou'd believe ſo too. Remember me, write to me, and obſerve punctually all the Motions of my *Watch*: The more you regard it, the better you will like it; and whatever you think of it at firſt ſight, 'tis no ill Preſent. The Invention is ſoft and gallant; and *Germany*, ſo celebrated for rare *Watches*, can produce nothing to equal this.

Damon, *my Watch is juſt, and new:*
And all a Lover ought to do,
My Cupid faithfully will ſhew,
And every Hour he renders there,
Except L'heure du Bergere.

The End of the Watch.

THE CASE FOR THE WATCH.

Damon to *Iris*.

EXpect not, O charming *Iris*! that I should chuſe Words to thank you in; (Words, that leaſt Part of Love, and leaſt the Buſineſs of the Lover; but will ſay all, and every thing that a tender Heart can dictate, to make an Acknowledgment for ſo dear and precious a Preſent, as this of your charming *Watch*; while all I can ſay, will but too dully expreſs my Senſe of Gratitude, my Joy, and the Pleaſure I receive in the mighty Favour. I confeſs the Preſent too rich, too gay, and too magnificent for my Expectation; and though my Love and Faith deſerve it, yet my humbler Hope never durſt carry me to a Wiſh of ſo great a Bliſs, ſo great an Acknowledgment from the Maid I adore!

adore! The Materials are glorious, the Work delicate, and the Movement juſt; and even gives Rules to my Heart, who ſhall obſerve very exactly, all that the *Cupid* remarks to me, even to the Minutes, which I will point with Sighs, though I am oblig'd to 'em there but every Half-hour.———

You tell me, fair *Iris*, that I ought to preſerve it tenderly, and yet you have ſent it me without a Caſe. But that I may obey you juſtly, and keep it dear to me, as long as I live, I will give it a Caſe of my Faſhion: It ſhall be delicate, and ſutable to the fine Preſent; of ſuch Materials too. But becauſe I won'd have it perfect, I will conſult your admirable Wit and Invention in an Affair of ſo curious a Conſequence.

The Figure of the Caſe.

I Deſign to give it the Figure of a Heart. Does not your *Watch*, *Iris*, rule the Heart? It was your Heart that contriv'd it, and 'twas your Heart you conſulted in all the Management of it; and 'twas your Heart that brought it to ſo fine a Concluſion. The Heart never acts without Reaſon, and all the Heart projects, it performs with Pleaſure.

Your *Watch*, my lovely Maid, has explain'd to me a World of rich Secrets of Love: And where ſhou'd Thoughts ſo ſacred be ſtor'd, but in the Heart, where all the Secrets of the Soul are treaſur'd up; and of which, only *Love* alone can take a View? 'Tis thence he takes his Sighs and Tears, and all his little Flatteries and Arts to pleaſe. All his fine Thoughts, and all his mighty

mighty Raptures, nothing is so proper as the Heart to preserve it; nothing so worthy as the Heart to contain it; and it concerns my Interest too much, not to be infinitely careful of so dear a Treasure: And, believe me, charming *Iris*, I will never part with it.

The Votary.

Fair Goddess of my just Desire,
Inspirer of my softest Fire!
Since you, from out the num'rous Throng,
That to your Altars do belong,
To me the sacred Myst'ry have reveal'd,
From all my Rival-Worshipper conceal'd;
And touch'd my Soul with Heavenly Fire:
Refin'd it from its grosser Sense,
And wrought it to a higher Excellence;
It can no more return to Earth,
Like things that thence receive their Birth:
But still aspiring, upward move,
And teach the World new Flights of Love.
New Arts of Secresie shall learn,
And render Youth discreet in Love's Concern.

In his soft Heart, to hide the charming Things,
A Mistress whispers to his Ear;
And e'ery tender Sigh she brings,
Mix with his Soul, and hide it there.
To bear himself so well in Company,
That if his Mistress present be,
It may be thought by all the Fair,
Each in his Heart does claim a Share,
And all are more belov'd than She.

But when with the dear Maid apart,
Then at her Feet the Lover lies;
Opens his Soul, shews all his Heart,
While Joy is dancing in his Eyes.
Then all that Honour may, or take, or give,
They both distribute, both receive.
A Looker on wou'd spoil a Lover's Joy;
For Love's a Game where only Two can play.
And 'tis the hardest of Love's Mysteries,
To feign Love where it is not, hide it where it is.

After having told you, my lovely *Iris*, that I design to put your *Watch* into a *Heart*, I ought to shew you the Ornaments of the *Case*. I do intend to have 'em *Crown'd Cyphers*. I do not mean those Crowns of Vanity, which are put indifferently on all sorts of *Cyphers*: No, I must have such, as may distinguish mine from the rest; and may be true Emblems of what I wou'd represent. My four *Cyphers* therefore shall be Crown'd with these four Wreaths of *Olive*, *Laurel*, *Myrtle*, and *Roses*: And the Letters that begin the Names of *Iris* and *Damon*, shall compose the *Cyphers*; though I must intermix some other Letters that bear another Sence, and have another Signification.

The first Cypher.

THe first *Cypher* is compos'd of an *I*, and a *D*, which are joyn'd by an *L*, and an *E*: Which signifies, Love Extream. And 'tis but just, O adorable *Iris!* that Love shou'd be mixt with our *Cyphers*, and that Love alone shou'd be the Union of 'em.

Love

Love ought alone the Mystick Knot to tie;
Love, that great Master of all Arts:
And this dear Cypher, *is to let you see,*
Love unites Names, as well as Hearts.

Without this charming Union, our Souls cou'd not communicate those invisible Sweetnesses, which compleat the Felicity of Lovers; and which, the most tender and passionate Expressions, are too feeble to make us comprehend. But, my adorable *Iris*, I am contented with the vast Pleasure I feel in Loving well, without the Care of expressing it well; if you will imagine my Pleasure, without expressing it. For I confess, 'twou'd be no Joy to me to adore you, if you did not perfectly believe I did adore you. Nay, though you lov'd me, if you had no Faith in me, I shou'd languish, and love in as much Pain, as if you scorn'd, and at the same time believ'd I dy'd for you. For surely, *Iris*, 'tis a greater Pleasure to please, than to be pleas'd; and the Glorious Power of Giving, is infinitely a greater Satisfaction, than that of Receiving; there is so great and God-like a Quality in it. I wou'd have your Belief therefore equal to my Passion, extream; as indeed, all Love shou'd be, or it cannot bear that Divine Name: It can pass but for an indifferent Affection. And these *Cyphers* ought to make the World find all the noble Force of delicate Passion. For, O my *Iris*! what wou'd Love signifie, if we did not love fervently. Sisters and Brothers Love; Friends and Relations have Affections; but where the Souls are joyn'd, which are fill'd with Eternal

soft

ſoft Wiſhes, Oh! there is ſome Exceſs of Pleaſure, which cannot be expreſt!

Your Looks, your dear obliging Words, and your charming Letters have ſufficiently perſwaded me of your Tenderneſs; and you might ſurely ſee the Exceſs of my Paſſion, by my Cares, my Sighs, and entire Reſignation to your Will. I never think of *Iris*, but my Heart feels double Flames, and pants and heaves with double Sighs; and whoſe Force makes its Ardours known, by a thouſand Tranſports: And they are very much to blame, to give the Name of Love to feeble eaſie Paſſions: Such Tranſitory Tranquil Inclinations are at beſt but Well-wiſhers to Love; and a Heart that has ſuch Heats as thoſe, ought not to put it ſelf into the Rank of thoſe nobler Victims that are offer'd at the Shrine of Love. But our Souls, *Iris*, burn with a more glorious Flame, that lights and conducts us beyond a Poſſibility of loſing one another. 'Tis this that flatters all my Hopes: 'Tis this alone makes me believe my ſelf worthy of *Iris*: And let her judge of its Violence, by the Greatneſs of its Splendour.

Does not a Paſſion of this Nature, ſo true, ſo ardent, deſerve to be crown'd? And will you wonder to ſee, over this *Cypher*, a Wreath of *Mirtles*, thoſe Boughs, ſo ſacred to the Queen of Love, and ſo worſhipt by Lovers? 'Tis with theſe ſoft Wreaths, that thoſe are crown'd, who underſtand how to love well and faithfully.

The Smiles, the Graces, and the Sports,
That in the ſacred Groves maintain their Courts,
Are with theſe Myrtles crown'd.

Thither

Thither the Nymphs their Garlands bring;
Their Beauties, and their Praises sing,
While Ecchoes do the Songs resound.

Love, tho' a God, with Mirtle Wreaths,
Does his soft Temples bind.
More valu'd are those consecrated Leaves,
Than the bright Wealth, in Eastern Rocks confind:
And Crowns of Glory less Ambition move,
Than those more sacred Diadems of Love.

The second Cypher,

IS crown'd with *Olives*; and I add to the two Letters of our Names, an *R*, and an *L*, for *Reciprocal Love*. Every time that I have given you, O lovely *Iris!* Testimonies of my Passion, I have been so blest, as to receive some from your Bounty; and you have been pleas'd to flatter me with a Belief, that I was not indifferent to you. I dare therefore say, that being honour'd with the Glory of your Tenderness and Care, I ought, as a Trophy of my illustrious Conquest, to adorn the *Watch* with a *Cypher*, that is so advantageous to me. Ought I not to esteem my self the most fortunate and happy of Mankind, to have exchang'd my Heart with so charming and admirable a Person as *Iris!* Ah! how sweet, how precious is the Change; and how vast a Glory arrives to me from it! Oh! you must not wonder if my Soul abandon it self to a thousand Extasies! In the Merchandize of Hearts, Oh! how dear it is, to receive as much as one gives; and barter Heart for Heart! Oh! I wou'd not receive mine again, for all the Crowns

the

the Univerſe contains! Nor ought you, my Adorable, make any Vows or Wiſhes, ever to retrieve yours; or ſhew the leaſt Repentance for the Bleſſing you have given me. The Exchange we made, was confirm'd by a Noble Faith; and you ought to believe, you have beſtow'd it well, ſince you are paid for it, a Heart that is ſo conformable to yours, ſo true, ſo juſt, and ſo full of Adoration: And nothing can be the juſt Recompence of Love, but Love; and to enjoy the true Felicity of it, our Hearts ought to keep an equal Motion; and, like the Scales of Juſtice, always hang even.

'Tis the Property of Reciprocal Love, to make the Heart feel the Delicacy of Love, and to give the Lover all the Eaſe and Softneſs he can reaſonably hope. Such a Love renders all things advantageous and proſperous: Such a Love triumphs over all other Pleaſures. And I put a Crown of *Olives* over the *Cypher* of *Reciprocal Love*, to make known, that two hearts, where Love is juſtly equal, enjoy a Peace, that nothing can diſturb.

Olives are never fading ſeen;
But always flouriſhing, and green.
The Emblem 'tis of Love and Peace;
For Love that's true, will never ceaſe:
And Peace does Pleaſure ſtill increaſe.
Joy to the World, the Peace of Kings imparts;
And Peace in Love diſtributes it to Hearts.

The third Cypher.

THE *C*, and the *L*, which are joyn'd to the Letters of our Names in this *Cypher*,

crown'd with *Laurel*, explains a *Constant Love*. It will not, my fair *Iris*, suffice, that my Love is extream, my Passion violent, and my Wishes fervent, or that our Loves are reciprocal: But it ought also to be constant; for in Love, the Imagination is oftner carried to those things that may arrive, and which we wish for, than to things that Time has rob'd us of: And in those agreeable Thoughts of Joys to come, the Heart takes more delight to wander, than in all those that are past; though the Remembrance of 'em are very dear, and very charming. We shou'd be both unjust, if we were not perswaded we are possest with a Vertue, the Use of which is so admirable, as that of Constancy. Our Loves are not of that sort, that can finish, or have end; but such a Passion, so perfect, and so constant, that it will be a President for future Ages, to love perfectly; and when they wou'd express an extream Passion, they will say, *They lov'd, as* Damon *did the charming* Iris. And he that knows the Glory of Constant Love, will despise those fading Passions, those little Amusements, that serve for a Day. What Pleasure, or Dependance can one have in a Love of that sort? What Concern? What Raptures can such an Amour produce in a Soul? And what Satisfaction can one promise one's self, in playing with a false Gamester; who, though you are aware of him, in spight of all your Precaution, puts the false Dice upon you, and wins all?

Those Eyes, that can no better Conquest make,
Let 'em ne'r look abroad:
Such, but the empty Name of Lovers take,
And so prophane the God. *Better*

Better they never shou'd pretend,
Than e'er begun to make an End.

Of that fond Flame, what shall we say,
That's born and languisht in a Day?
Such short-liv'd Blessings cannot bring
The Pleasure of an Envying.
Who is't will celebrate that Flame,
That's damn'd to such a scanty Fame?
While constant Love, the Nymphs and Swains
Still sacred make, in lasting Strains,
And chearful Lays throughout the Plains.

A constant Love knows no Decay;
But still advancing e'ery Day,
Will last as long as Life can stay.
With e'ery Look and Smile improves,
With the same Ardour always moves,
With such, as Damon, *charming* Iris *loves!*

Constant Love finds it self impossible to be shaken; it resists the Attacks of Envy, and a thousand Accidents that endeavour to change it: Nothing can disoblige it, but a known Falseness, or Contempt: Nothing can remove it, though for a short Moment it may lie sullen and resenting, it recovers, and returns with greater Force and Joy. I therefore, with very good Reason, Crown this *Cypher* of *Constant Love* with a Wreath of *Laurel*; since such Love always triumphs over Time and Fortune, though it be not her Properly to besiege; for she cannot overcome, but in defending her self; but the Victories she gains, are never the less glorious.

For far less Conquest, we have known
The Victor wear the Laurel Crown.
The Triumph with more Pride let him receive;
While those of Love, at least, more Pleasures give.

The fourth Cypher.

PErhaps, my Lovely Maid, you will not find out what I mean by the *S*, and the *L*, in this last *Cypher*, that is crown'd with *Roses*. I will therefore tell you, I mean *Secret Love*. There are very few People, who know the Nature of that Pleasure, which so divine a Love creates: And let me say what I will of it, they must feel it themselves, who wou'd rightly understand it, and all its ravishing Sweets. But this there is a great deal of Reason to believe, the Secrecy in Love doubles the Pleasures of it. And I am so absolutely perswaded of this, that I believe all those Favours that are not kept secret, are dull and paul'd, very insipid and tasteless Pleasures: And let the Favours be never so innocent that a Lover receives from a Mistress, she ought to value 'em, set a Price upon 'em, and make the Lover pay dear; while he receives 'em with Difficulty, and sometimes with Hazard. A Lover that is not secret, but suffers every one to count his Sighs, has, at most, but a feeble Passion, such as produces sudden and transitory Desires, which die as soon as born: A true Love has not this Character; for whensoever 'tis made publick, it ceases to be a Pleasure, and is only the Result of Vanity. Not that I expect, our Loves shou'd always remain a Secret: No, I shou'd never

never, at that Rate, arrive to a Bleſſing, which, above all the Glories of the Earth, I aſpire to; but even then, there are a thouſand Joys, a thouſand Pleaſures that I ſhall be as careful to conceal from the fooliſh World, as if the whole Preſervation of that Pleaſure depended on my Silence; as indeed it does in a great Meaſure.

To this *Cypher* I put a Crown of *Roſes*, which are not Flowers of a very laſting Date. And 'tis to let you ſee, that 'tis impoſſible Love can be long hid. We ſe every Day, with what fine Diſſimulation and Pains, People conceal a thouſand Hates and Malices, Diſguſts, Diſobligations, and Reſentments, without being able to conceal the leaſt part of their Love; but Reputation has an Ardour, as well as *Roſes*; and a Lover ought to eſteem that as the deareſt and tendereſt Thing; not only that of his own, which is, indeed, the leaſt part; but that of his Miſtreſs, more valuable to him than Life. He ought to endeavour to give People no occaſion to make falſe Judgments of his Actions, or to give their Cenſures; which, moſt certainly, are never in the Favour of the fair Perſon; for likely, thoſe falſe Cenſures are of the buſie Female Sex, the *Coquets* of that number; whoſe little Spights and Railleries, joyn'd to that fancy'd Wit they boaſt of, ſets 'em at Odds with all the Beautiful and Innocent: And how very little of that kind ſerves to give the World a Faith, when a thouſand Vertues, told of the ſame Perſons, by more credible Witneſſes and Judges, ſhall paſs unregarded; ſo willing and inclin'd is all the World to credit the Ill, and condemn the Good. And yet, Oh! what pity

tis, we are compell'd to live in Pain, to oblige this foolish scandalous World! And though we know each others Vertue and Honour, we are oblig'd to observe that Caution (to humour the Talking Town) which takes away so great a part of the Pleasure of Life! 'Tis therefore that, among these Roses, you will find some Thorns; by which you may imagine, that in Love, Precaution is necessary to its Secrecy: And we must restrain our selves, upon a thousand occasions, with so much Care, that, O *Iris!* 'tis impossible to be discreet, without Pain; but 'tis a Pain that creates a thousand Pleasures.

Where shou'd a Lover hide his Joys,
Free from Malice, free from Noise?
Where no Envy can intrude:
Where no busie Rival's Spy,
Made, by Disappointment, rude,
May inform his Jealousie.
The Heart will their best Refuge prove;
Which Nature meant the Cabinet of Love.

What wou'd a Lover not endure,
His Mistress, Fame and Honour to secure?
Iris, *the Care we take to be discreet,*
Is the dear Toyl, that makes the Pleasure sweet.
The Thorn that does the Wealth inclose,
That, with less sawcy Freedom we may touch the Rose.

The Clasp *of the* Watch.

AH, charming *Iris!* Ah, my Lovely Maid! 'Tis now in a more peculiar manner, that I require your Aid in the finishing of my Design,

and

and Compleating the whole Piece to the utmost perfection; and without your Aid it cannot be perform'd. It is about the *Clasp of the Watch*; a Material, in all apperance, the most trivial of any part of it. But that it may be safe for ever, I design it the Image, or Figure of *Two Hands*; that fair one of the adorable *Iris*, joyn'd to mine; with this Motto, *Inviolable Faith*: For this *Case*, this Heart ought to be shut up by this Eternal *Clasp*. Oh, there is nothing so necessary as this! Nothing can secure Love, but Faith.

That Vertue ought to be a Guard to all the Heart thinks, and all the Mouth utters: Nor can *Love* say he triumphs without it. And when that remains not in the Heart, all the rest deserves no Regard. Oh! I have not lov'd so ill, to leave one Doubt upon your Soul. Why then, will you want that Faith? O unkind Charmer, that my Passion, and my Services so justly merit!

When two Hearts entirely love,
And in one Sphere of Honour move,
Each maintains the other's Fire,
With a Faith that is entire.
For what heedless Youth bestows
On a faithless Maid, his Vows.
Faith without Love, bears Vertue's Price;
But Love, without her Mixture, is a Vice.

Love, like Religion, still shou'd be,
In the Foundation, firm and true:
In Points of Faith, shou'd still agree:
Tho' Innovations vain and new
(Love's little Quarrels) may arise;
In Fundamentals still they're just and wise.

Then, charming Maid, be sure of this:
Allow me Faith as well as Love;
Since that alone affords no Bliß,
Unleß your Faith your Love improve:
Either resolve to let me die
By fairer Play, your Cruelty;
Than not your Love, with Faith impart,
And with your Vows, to give your Heart.
In mad Despair I'd rather fall.
Than lose my glorious Hopes of Conqu'ring all.

So certain it is, that Love without Faith, is of no value.

In fine, my adorable *Iris*, this *Case* shall be, as near as I can, like those delicate ones of *Filigrin*-Work, which do not hinder the Sight from taking a View of all within: You may therefore see, through this Heart, all your *Watch*. Nor is my Desire of Preserving this inestimable Piece more, than to make it the whole Rule of my Life and Actions. And my chiefest Design in these *Cyphers*, is to comprehend in 'em, the principal Vertues that are most necessary to Love. Do not we know, that *Reciprocal Love* is *Justice*; *Constant Love*, *Fortitude*; *Secret Love*, *Prudence*? Though 'tis true, that extream Love, that is, Excess of Love, in one Sense, appears not to be Temperance; yet you must know, my *Iris*, that in Matters of Love, Excess is a Vertue, and that all other Degrees of Love are worthy Scorn alone. 'Tis this alone, that can make good the glorious Title: 'Tis this alone, that can bear the true Name of Love; and this alone, that renders the Lovers truly happy, in spight of all the Storms of Fate, and

Shocks

Shocks of Fortune. This is an Antidote against all other Griefs: This bears up the Soul in all Calamity; and is the very Heaven of Life, the last Refuge of all Worldly Pain and Care, and may well bear the Title of *Divine.*

The Art of Loving well.

That Love may all Perfection be;
Sweet, Charming to the last Degree,
The Heart, where the bright Flame does dwell,
In Faith and Softneſs ſhou'd excel:
Exceſs of Love ſhou'd fill each Vein,
And all its ſacred Rites maintain.

The tend'reſt Thoughts Heav'n can inſpire,
Shou'd be the Fuel to its Fire:
And that, like Incenſe, burn as pure;
Or that, in Urns, ſhou'd ſtill endure.
No fond Deſire ſhou'd fill the Soul,
But ſuch as Honour may controul.

Jealouſie I will allow:
Not the Amorous Winds that blow
Shou'd wanton in my Iris *Hair,*
Or raviſh Kiſſes from my Fair.
Not the Flowers that grow beneath,
Shou'd borrow Sweetneſs of her Breath.

If her Bird ſhe do careſs,
How I grudge its Happineſs,
When upon her Snowy Hand,
The Wanton does triumphing ſtand!
Or upon her Breſt ſhe skips,
And lays her Beak to Iris *Lips!*

Fainting

Fainting at my raviſht Joy,
I cou'd the Innocent deſtroy.

If I can no Bliß afford,
To a little harmleß Bird,
Tell me, O thou dear lov'd Maid!
What Reaſon cou'd my Rage perſwade,
If a Rival ſhou'd invade?

If thy charming Eyes ſhou'd dart
Looks that ſally from the Heart;
If you ſent a Smile, or Glance
To another, tho' by Chance;
Still thou giv'ſt what's not thy own:
They belong to me alone.

All Submiſſion I wou'd pay.
Man was born, the Fair t'obey.
Your very Look I'd underſtand,
And thence receive your leaſt Command:
Never your Juſtice will diſpute;
But, like a Lover, execute.

I wou'd no Uſurper be,
But in claiming ſacred Thee.
I won'd have all, and every part:
No Thought ſhou'd hide within thy Heart.
Mine a Cabinet was made,
Where Iris Secrets ſhou'd be laid.

In the reſt, without Controul,
She ſhou'd triumph o'er the Soul:
Proſtrate at her feet I'd lie,
Deſpiſing Power and Liberty;
Glorying more by Love to fall,
Than rule the Univerſal Ball.

Hear

Hear me, O you ſawcy Youth!
And from my Maxims, learn this Truth.
Wou'd you Great and Powerful prove?
Be an humble Slave to Love.
'Tis nobler far, a Joy to give,
Than any Bleſſing to receive.

The Lady's Looking-glaſs, ſent from her Lover.

HOW long, O charming *Iris!* ſhall I ſpeak in vain of your adorable Beauty? You have been juſt, and believe I love you with a Paſſion perfectly tender and extream; and yet you will not allow your Charms to be infinite. You muſt either accuſe my Flames to be unreaſonable, and that my Eyes and Heart are falſe Judges of Wit and Beauty; or allow, that you are the moſt perfect of your Sex. But inſtead of that, you always accuſe me of Flattery, when I ſpeak of your infinite Merit; and when I refer you to your Glaſs, you tell me, that flatters, as well as *Damon*; though one wou'd imagine, that ſhou'd be a good Witneſs for the Truth of what I ſay, and undeceive you of the Opinion of my Injuſtice. Look—and confirm your ſelf, that nothing can equal your Perfections. All the World ſays it, and you muſt doubt it no longer. O *Iris!* Will you diſpute againſt the whole World?

But

But ſince you have ſo long diſtruſted your own Glaſs, I have here preſented you with one, which I know is very true; and having been made for you only, can ſerve only you. All other *Glaſſes* preſent all Objects, but this reflects only *Iris*; whenever you conſult it, it will convince you; and tell you, how much Right I have done you, when I told you, you were the faireſt Perſon that ever Nature made. When other Beauties look into it, it will ſpeak to all the fair ones; but let 'em do what they will 'twill ſay nothing to their advantage.

Iris, *to ſpare what you call flattery,*
Conſult your Glaſs each Hour of the Day.
'Twill tell you where your Charms and Beauties lie,
And where your little wanton Graces play:
Where Love does revel in your Face and Eyes;
What Look invites your Slaves, and what denies.

Where all the Loves *adorn you with ſuch Care,*
Where dreſs your Smiles, where arm your lovely eyes;
Where deck the flowing Treſſes of your Hair:
How cauſe your Snowy Breaſts to fall and riſe:
How this ſevere Glance makes the Lover *die;*
How that, more ſoft, gives Immortality.

Where you ſhall ſee, what 'tis enſlaves the Soul;
Where e'ery Feature, e'ery Look combines:
When the adorning Air, o'er all the whole,
To ſo much Wit, and ſo nice Vertue joyns.
Where the Belle Taille *and Motion ſtill afford*
Graces to be eternally ador'd.

But I will be ſilent now, and let your *Glaſs* ſpeak.

The

he Lady's Looking-glaſs.

Damon (O charming *Iris!*) has given me to you, that you may ſometimes give your ſelf the Trouble, and me the Honour of Conſulting me in the great and weighty Affairs of Beauty. I am, my adorable Miſtreſs! a faithful Glaſs; and you ought to believe all I ſay to you.

The Shape of Iris.

I Muſt begin with your Shape, and tell you, without Flattery, 'tis the fineſt in the World, and gives Love and Admiration to all that ſee you. Pray obſerve how free and eaſie it is, without Conſtraint, Stiffneſs, or Affectation; thoſe miſtaken Graces of the Fantaſtick, and the Formal; who give themſelves Pain to ſhew their Will to pleaſe; and whoſe Dreſſing makes the greateſt part of its Fineneſs, when they are more oblig'd to the Taylor, than to Nature; who add or diminiſh, as occaſion ſerves, to form a Grace, where Heaven never gave it: And while they remain on this Wreck of Pride, they are eternally uneaſie, without pleaſing any Body. *Iris*, I have ſeen a Woman of your Acquaintance, who, having a greater Opinion of her own Perſon, than any Body elſe, has ſcrew'd her Body into ſo fine a Form (as ſhe calls it) that ſhe dares no more ſtir a Hand, lift up an Arm, or turn

turn her Head aſide, than if, for the Sin of ſuch a Diſorder, ſhe were to be turn'd into a Pillar of Salt; the leſs ſtiff and fix'd Statue of the two. Nay, ſhe dares not ſpeak or ſmile, leſt ſhe ſhou'd put her Face out of that order ſhe had ſet it in her *Glaſs*, when ſhe laſt lookt on her ſelf: And is all over ſuch a Lady Nice (excepting in her Converſation) that ever made a ridiculous Figure. And there are many Ladies more, but too much tainted with that nauceous Formality, that old-faſhion'd Vice: But *Iris*, the charming, the all-perfect *Iris*, has nothing in her whole Form, that is not free, natural, and eaſie; and whoſe every Motion cannot pleaſe extreamly, and which has not given *Damon* a thouſand Rivals.

Damon, *the Young, the Am'rous, and the True;*
Who ſighs inceſſantly for you:
Whoſe whole Delight, now you are gone,
Is to retire to Shades alone,
And to the Eccho's make his Moan.
By purling Streams the wiſhing Youth is laid,
Still ſighing Iris! *Lovely charming Maid!*
See, in thy Abſence, how thy Lover *dies;*
While to his Sighs, the Eccho ſtill replies.

Then with the Stream he holds Diſcourſe:
O thou that bend'ſt thy liquid force
To lovely Tames! *upon whoſe Shore*
The Maid reſides, whom I adore!
My Tears of Love *upon thy Surface bear:*
And if upon thy Bank thou ſe'ſt my Fair,
In all thy ſofteſt Murmurs ſing,
From *Damon*, I this Preſent bring;
My e'ery Curl contains a Tear!

Then

Then at her feet thy Tribute pay:
But haste, O happy Stream! away;
Lest charm'd too much, thou shoud'st for ever stay.

And thou, O gentle, murm'ring Breeze!
That plays in Air, and wantons with the Trees;
On thy young Wings, where gilded Sunbeams play,
To Iris *my soft Sighs convey,*
Still as they rise, each Minute of the Day:
But whisper gently in her Ear;
Let not the ruder Winds thy Message hear,
Nor ruffle one dear Curl of her bright Hair.
Oh! touch her Cheeks with sacred Reverence,
And stay not gazing on her lovely Eye!
But if thou bear'st her Rosie Breath from thence,
'Tis Incense of that Excellence,
That as thou mount'st, 'twill perfume all the Skies.

Iris's *Complexion.*

SAy what you will, I am confident, if you will confess your Heart, you are, every time you view your self in me, surpriz'd at the Beauty of your Complexion; and will secretly own, you never saw any thing so fair. I am not the first *Glass*, by a thousand, that has assur'd you of this. If you will not believe me, ask *Damon*: He tells it you every Day, but that truth from him offends you; and because he loves too much, you think his Judgment too little; and since this is so perfect, that must be defective. But 'tis most certain, your Complexion is infinitely fine, your Skin soft and smooth, as polisht Wax, or Ivory, extreamly white and clear; though if any Body speaks but of your Beauty,

an

an agreeable Blush casts it self all over your Face, and gives you a thousand new Graces.

And then two Flowers, newly born,
Shine in your Heav'nly Face:
The Rose, that blushes in the Morn,
Usurp's the Lilly's place:
Sometimes the Lilly does prevail,
And makes the gen'rous Crimson pale.

Iris's *Hair.*

OH, the beautiful Hair of *Iris!* It seems, as if Nature had crown'd you with a great Quantity of lovely fair brown Hair, to make us know, that you were born to rule; and to repair the Faults of Fortune, that has not given you a Diadem: And do not bewail the Want of that (so much your Merit's Due) since Heaven has so gloriously recompenc'd you with what gains more admiring Slaves.

Heav'n for Soveraignty, has made your form:
And you were more than for dull Empire born.
O'er Hearts your Kingdom shall extend,
Your vast Dominion know no end.
Thither the Loves *and* Graces *shall resort;*
To Iris *make their Homage, and their Court.*
No envious Star, no common fate,
Did on my Iris *Birth-day wait;*
But all was happy, all was delicate.
Here Fortune wou'd inconstant be in vain:
Iris *and* Love, *eternally shall reign.*

Love

Love does not make leſs uſe of your Hair for new Conqueſts, than of all the reſt of your Beauties that adorn you. If he takes our Hearts with your fine Eyes, it ties 'em faſt with your Hair; and if it weaves a Chain, not eaſily broken. It is not of thoſe ſorts of Hair, whoſe harſhneſs diſcovers ill Nature; nor of thoſe, whoſe Softneſs ſhews us the Weakneſs of the Mind: Not that either of theſe are Arguments without Exception; but 'tis ſuch as bears the Character of a perfect Mind, and a delicate Wit; and for its Colour, the moſt faithful, diſcreet, and beautiful in the World; ſuch as ſhews a Complexion and Conſtitution, neither ſo cold, to be inſenſible; nor ſo hot, to have too much Fire; that is, neither too white, nor too black; but ſuch a mixture of the two Colours, as makes it the moſt agreeable in the World.

'Tis that which leads thoſe captivated Hearts,
That bleeding at your Feet do lie.
'Tis that the Obſtinate converts,
That dare the Power of Love *deny.*
'Tis that which Damon *ſo admires;*
Damon, *who often tells you ſo.*
If from your Eyes Love *takes his Fires,*
'Tis with your Hair he ſtrings his Bow:
Which touching but the feather'd Dart,
It never miſt the deſtin'd Heart.

Iris's *Eyes.*

I Believe, my fair Miſtreſs, I ſhall dazle you with the Luſtre of your own Eyes. They

are the fineſt Blue in the World: They have all the Sweetneſs, that ever charm'd the Heart; with a certain Languiſhment that's irreſiſtable; and never any lookt on 'em, that did not ſigh after 'em. Believe me, *Iris*, they carry unavoidable Darts and Fires; and whoever expoſe themſelves to their Dangers, pay for their Imprudence.

Cold as my ſolid Chryſtal is,
Hard and impenetrable too;
Yet I am ſenſible of Bliſs,
When your charming Eyes I vew;
Even by me, their Flames are felt;
And at each Glance, I fear to melt.

Ah, how pleaſant are my Days!
How my glorious Fate I bleſs!
Mortals never knew my Joys,
Nor Monarchs guest my Happineſs.
Every look that's ſoft and gay,
Iris *gives me every Day.*

Spight of her Vertue, and her Pride,
Every Morning I am bleſt
With what to Damon *is deny'd;*
To view her when ſhe is undreſt.
All her Heaven of Beauty's ſhown
To triumphing Me—— alone.

Scarce the prying Beams of Light,
Or th' impatient God of Day,
Are allow'd ſo dear a Sight,
Or dare prophane her with a Ray;
When ſhe has appear'd to me,
Like Venus *riſing from the Sea.*

But

But Oh! I must those Charms conceal,
All too Divine for vulgar Eyes:
Shou'd I my secret Joys reveal,
Of Sacred Trust I break the Tyes;
And Damon *wou'd with Envy die,*
Who hopes, one Day, to be as blest as I.

Extravagant with my Joys, I have stray'd beyond my Limits; for I was telling you of the wondrous Fineness of your Eyes; which no Mortal can resist, nor any Heart stand the force of their Charms; and the most difficult Conquests they gain, scarce cost 'em the Expence of a Look. They are modest and tender, chaste and languishing. There you may take a View of the whole Soul, and see Wit and good Nature (those two inseparable Vertues of the Mind) in an extraordinary Measure. In fine, you see all that fair Eyes can produce, to make themselves ador'd. And when they are angry they strike an unresistable Awe upon the Soul: And those Severities, *Damon* wishes, may perpetually accompany them, during their Absence from him; for 'tis with such Eyes, he wou'd have you receive all his Rivals.

Keep, lovely Maid, the Softness in your Eyes,
To flatter Damon *with another Day:*
When at your Feet the ravisht Lover *lies,*
Then put on all that's tender, all that's gay.
And for the Griefs your Absence makes him prove,
Give him the softest, dearest looks of Love.

His trembling Heart with sweetest Smiles caress,
And in your Eyes, soft Wishes let him find;

That your Regret of Abſence may confeſs,
In which, no Senſe of Pleaſure you cou'd find:
And to reſtore him, let your faithful Eyes
Declare, that all his Rivals you deſpiſe.

The Mouth of Iris.

I Perceive, your Modeſty wou'd impoſe Silence on me: But, O fair *Iris!* Do not think to preſent your ſelf before a *Glaſs*, if you wou'd not have it tell you all your Beauties: Content your ſelf, that I only ſpeak of 'em, *En Paſſant*; for ſhou'd I ſpeak what I wou'd, I ſhou'd dwell all Day upon each particular, and ſtill ſay ſomething new. Give me Liberty then to ſpeak of your fine Mouth: You need only open it a little, and you will ſee the moſt delicate Teeth, that ever you beheld; the whiteſt, and the beſt ſet. Your Lips are the fineſt in the World; ſo round, ſo ſoft, ſo plump, ſo dimpled, and of the lovlieſt Colour. And when you ſmile, Oh! What Imagination can conceive how ſweet it is, that has not ſeen you Smiling? I cannot deſcribe what I ſo admire; and 'tis in vain to thoſe, who have not ſeen *Iris*.

O Iris! *boaſt that one peculiar Charm,*
That has ſo many Conqueſts made;
So innocent, yet capable of Harm;
So juſt it ſelf, yet has ſo oft betray'd
Where a thouſand Graces dwell,
And wanton round in e'ery Smile.

A thouſand Loves *do liſten when you ſpeak,*
And catch each Accent as it flies:

Rich

Rich flowing Wit, when e're you Silence break,
Flows from your Tongue, and ſparkles in your Eyes.
Whether you talk, or ſilent are;
Your lips immortal Beauties wear.

The Neck of Iris.

ALL your Modeſty, all your nice Care, cannot hide the raviſhing Beauties of your Neck; we muſt ſee it, coy as you are; and ſee it the whiteſt, and fineſt-ſhap't, that ever was form'd. Oh! Why will you cover it? You know, all handſome things wou'd be ſeen. And Oh! How often have you made your Lovers envy your Scarf, or any thing that hides ſo fine an Object from their Sight. *Damon* himſelf complains of your too nice Severity. Pray do not hide it ſo carefully. See how perfectly turn'd it is; with ſmall blue Veins, wandring and ranging here and there, like little Rivulets, that wanton o're the flowery Meads. See how the round white riſing Breaſts heave with every Breath, as if they diſdain'd to be confin'd to a Covering; and repel the malicious Cloud, that wou'd obſcure their Brightneſs.

Fain I wou'd have leave to tell
The Charms that on your Boſom dwell;
Deſcribe it like ſome flow'ry field,
That does ten thouſand Pleaſures yield;
A thouſand gliding Springs and Groves;
All Receptacles for Loves.
But Oh! What Iris *hides, muſt be*
Ever ſacred kept by me.

The Arms and Hands of Iris.

I Shall not be put to much trouble to ſhew you your Hands and Arms, becauſe you may view them without my Help; and you are very unjuſt, if you have not admir'd 'em a thouſand times. The beautiful Colour and Proportion of your Arm is unimitable, and your Hand is dazling, fine, ſmall, and plump; long-pointed Fingers, delicately turn'd; dimpl'd on the Snowy out-ſide, but adorn'd within with Roſe, all over the ſoft Palm. O *Iris!* Nothing equals your fair Hand; that Hand, of which *Love* ſo often makes ſuch uſe to draw his Bow, when he wou'd ſend the Arrow home, with more Succeſs; and which irreſiſtibly wounds thoſe, who poſſibly have not yet ſeen your Eyes: And when you have been veil'd, that lovely Hand has gain'd you a thouſand Adorers. And I have heard *Damon* ſay, "Without the Aid of more Beauties, "that alone had been ſufficient to have made "an abſolute Conqueſt o'er his Soul. And he has often vow'd, "It never toucht him, but it "made his Blood run with little irregular Mo"tions in his Veins; his Breath beat ſhort and "double; his Bluſhes riſe, and his very Soul "dance.

Oh! How the Hand the Lover ought to prize,
'Bove any one peculiar Grace,
While he is dying for the Eyes,
And doting on the lovely Face.
The Unconſid'ring little knows,
How much he to this Beauty owes.

That

That when the Lover absent is,
Informs him of his Mistress Heart.
'Tis that, which gives him all his Bliss,
When dear Love-Secrets 'twill impart.
That plights the Faith, the Maid bestows:
And that confirms the tim'rous Vows.

'Tis that betrays the Tenderness,
Which the too bashful Tongue denies.
'Tis that, that does the Heart confess,
And spares the Language of the Eyes.
'Tis that, which Treasures gives so vast:
Ev'n Iris *'twill to* Damon *give at last.*

The Grace and Air of Iris.

'TIS I alone, O charming Maid! that can shew you that noble part of your Beauty; That generous Air, that adorns all your lovely Person, and renders every Motion and Action perfectly adorable. With what a Grace you walk!——How free, how easie, and how unaffected! See how you move;——for only here you can see it. *Damon* has told you a thousand times, that never any Mortal had so glorious an Air; but he cou'd not half describe it, nor wou'd you credit even what he said; but with a careless Smile, pass it off for the Flattery of a Lover. But here behold, and be convinc'd; and know, no part of your Beauty can charm more than this. O *Iris*, confess, Love has adorn'd you with all his Art and Care. Your Beauties are the Themes of all the Muses; who tell you in daily Songs, that the Graces themselves have

not more than *Iris*. And one may truly say, that you alone know how to joyn the Ornaments and Dress, with Beauty; and you are still adorn'd, as if that Shape and Air had a peculiar Art to make all things appear gay and fine. Oh, how well dress't you are! How every thing becomes you! Never singular, never gawdy; but always suiting with your Quality.

Oh, how that Negligence becomes your Air!
That careless flowing of your Hair,
That plays about with wanton Grace,
With every Motion of your Face:
Disdaining all that dull Formality,
That dares not move the Lip, or Eye;
But at some fancy'd Grace's cost;
And think, with it, at least, a Lover lost.
But the unlucky Minute to reclaim,
And ease the Coquet of her Pain,
The Pocket-Glass adjusts the Face again:
Re-sets the Mouth, and languishes the Eyes;
And thinks, the Spark that ogles that way——dies.

Of Iris *learn, O ye mistaken Fair!*
To dress your Face, your Smiles, your Air.
Let easie Nature all the bus'ness do;
She can the softest Graces shew:
Which Art but turns to Ridicule;
And where there's none, serves but to shew the Fool.
In Iris *you all Graces find;*
Charms without Art, a Motion unconfin'd;
Without Constraint, she smiles, she looks, she talks;
And without Affectation, moves and walks.
Beauties so perfect ne'er were seen.
O ye mistaken Fair! Dress ye by Iris *Miene.*

The

The Discretion of Iris.

BUT O *Iris!* The Beauties of the Body are imperfect, if the Beauties of the Soul do not advance themselves to an equal height. But, O *Iris!* What Mortal is there so damned to Malice, that does not, with Adoration, confess, that you (O charming Maid!) have an equal Portion of all the Braveries and Vertues of the Mind? And who is it, that confesses your Beauty, that does not, at the same time acknowledge and bow to your Wisdom? The whole World admires both in you? And all, with impatience, ask, Which of the two is most surprizing? Your Beauty, or your Discretion? But we dispute in vain on that excellent Subject; for after all, 'tis determin'd, that the two Charms are equal. 'Tis none of those idle Discretions, that consists in Words alone, and ever takes the Shadow of Reason for the Substance; and that makes use of all the little Artifices of Subtilty, and florid Talking, to make the outside of the Argument appear fine, and leave the inside wholly mis-understood: Who runs away with Words, and never thinks of Sence. But you, O lovely Maid! never make use of these affected Arts; but without being too brisk, or to severe; too silent, or too talkative, you inspire in all your Hearers, a Joy, and a Respect. Your Soul is an Enemy to that usual Vice of your Sex, of using little Arguments against the Fair; or by a Word, or Jest, make your self and Hearers pleasant, at the Expence of the Fame of others.

Your

Your Heart is an Enemy to all Passions, but that of Love. And this is one of your noble Maxims: "That every one ought to love, in "some part of his Life: And that, in a Heart "truly brave, Love is without Folly: That "Wisdom is a Friend to Love, and Love to per-"fect Wisdom. Since these Maxims are your own, do not, O charming *Iris!* resist that noble Passion: And since *Damon* is the most tender of all your Lovers, answer his Passion with a noble Ardour. Your Prudence never fails in the Choice of your Friends; and in chusing for your Lover, you will stand an eternal President to all unreasonable fair ones.

O thou that dost excel in Wit and Youth!
Be still a President for Love and Truth.
Let the dull World say what it will,
Noble Flame's inblameable.
Where a fine Sent'ment, and soft Passion rules,
They scorn the Censure of the Fools.
Yield, Iris, then; Oh, yield to Love!
Redeem your dying Slave from pain:
The World your Conduct must approve;
Your Prudence never acts in vain.

The Goodness and Complaisance of Iris.

WHO but your Lovers (fair *Iris!*) doubts, but you are the most complaisant Person in the World: And that with so much Sweetness, you oblige all, that you command in yielding; and as you gain the Heart of both Sexes, with the Affability of your noble Temper; so all are proud and vain of obliging you. And

Iris,

Iris, you may live assur'd, that your Empire is eternally establisht, by your Beauty, and your Goodness: Your Power is confirm'd, and you grow in Strength every Minute: Your Goodness gets you Friends, and your Beauty Lovers.

This Goodness is not one of those, whose Folly renders it easie to every Desirer; but a pure Effect of the Generosity of your Soul; such as Prudence alone manages, according to the Merit of the Person, to whom it is extended; and those whom you esteem, receive the sweet Marks of it; and only your Lovers complain: Yet even then you charm. And though sometimes you can be a little disturb'd, yet through your Anger, your Goodness shines; and you are but too much afraid, that that may bear a false Interpretation: For oftentimes Scandal makes that pass for an Effect of Love, which is purely that of Complaisance.

Never had any Body more Tenderness for their Friends, than *Iris*: Their Presence gives her Joy; their Absence, Trouble; and when she cannot see 'em, she finds no Pleasure, like Speaking of 'em obligingly. Friendship reigns in your Heart, and Sincerity on your Tongue. Your Friendship is so strong, so constant, and so tender, that it charms, pleases, and satisfies all, that are not your Adorers. 'Tis therefore, *Damon* is excusable, if he be not contented with your Noble Friendship alone; for he is the most tender of that Number.

No! Give me all, th' impatient Lover cries;
Without your Soul, I cannot live:
Dull Friendship cannot mine suffice,
That dies for all you have to give.

The

The Smiles, the Vows, the Heart must all be mine:
I cannot spare one Thought, or Wish of thine.

I sigh, I languish all the Day;
Each Minute ushers in my Groans:
To every God in vain I pray;
In every Grove repeat my Moans.
Still Iris *Charms are all my Sorrows Theams:*
They pain me Waking, and they wrack in Dreams.

Return, fair Iris! *O return!*
Lest Sighing long, your Slave destroys.
I wish, I rave, I faint, I burn;
Restore me quickly all my Joys:
Your Mercy else, will come too late.
Distance in Love more cruel is, than Hate.

The Wit of Iris.

YOU are deceiv'd in me, fair *Iris*, if you take me for one of those ordinary *Glasses*, that represent the Beauty only of the Body; I remark to you also the Beauties of the Soul; And all about you declares yours the finest that ever was formed; that you have a Wit that surprises, and is always new: 'Tis none of those that loses its Lustre, when one considers it; the more we examine yours, the more adorable we find it. You say nothing, that is not at once agreeable and solid; 'tis always quick and ready, without Impertinence, that little Vanity of the Fair; who, when they know they have Wit, rarely manage it so, as not to abound in Talking; and think, that all they say must please, because luckily, they sometimes chance to do so.

But

But *Iris* never ſpeaks, but 'tis of uſe; and gives a Pleaſure to all that hears her. She has the perfect Art of penetrating, even the moſt ſecret Thoughts. How often have you known, without being told, all that has paſt in *Damon*'s Heart? For all great Wits are Prophets too:

Tell me; Oh, tell me! Charming Propheteſs;
For you alone can tell my Love's Succeſs.
The Lines in my dejected Face,
I fear, will lead you to no kind Reſult:
It is your own, that you muſt trace;
Thoſe of your Heart you muſt conſult.
'Tis there, my Fortune I muſt learn,
And all that Damon *does concern.*

I tell you, that I love a Maid,
As bright as Heav'n, of Angel-hue:
The ſoſteſt, Nature ever made:
Whom I, with Sighs and Vows, purſue.
Oh, tell me, charming Propheteſs!
Shall I this lovely Maid poſſeſs?

A thouſand Rivals do obſtruct my Way;
A thouſand fears they do create:
They throng about her all the Day,
Whilſt I at awful Diſtance wait.
Say, Will the lovely Maid ſo fickle prove,
To give my Rivals Hope, as well as Love?

She has a thouſand Charms of Wit,
With all the Beauty Heav'n e'er gave:
Oh! Let her not make uſe of it,
To flatter me into the Slave.
Oh! Tell me Truth, to eaſe my Pain:
Say rather, I ſhall die by her Diſdain.

The

The Modesty of Iris.

I Perceive, fair *Iris*, you have a Mind to tell me, I have entertain'd you too long, with a Discourse on your self. I know, your Modesty makes this Declaration an Offence, and you suffer me, with Pain, to unvail those Treasures you wou'd hide. Your Modesty, that so commendable a Vertue in the Fair, and so peculiar to you, is here a little too severe: Did I flatter you, you shou'd blush: Did I seek, by praising you, to shew an Art of Speaking finely, you might chide: But, O *Iris*! I say nothing, but such plain Truths, as all the World can witness are so. And so far I am from Flattery, that I seek no Ornament of Words. Why do you take such Care to conceal your Vertues? They have too much Lustre, not to be seen, in spight of all your Modesty: Your Wit, your Youth, and Reason oppose themselves, against this dull Obstructer of our Happiness. Abate, O *Iris*, a little of this Vertue, since you have so many other, to defend your self against the Attacks of your Adorers.

You your self have the least Opinion of your own Charms: And being the only Person in the World, that is not in love with 'em, you hate to pass whole Hours before your *Looking-glass*; and to pass your Time, like most of the idle Fair, in dressing, and setting off those Beauties, which need so little Art. You, more wise, disdain to give those Hours to the Fatigue of Dressing, which you know so well how to employ a thousand Ways. The Muses have blest

you,

you, above your Sex; and you know how to gain a Conqueſt with your Pen, more abſolutely, than all the induſtrious Fair, who truſt to Dreſs and Equipage.

I have a thouſand things to tell you more, but willingly reſign my place to *Damon*, that faithful Lover; he will ſpeak more ardently than I: For, let a *Glaſs* uſe all its Force, yet, when it ſpeaks its beſt, it ſpeaks but coldly.

If my *Glaſs*, O charming *Iris!* have the good Fortune (which I cou'd never entirely boaſt) to be believ'd, 'twill ſerve, at leaſt, to convince you, I have not been ſo guilty of Flattery, as I have a thouſand times been charg'd. Since then my Paſſion is equal to your Beauty (without Compariſon, or End) believe, O lovely Maid! how I ſigh in your Abſence: And be perſwaded to leſſen my pain, and reſtore me to my Joys; for there is no Torment ſo great, as the Abſence of a Lover from his Miſtreſs; of which, this is the *Idea*:

The Effects of Abſence from what we love.

Thou one continu'd Sigh! all over Pain!
Eternal Wiſh! but Wiſh, alas, in vain!
Thou languiſhing, impatient Hopeſs on;
A buſie Toyler, and yet ſtill undone!
A breaking Glimpſe of diſtant Day,
Inticing on, and leading more aſtray.
Thou Joy in Proſpect, future Bliſs extream;
But ne'er to be poſſeſt, but in a Dream.
Thou fab'lous Goddeſs, which the raviſht Boy,
In happy Slumbers proudly did enjoy:

But

But waking found an Airy Cloud he prest;
His Arms came empty to his panting Brest.
Thou Shade, that only haunts the Soul by Night;
And when thou should'st inform, thou fly'st the Sight.
Thou false Idea of the Thinking Brain,
That labours for the charming Form in vain;
Which if by Chance it catch, thou'rt lost again.

FINIS.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THat famous Powder, call'd, Arcanum Magnum, *formerly prepar'd by the Learned* Riverius, *Physitian regent to the* French *King; and approved by most Persons of Quality in* Europe, *for preserving and beautifying the Face even to old Age. In short, it adds more Lustre and Beauty than any Powder or Wash known, as many Persons of Quality can testifie that use it with the greatest Approbation. It's prepar'd only by* J. H. *Doctor in Physick, in* Great Knight-Rider-street, *near* Doctors-Commons-gate, *a* Blew-ball *being over the Door; where it may be had for* 2 *s.* 6 *d. the Paper, with Directions for its use.*

THE Lucky Miſtake. A NEW NOVEL.

Written by Mrs. *Behn*.

THE River *Logre* has on its delightful Banks abundance of handſome, beautiful and rich *Towns* and *Villages*, to which the noble Stream adds no ſmall Graces and Advantages, bleſſing their Fields with Plenty, and their Eyes with a thouſand Diverſions. In one of theſe happily ſituated Towns, called *Orleance*, where abundance of People of the beſt Quality and Condition reſide, there was a rich Nobleman, now retir'd from the buſie Court, where in his Youth he had been bred, wearied with the Toyls of Ceremony and Noiſe, to enjoy that perfect Tranquility of Life, which is no where to be found, but in Retreat, a faithful Friend, and a good Library; and, as the admirable *Horace* ſays, in a little Houſe and large Gardens. Count *Bellyaard*, for ſo was this Nobleman call'd, was of this Opinion; and the rather, becauſe he had one only Son, call'd *Rinaldo*, now grown to the Age of Fifteen;

who having all the excellent Qualities and Grace of Youth, by Nature, he would bring him up in all Vertues and Noble Sciences, which he believed the Gaiety and Luſtre of the Court might divert: He therefore in his retirement ſpar'd no Coſt, to thoſe that could inſtruct and accompliſh him, and he had the beſt Tutors and Maſters that could be purchaſed at Court: *Bellyaurd* making far leſs account of Riches than of fine Parts. He found his Son was capable of all Impreſſions, having a Wit ſuitable to his delicate Perſon, ſo that he was the ſole Joy of his Life, and the Darling of his Eyes.

In the very next Houſe, which joyned cloſe to that of *Bellyaurd*'s, there lived another Count, who had in his Youth been baniſh'd the Court of *France* for ſome miſunderſtandings, in ſome high Affairs wherein he was concerned; his Name was *De Pais*, a Man of great Birth, but no Fortune; or at leaſt one not ſuitable to the Grandeur of his Original. And as it is moſt natural for great Souls to be moſt proud, (if I may call a handſome Diſdain by that vulgar Name) when they are moſt depreſs'd; ſo *De Pais* was more retir'd, more eſtrang'd from his Neighbours, and kept a greater diſtance, than if he had enjoy'd all he had loſt at Court, and took more Solemnity and State upon him, becauſe he would not be ſubject to the Reproaches of the World, by making himſelf familiar with it. So that he rarely viſited, and was as rarely viſited; and, contrary to the Cuſtom of thoſe in *France*, who are diſh of Exceſs, and free of Converſation, he kept his Family retir'd ſo cloſe, that 'twas rare to ſee any of 'em; but when they went abroad, which was but ſeldom, they wanted nothing as to outward appearance, that was fit for his Quality, and was much above his Condition.

This

This old Count had two only Daughters, of exceeding Beauty, who gave the generous Father ten thouſand Torments, as often as he beheld them, when he conſider'd their extream Beauty, their fine Wit, their Innocence, Modeſty, and above all, their Birth; and that he had not the Fortune to marry them according to their Quality; and below it he had rather ſee them laid in their ſilent Graves, than conſent to; for he ſcorn'd the World ſhould ſee him forced by his Poverty, to commit an Action below his Dignity.

There lived in a Neighbouring Town, a certain Nobleman, Friend to *De Pais*, call'd Count *Vernole*, a Man of about forty Years of Age, of low ſtature, Complexion very black and ſwarthy, lean, lame, extream proud and haughty; extracting of a Deſcent from the Blood-Royal; not extreamly brave, but very glorious: He had no very great Eſtate, but was in Election of a greater, and of an Addition of Honour from the King, his Father having done moſt worthy Services againſt the *Hugonots*, and by the high Favour of Cardinal *Mazarine* was repreſented to his Majeſty, as a Man related to the Crown, of great Name, but ſmall Eſtate; ſo that there was now nothing but great Expectations and Preparations in the Family of Count *Vernole* to go to Court, to which he daily hop'd an Invitation or Command.

Vernole's Fortune being hitherto ſomething a-kin to that of *De Pais*, there was a greater Correſpondency between theſe two Gentlemen, than they had with any other Perſons; they accounting themſelves above the reſt of the World, believ'd none ſo proper and fit for their Converſation, as that of each other; ſo that there was a very particular Intimacy between them: Whenever they went abroad, they clubb'd their Train, to make one great Show, and were always together, bemoaning each others Fortune, that from ſo high a Deſcent, as one from

Monarchs by the Mother's ſide, and the other from Dukes of his ſide, they were reduc'd by Fate, to the degree of private Gentlemen. They would often conſult how to manage Affairs moſt to advantage, and often *De Pais* would ask Counſel of *Vernole*, how beſt he ſhould diſpoſe of his Daughters, which now were about their ninth Year the eldeſt, and eight the youngeſt. *Vernole* had often ſeen theſe two Buds of Beauty, and already ſaw opening in *Atlante*'s Face and Mind (for that was the Name of the eldeſt, and *Charlot* the youngeſt) a glory of Wit and Beauty, which could not but one day diſplay it ſelf with dazling Luſtre to the wondring World.

Vernole was a great *Virtuoſo*, of a Humour, Nice, Delicate, Critical and Opiniative: he had nothing of the *French Mien* in him, but all the Gravity of the *Don*. His ill-favour'd Perſon, and his low Eſtate, put him out of humour with the World; and becauſe that ſhould not upbraid or reproach his Follies and Defects, he was ſure to be before hand with that, and to be always Satyrick upon it, and lov'd to live and act contrary to the Cuſtom and Uſage of all Mankind beſides.

He was infinitely delighted to find a Man of his own Humour in *De Pais*, or at leaſt a Man that would be perſwaded to like his ſo well, to live up to it; and it was no little Joy and Satisfaction to him to find, that he kept his Daughters in that ſeverity, which was wholly agreeable to him, and ſo contrary to the Manner and Faſhion of the *French* of Quality; who allow all Freedoms, which to *Vernole*'s rigid Nature, ſeem'd as ſo many Steps to Vice, and in his Opinion, the Ruiner of all Vertue and Honour in Woman-kind. *De Pais* was extreamly glad his Conduct was ſo well interpreted, which was no other in him, than a proud Frugality; who, becauſe they could not appear, in ſo much Gallentry, as their Quality requir'd, kept 'em retir'd,

retir'd, and unſeen to all, but his particular Friends, of which *Vernole* was chief.

Vernole never appear'd before *Atlante* (which was ſeldom,) but he aſſum'd a Gravity and Reſpect, fit to have entertain'd a Maid of twenty; or rather a Matron, of much greater Years and Judgment. His Diſcourſes were always of Matters of State or Phyloſophy; and ſometimes when *De Pais* would laughing ſay, he might as well entertain *Atlante*, with *Greek* and *Hebrew*, would reply gravely; you are miſtaken Sir, I find the Seeds of great and profound Matter in the Soul of this Young Maid, which ought to be nouriſht, now while ſhe was Young, and they will grow up to very great Prefection; I find *Atlante* capable of all the Noble Vertues of the Mind, and am infinitely miſtaken in my Obſervations, and *Art* of *Phiſiognomy*, if *Atlante* be not born for greater things than her Fortune does now promiſe, ſhe will be very Conſiderable in the World, believe me, and this will arrive to her perfectly from the Force of her Charms: *De Pais* was extremly over-joy'd to hear ſuch good Propheſi'd to *Atlante*, and from that time, ſet a ſort of an Eſteem upon her, which he did not on *Charlot* his Younger; who by the perſwaſions of *Vernole*, he reſolv'd to put in a Monaſtery, that what he had might deſcend to *Atlante*, not but he confeſſ'd *Charlot* had Beauty, extreamly attractive, and a Wit that promis'd much, when it ſhould be cultivated by Years and Experience; and would ſhew it ſelf with great advantage, and Luſtre in a Monaſtery; all this pleaſed *De Pais* very well, who was eaſily perſwaded, ſince he had not a Fortune to marry her well in the World.

As yet *Vernole* had never ſpoke to *Atlante* of Love; nor did his Gravity think it Prudence to diſcover his Heart to ſo Young a Maid, he waited her more ſenſible Years, when he could hope to

have ſome return. And all he expected from this her tender Age, was by his daily converſe with her, and the Preſents, he made her ſuitable to her Years, to ingratiate himſelf inſenſibly into her Friendſhip and Eſteem: Since ſhe was not yet capable of Love, but even in that he miſtook his Aim for every day, he grew more and more diſagreeable to *Atlante*, and would have been her Abſolute Averſion, had ſhe known, ſhe had every day entertained a Lover, but as ſhe grew in Years and Senſe, he ſeemed the more deſpicable in her Eyes as to his Perſon, but as ſhe had reſpect to his Parts, and Qualities, ſhe paid him all the Complaiſance ſhe could, and which was due to him; and ſo muſt be confeſs'd, tho' he had a ſtiff Formality in all he ſaid and did, yet he had Wit and Learning, and was a great *Philoſopher*; as much of his Learning, as *Atlante* was capable of attaining to, he made her Miſtreſs of, and that was no ſmall Portion, for all his Diſcourſe was fine and eaſily comprehended, his Notions of *Philoſophy* fit for *Ladies*; and he took greater pains with *Atlante*, than any Maſter would have done with a Scholar; ſo that it was moſt certain, he added very great Accompliſhments to her Natural Wit, and the more becauſe ſhe took a very great Delight in *Philoſophy*; which very often made her Impatient of his coming: Eſpecially when ſhe had many Queſtions, to ask him concerning it, and ſhe wou'd often receive him, with a Pleaſure in her Face; which he did not fail to interpret to his own advantage, being very apt to flatter himſelf, her Siſter *Charlot* would often ask her, how ſhe could give whole afternoons to ſo diſagreeable a Man: What is it, ſaid She, that charms you ſo, his Tawny Leather Face, his extraordinary high Noſe, his wide Mouth and Eye-brows, that hang Lowring over his Eyes, his lean Carcaſs, and his Lame and Haulting Hips. But

Atlante

Atlante wou'd diſcreetly reply, if I muſt grant all you ſay of Count *Vernole* to be true, yet he has a Wit and Learning, that will attone ſufficiently for all thoſe Faults you mention: A fine Soul is infintely to be preferr'd to a fine body; this decays, but that's Eternal; and Age that ruins one, refines the other; Tho' poſſibly *Atlante* thought as ill of the Count, as her Siſter; yet in Reſpect to him, ſhe would not own it.

Atlante was now arriv'd to her thirteenth Year, when her Beauty, which every day increas'd, became the diſcourſe of the whole Town; which had already gain'd her as many Lovers as had beheld her, for none ſaw her without Languiſhing for her, or at leaſt but what were in very great Admiration of her, every body talkt of the young *Atlante*, and all the Noble Men who had Sons (knowing the ſmallneſs of her Fortune and the luſtre of her Beauty) would ſend them for fear of their being Charm'd with her, either to ſome other part of the World, or exhorted them, by way of precaution, to keep out of her ſight: Old *Bellyuard* was one of thoſe Wiſe Parents, and by a timely prevention as he thought of *Rinaldo's* falling in Love with *Atlante*, perhaps, was the occaſion of his being ſo; he had before heard of *Atlante* and of her Beauty; but it had made no impreſſions on his Heart, but his Father no ſooner forbid him Loving, than he felt a new deſire Tormenting him, of ſeeing this lovely and dangerous young Perſon; he wonders at his unaccountable Pain, which daily ſolicits him within, to go where he may behold this Beauty; of whom he frames a thouſand Ideas, all ſuch as were moſt agreeable to him but then upbraids his fancy for not forming her, half ſo delicate as ſhe was, and longs yet more to ſee her, to know how near ſhe approaches to the Picture he has drawn of her in his Mind; and tho he knew

ſhe liv'd the next Houſe to him, yet he knew alſo ſhe was kept within like a Vow'd *Nun*, or with the ſeverity of a *Spaniard*: And tho he had a Chamber which had a jetting Window that lookt juſt upon the the door of Monſieur *De Pais*, and that he would watch many hours at a time, in hope to ſee them go out, yet he could never get a glimps of her; yet he heard ſhe often frequented the Church of our *Lady*: thither then young *Rinaldo* reſolv'd to go, and did ſo two or three Mornings, in which time to his unſpeakable grief, he ſaw no Beauty appear that charm'd him, and yet he fancy'd that *Atlante* was there, and that he had ſeen her, that ſome one of thoſe young Ladies, that he ſaw in the Church was ſhe, tho he had no body to inquire of, and that ſhe was not ſo fair as the World reported, for which he would often ſigh as if he had loſt ſome very great Expectation, however he ceas'd not to frequent this Church, and one day ſaw a young Beauty, who at firſt glimps made his Heart leap to his Mouth, and fell trembling again into its wanted place, for it immediately told him that that young Maid was *Atlante*, ſhe was with her Siſter *Charlot*, who was very handſome, but not comparable to *Atlante*. He fixt his Eyes upon her, as ſhe kneel'd at the Alter, he never remov'd from that charming face as long as he remain'd there, he forgot all Devotion, but what he paid to her, he Ador'd her, he Burnt and Languiſh'd already for her, and found he muſt poſſeſs *Atlante*, or Dye; often as he gaz'd upon her he ſaw her fair Eyes lifted up towards his, where they often met, which ſhe perceiving would caſt hers down into her Boſom or on her Book, and bluſh as if ſhe had done a Fault: *Charlot* perceiv'd all the Motions of *Rinaldo*, how he folded his Arms, how he ſigh't, and how he gaz'd on her Siſter; ſhe took Notice

of

of his Cloaths, his Garniture and every particular of his Dress, as young Grils use to do, and seeing him so very handsome, and so much better dress't then all the young *Cavaliers* that were in the Church, she was very much pleas'd with him, and could not forbear saying in a low voice to *Atlante*, look, look, my Sister, what a prety *Monsieur* yonder is, see how fine his Face is, how delicate his Hair, how gallant his Dress, and do but look how he gazes on you? This would make *Atlante* blush anew, who durst not raise her Eyes for fear she should incounter his. While he had the pleasure to imagine they were talking of him, and he saw in the pretty Face of *Charlot*, that what he said was not to his disadvantage, and by the blushes of *Atlante*, that she was not displeas'd with what was spoken to her; he perceiv'd the young one importunate with her, and *Atlante* jogging her with her *Elbow*, as much as to say, hold your peace, all this he made a very kind Interpretation of, and was transported with Joy at the good *Omens*, he was willing to flatter his new Flame, and to Complement his young Desire, with a little Hope; but the divine Ceremony ceasing, *Atlante* left the Church, and it being very fair weather she walkt home, *Rinaldo*, who saw her going, felt all the Agonys of a Lover, who parts with all that can make him Happy, and seeing only *Atlante* attended with her Sister, and a Foot-man, following with their Books, he was a thousand times about to speak to 'em, but he no sooner advanc'd a step or two towards 'em, to that purpose (for he followed them) but his Heart fail'd, and a certain awe and reverence, or rather the fears and tremblings of a Lover, prevented him, but when he consider'd that possible he might never have so favourable an opportunity again, he resolv'd a new, and call'd up so much Courage to his Heart as to speak to *Alante*, but before he

did

did ſo, *Charlot* looking behind her, ſaw *Rinaldo* very near to 'em, and cry'd out with a voice of Joy: Oh! Siſter, Siſter look where the handſome *Monſieur*, is juſt behind us, ſure he is ſome body of Quality, for ſee he has two Foot-men that follow him in juſt ſuch Liveries, and ſo Rich, as thoſe of our Neighbour *Monſieur Bellyaurd*; at this *Atlante* could not forbear, but before ſhe was aware of it, turn'd her Head and lookt on *Rinaldo*, which incourag'd him to advance, and putting off his Hat, which he clapt under his Arm, with a low Bow, ſaid, Ladies you are ſo ſlenderly attended, and ſo many Accidents arrive to the fair in the rude Streets, that I humbly implore you will permit me, whoſe Duty it is, as a Neighbour, to wait on you to your Door, Sir, ſaid *Atlante* bluſhing, we fear no inſolence, and need no Protector, or if we did we ſhould not be ſo rude to take you out of your way to ſerve us; Madam, ſaid he, my way lyes yours, I live at the next door and am Son to *Bellyaurd* your Neighbour; but Madam added he, if I were to go all my Life out of the way to do you Service, I ſhould take it for the greateſt Happineſs, that could arrive to me, but Madam, ſure a Man can never be out of his way, who has the Honour of ſo Charming Company, *Atlante* made no reply at this, but bluſht and bow'd, but *Charlot* ſaid, Nay Sir, if you are our Neighbour we will give you leave to Conduct us home; but pray Sir, how came you to know we are your Neighbours, for we never ſaw you before to our knowledge. My pretty *Mis*, reply'd *Rinaldo*, I knew it from the tranſcendent Beauty appear'd in your Faces and fine Shapes, for I have heard there was no Beauty in the World like that of *Atlante's*, and I no ſooner ſaw her but my Heart told me it was ſhe; Heart, ſaid *Charlot*, Laughing, why does Hearts uſe to ſpeak; the moſt intelligibly of any thing,

Rinaldo

Rinaldo, reply'd when 'tis tenderly touch'd, when 'tis charm'd and tranſported. At theſe Words he ſigh'd, and *Atlante*, to his extream ſatisfaction, bluſh-ed; touch'd, charm'd and tranſported, ſaid *Charlot*, what's that? and how do you do to have it be all theſe things? for I would give any thing in the world to have my Heart ſpeak. Oh! ſaid *Rinaldo*, your Heart is too young, it is not yet arrived to the Years of ſpeaking; about thirteen or fourteen it may poſſibly be ſaying a thouſand ſoft things to you, but it muſt be firſt inſpir'd by ſome noble Ob-ject, whoſe Idea it muſt retain. What, reply'd this pretty Pratler, I'll warrant I muſt be in love? Yes, ſaid *Rinaldo*, moſt paſſionately, or you will have but little Converſation with your Heart. Oh! reply'd ſhe, I am afraid the pleaſure of ſuch a Con-verſation, will not make me amends for the Pain that Love will give me. That, ſaid *Rinaldo*, is ac-cording as the Object is kind, and as you hope, if he love, and you hope you will have a double Plea-ſure; and in this, how great an advantage have you fair Ladies above us Men. 'Tis almoſt impoſſible for you to love in vain, you have your choice of a thouſand Hearts which you have ſubdu'd, and may not only chuſe your Slaves but be aſſur'd of 'em: Without ſpeaking you are belov'd, it needs not coſt you a Sigh or a Tear; but unhappy Man is often deſtin'd to give his Heart, where it is not regarded, to ſigh, to weep and languiſh without any hope of pity. You ſpeak ſo feelingly, Sir, ſaid *Charlot*, that I am afraid this is your Caſe. Yes, Madam, reply'd *Rinaldo*, ſighing, I am that unhappy Man. Indeed, 'tis pity, ſaid ſhe; pray how long have you been ſo? Ever ſince I heard of the charming *Atlante*, reply'd he, ſighing again; I ador'd her Character, but now I have ſeen her, I die for her. For me, Sir, ſaid *Atlante* (who had not yet ſpoke) this is the common Compliment of all the young Men, who pretend to be Lovers;

and

and if one ſhould pity all thoſe Sighers, we ſhould have but very little left for our ſelves. I believe, ſaid *Rinaldo*, there are none that tell you ſo, who do not mean as they ſay; yet among all thoſe Adorers, and thoſe that ſay they will die for you, you will find none will be ſo good as their Words as *Rinaldo*. Perhaps, ſaid *Atlante*, of all thoſe who tell me of dying, there are none that tell it with ſo little Reaſon as *Rinaldo*, if that be your Name, Sir. *Madam*, it is, ſaid he, and who am tranſported with an unſpeakable Joy, to hear thoſe laſt Words from your fair Mouth; and let me, O lovely *Atlante*, aſſure you, that what I have ſaid, are not Words of courſe, but proceed from a Heart that has vow'd it ſelf eternally yours, even before I had the Happineſs to behold this divine Perſon; but now that my Eyes have made good all my Heart before imagin'd, and did but hope: I ſwear I will die a thouſand Deaths, rather than violate what I have ſaid to you; That I adore you, that my Soul and all my Faculties are charm'd with your Beauty and Innocence, and that my Life and Fortune, not inconſiderable, ſhall be laid at your Feet. This he ſpoke with a fervency of Paſſion, that left her no doubt of what he had ſaid; yet ſhe bluſh'd for ſhame, and a little angry at her ſelf, for ſuffering him to ſay ſo much to her, the very firſt time ſhe ſaw him, and accuſed her ſelf for giving him any Encouragement: And in this Confuſion ſhe replyed, Sir, you have ſaid too much to be believed; and I cannot imagine ſo ſhort an Acquaintance can make ſo conſiderable an Impreſſion; of which Confeſſion I accuſe my ſelf much more than you, in that I did not only hearken to what you ſaid, without forbidding you to entertain me at that rate, but for unheedily ſpeaking ſomething, that has encourag'd this Boldneſs; for ſo muſt I call it in a Man, ſo great a ſtranger to me. *Madam*, ſaid he, if I have offended by the ſuddenneſs of my preſumpthous

Diſco-

Diſcovery, I beſeech you to conſider my Reaſons for it, the few Opportunities I am like to have, and the impoſſibility of waiting on you, both from the ſeverity of your Father and mine; who, e're I ſaw you, warn'd me of my Fate, as if he foreſaw I ſhould fall in love as ſoon as I ſhould chance to ſee you; and for that reaſon has kept me cloſer to my Studies, than hitherto I have been: And from that time I began to feel a Flame, which was kindled by Report alone, and the Deſcription my Father gave of your wonderous and dangerous Beauty: Therefore, *Madam*, I have not ſuddenly told you of my Paſſion, I have been long your Lover, and have long languiſh'd without telling of my Pain, and you ought to pardon it now, ſince it is done with all the Reſpect and religious Awe, that 'tis poſſible for a Heart to deliver and unload it ſelf in; therefore, Madam, if you have by chance uttered any thing, that I have taken advantage or hope from, I aſſure you 'tis ſo ſmall, that you have no reaſon to repent it; but rather if you would have me live, ſend me not from you, without a Confirmation of that little hope: See, *Madam*, ſaid he, more earneſtly and trembling, ſee we are almoſt arriv'd at our homes, ſend me not to mine in a deſpair, that I cannot ſupport with Life, but tell me I ſhall be bleſs'd with your Sight, ſometimes in your Balcony, which is very near to a jetting Window in our Houſe, from whence I have ſent many a longing Look towards yours, in hope to have ſeen my Soul's Tormenter; I ſhall be very unwilling, ſaid ſhe, to enter into an Intreague of Love, or Friendſhip, with a Man, whoſe Parents will be averſe to my happineſs, and poſſibly mine as refractory, though he cannot but know ſuch an Alliance would be very conſiderable; my Fortune being not ſuitable to yours, I tell you this, that you may withdraw in time from an Engagement, in which I find there will be a great many Obſtacle. Oh! Madam, re-

ply'd

ply'd *Rinaldo*, ſighing, if my Perſon be not diſagreeable to you, you will have no cauſe to fear the reſt, 'tis that I dread, and that which is all my fear; he ſighing beheld her with a languiſhing Look, that told her, he expected her Anſwer, when ſhe reply'd, Sir, if that will be ſatisfaction enough for you at this time, I do aſſure you, I have no Averſion for your Perſon, in which I find more to be valu'd than in any I have yet ſeen; and if what you ſay be real, and proceed from a Heart truly affected, I find, in ſpight of me, you will oblige me to give you hope.

They were come ſo near their own Houſes, that he had not time to return her any Anſwer, but with a low Bow he acknowledg'd her Bounty, and expreſs'd the Joy her laſt Words had given him, by a look that made her underſtand, he was charm'd and pleas'd; and ſhe bowing to him with an Air of Satisfaction in her Face, he was well aſſured, there was nothing to be ſeen ſo lovely as ſhe then appear'd, and left her to go into her own Houſe; but till ſhe was out of ſight, , he had not power to ſtir, and then ſighing, retired to his own Apartment, to think over all that had paſt between them. He found nothing but what gave him a thouſand Joys, in all ſhe had ſaid; and he bleſt this happy Day, and wondered how his Stars came ſo kind, to make him in one hour at once ſee *Atlante*, and have the Happineſs to know from her own Mouth, that he was not diſagreeable to her: Yet with this Satisfaction, he had a thouſand thoughts mix'd, which were tormenting, and thoſe were, the fear of their Parents, he foreſaw from what his Father had ſaid to him already, that it would be difficult to draw him to a conſent of his Marriage with *Atlante*: Theſe Joys and Fears were his Companions all the Night, in which he took but little reſt. Nor was *Atlante* without her Inquietudes. She found *Rinaldo* more in her Thoughts, than ſhe wiſh'd, and

a

a ſudden change of Humour, that made her know ſomething was the matter with her, more than uſual; ſhe calls to mind *Rinaldo*'s ſpeaking of the Converſation with his Heart, and found hers would be tatling to her, if ſhe would give way to it; and yet the more ſhe ſtrove to avoid it, the more it importun'd her, and in ſpight of all her reſiſtance, would tell her, that *Rinaldo* had a thouſand Charms: It tells her, that he loves and adores her, and that ſhe would be the moſt cruel of her Sex, ſhould ſhe not be ſenſible of his Paſſion. She finds a thouſand Graces in his Perſon and Converſation, and as many Advantages in his Fortune, which was one of the moſt conſiderable in all thoſe Parts; for his Eſtate exceeded that of the moſt Noble Men in *Orleance*, and ſhe imagines ſhe ſhould be the moſt fortunate of all Womankind in ſuch a Match. With theſe Thoughts ſhe employ'd all the hours of the Night; ſo that ſhe lay ſo long in Bed the next day, that Count *Vernole*, who had invited himſelf to Dinner, came before ſhe had quitted her Chamber, and ſhe was forc'd to ſay, ſhe had not been well: He had brought her a very fine Book, newly come out, of *Delicate Philoſophy*, fit for the Study of Ladies. But he appear'd ſo diſagreeable to that Heart, wholly taken up with a new and fine Object, that ſhe could now hardly pay him that Civility, ſhe was wont to do, while on the other ſide, that little State and Pride *Atlante* aſſum'd, made her appear the more charming to him; ſo that if *Atlante* had no mind to begin a new Leſſon of *Philoſophy*, while ſhe fancy'd her Thoughts were much better employ'd, the Count every Moment expreſſing his Tenderneſs and Paſſion, had as little an Inclination to inſtruct her, as ſhe was to be inſtructed; Love had taught her a new Leſſon, and he would fain teach her a new Leſſon of Love, but fears it will be a diminiſhing of his *Gravity* and *Grandeur*, to open the Secrets

crets

crets of his Heart to ſo young a Maid: He therefore thinks it more agreeable to his Quality and Years, being abut forty, to uſe her Father's Authority in this Affair, and that it was ſufficient for him to declare himſelf to *Monſieur De Pais*, who he knew would be proud of the Honour he did him ſometime paſt, before he could perſwade himſelf even to declare himſelf to her Father; he fancies the little Coldneſs and Pride he ſaw in *Atlante*'s Face, which was not uſual, proceeded from ſome diſcovery of Paſſion, which his Eyes had made, or now and then a Sigh, that unawares broke forth, and accuſes himſelf of a Levity below his Quality and the Dignity of his Wit and Gravity: and therefore aſſumes a more rigid and formal Behaviour than he was wont, which rendered him yet more diſagreeable than before; and 'twas with greater Pain than ever, ſhe gave him that reſpect which was due to his Quality.

Rinaldo, after a reſtleſs Night, was up very early in the Morning; and tho' he was not certain of ſeeing his adorable *Atlante*, he dreſs'd himſelf with all that care, as if he had been to have waited on her, and got himſelf into the Window, that overlooks *Monſieur De Pais* his Balcony, where he had not remain'd long, before he ſaw the pretty *Charlot* come into it, not with any deſign of ſeeing *Rinaldo*, but to look and gaze about her a little. *Rinaldo* ſaw her, and made her a very low Reverence, and found ſome diſordered Joy on the ſight of even *Charlot*, ſince ſhe was Siſter to *Atlante*. He call'd to her (for the Window was ſo near her, he could eaſily be heard by her) and told her he was infinitely indebted to her Bounty, for giving him an opportunity yeſterday of falling on that Diſcourſe, which had made him the happieſt Man in the World: He ſaid, if ſhe had not by her agreeable Converſation encourag'd him, and drawn him from one Word to another, he ſhould never

have

have had the confidence to have told *Atlante*, how much he ador'd her. I am very glad, replied *Charlot*, that I was the occaſion of the beginning of an Amour which was diſpleaſing to neither one nor to the other, for I aſſure you for your comfort, my Siſter nothing but thinks on you: We lie together, and you have taught her already to ſigh ſo, that I could not ſleep for her; at this his Face was covered over with a riſing Joy which his Heart could not contain: And after ſome Diſcourſe, in which this innocent Girl diſcover'd more than *Atlante* wiſh'd ſhe ſhould: He beſought her to become his Advoate; and ſince ſhe had no Brother, to give him leave to aſſume that Honour, and call her Siſter. Thus by degrees he flatter'd her into a conſent of carrying a Letter from him to *Atlante*; which ſhe, who believ'd all as innocent as her ſelf, and being not forbid to do ſo, immediately conſented to, when he took his Pen and Ink that ſtood in the Window with Paper wrote *Atlante* this following Letter.

Rinaldo to *Atlante*.

IF my Suit be ſo ſevere as to deny me the Happineſs of ſighing out my Pain and Paſſion daily at your Feet, if there be any Faith in the Hope you were pleaſed to give me (as 'twere a Sin to doubt) do not, O charming Atlante! *ſuffer me to languiſh both without beholding you, and without the bleſſing of now and then a Billet, in anſwer to thoſe that ſhall daily aſſure you of my eternal Faith and Vows; 'tis all I ask till Fortune and our Affairs ſhall allow me the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of claiming you, yet if your Charity can ſometimes afford me a ſight of you, either from your Balcony in the Evening, or at Church in the Morning, it would ſave me*

from that Deſpair and Torment, which muſt poſſeſs a Heart ſo unaſſur'd, as that of

Your eternal Adorer,

Rin. Bellyaurd.

He having writ and ſeal'd this, toſs'd it into the Balcony to *Charlot*, having firſt look'd about to ſee if none perceiv'd them. She put it in her Boſom and ran into her Siſter, whom by chance ſhe found alone; *Vernole* having taken *De Pais* into the Garden to diſcourſe with him concerning the ſending *Charlot* to the Monaſtery; which Work he deſir'd to ſee perform'd, before he declar'd his Intentions to *Atlante*; for among all his other good Qualities, he was very avaritious; and as fair as *Atlante* was, he thought ſhe would be much fairer with the Addition of *Charlot*'s Portion, This Affair of his with Monſieur *De Pays* gave *Charlot* an opportunity of delivering her Letter to her Siſter; who no ſooner drew it from her Boſom, but *Atlante*'s Face was cover'd over with Bluſhes, for ſhe imagin'd from whence it came, and had a ſecret Joy in that Imagination; though ſhe thought ſhe muſt put on the Severity and Niceneſs of a Virgin, who would not be thought to have ſurrender'd her Heart with ſo ſmall an Aſſault, and the firſt too: ſo ſhe demanded from whence *Charlot* had that Letter; who replied with joy, from the fine young Gentleman, our Neighbour: At which *Atlante* aſſum'd all the Gravity ſhe could, to chide her Siſter; who replied, well, Siſter, had you this Day ſeen him, you would not have been angry to have receiv'd a Letter from him; he look'd ſo handſome, and was ſo richly dreſs'd, ten times finer than he was Yeſterday; and I promis'd him you ſhould read

read it, therefore pray let me keep my Word with him; and not only ſo, but carry him an Anſwer. Well, ſaid *Atlante*, to ſave your Credit with Monſieur *Rinaldo*, I will read it; which ſhe did, and finiſhed with a Sigh. While ſhe was reading, *Charlot* ran into the Garden to ſee if they were not likely to be ſurpriſed; and finding the Count and her Father ſet in an Arbour in deep Diſcourſe, ſhe brought Pen, Ink, and Paper to her Siſter, and told her, ſhe might write without the fear of being diſturbed, and urged her ſo long to what was enough her Inclination, ſhe at laſt obtained this Anſwer:

Atlante to *Rinaldo.*

CHarlot, *your little importunate Advocate, has at laſt ſubdued me to a conſent of returning you this. She has put me on an Affair which I am wholly unacquainted with; and you ought to take this very kindly from me, ſince it is the very firſt time I ever writ to one of your Sex, though perhaps I might with leſs danger have done it to any other Man. I tremble while I write, ſince I dread a Correſpondence of this nature, which may inſenſibly draw us into an inconvenience, and engage me beyond the limits of that Nicety I ought to preſerve; for this way we venture to ſay a thouſand little kind things, which in Converſation we dare not do, for now none can ſee us bluſh; I am ſenſible I ſhall this way put my ſelf too ſoon into your power; and though you have abundance of Merit, I ought to be aſhamed of confeſſing, I am but too ſenſible of them:—— but hold —— I ſhall diſcover for your Repoſe (which I would preſerve) too much of the Heart of*

Atlante.

She gave this Letter to *Charlot*, who immediately ran into the Balcony with it, where ſhe ſtill found *Rinaldo* in a Melancholy poſture, leaning his Head on his Hand: She ſhewed him the Letter, but was afraid to toſs it to him, for fear it might fall to the Ground; ſo he ran and fetched a long Cane, which he Cleft at one end, and holding it where ſhe put the Letter into the Cleft, and ſtaid not to hear what he ſaid to it. But never was Man ſo tranſported with Joy, as he was at the reading of this Letter; it gives him new Wounds; for to the generous, nothing obliges Love ſo much as Love: Though it is now too much the nature of that inconſtant Sex to ceaſe to Love as ſoon as they are ſure of the Conqueſt. But it was far different with our *Cavalier*, he was the more inflamed by imagining he had made ſome Impreſſions on the Heart of *Atlante*, and kindled ſome Sparks there, that in time might encreaſe to ſome thing more; ſo that he now reſolves to die hers; and conſidering all the Obſtacles that may poſſibly hinder his Happineſs, he found none but his Father's Obſtinacy, perhaps occaſioned by the meanneſs of *Atlante*'s Fortune: To this he urged again, that he was his only Son, and a Son whom he loved equal to his own Life; and that certainly as ſoon as he ſhould behold him dying for *Atlante*, which if forc'd to quit he muſt be, that then he believed the tenderneſs of ſo fond a Parent, would break forth into Pity and Compaſſion, and plead within for his conſent. Theſe were the thoughts that flattered this Young Lover all the day, and whether he were Riding the great Horſe, or at his ſtudy of Philoſopy, or Mathamaticks, Singing or Dancing, or whatſoever other Exerciſe his Tutors ordered, his thoughts were continually on *Atlante*, and now he profited no more; whatever he ſeem'd to do, every day

day he fail'd not to Write to her by the Hand of the kind *Charlot*, who young, as ſhe was, had conceiv'd a very great Friendſhip for *Rinaldo*, and fail'd not to fetch her Letters, and bring him Answers, ſuch as he wiſht to receive; but all this did not ſatisfy our impatient Lover, abſence kill'd, and he was no longer able to ſupport himſelf without a ſight of this Adorable Maid; he therefore implores, ſhe will give him that ſatisfaction, and ſhe at laſt grants it, with a better Will than he imagin'd, the next day was the appointed time, when ſhe would under pretence of going to Church give him an aſſignation, and becauſe all publick places were dangerous, and might make a great noice, and they had no private place to truſt to, *Rinaldo* under pretence of going up the River in his Pleaſure Boat, which he often did, ſent to have it made ready againſt the next day, at ten of the Clock; this was accordingly done and he gave *Atlante* Notice of his deſign of going an hour or two on the River, in his Boat, which lay near to ſuch a place, not far from the Church: ſhe and *Charlot* came thether, and becauſe they durſt not come out, without a Footman or two, they taking one, ſent him with a *how do ye*, to ſome young Ladies, and told him he ſhould find them at Church; ſo getting rid of their ſpy, they haſtned to the River ſide, and found a Boat and *Rinaldo* waiting to carry them on Board his little Veſſel, which was richly adorn'd, and a very handſome Collation ready for them of Cold Meats, Sallads and Sweetmeats; as ſoon as they were come into the Pleaſure Boat, unſeen of any, he kneel'd at the Feet of *Atlante*, and there utter'd ſo many paſſionate and tender things to her, with a voice ſo trembling and ſoft, with Eyes ſo Languiſhing, and a Fervency and Fire ſo ſincere, that her young Heart wholly uncapable of Artifice, could no longer reſiſt ſuch Language, and ſuch Looks of Love,

ſhe grows tender, and he perceives it in her fine Eyes, who could not diſſemble, he reads her Heart in her Looks, and found it yielding apace and therefore Aſſaults it anew with freſh forces of Sighs and Tears, he implores ſhe would aſſure him of her Heart, which ſhe could no other way do then by yielding to Marry him; he would carry her to the next Village, there conſumate that Happineſs, without which he was able to live no longer, for he had a thouſand Fears, that ſome other Lover was, or would, ſuddainly be provided for her, and therefore he would make ſure of her, while he had this oppertunity; and to that end he anſwered all the Objections, ſhe could make, to the contrary: but ever when he nam'd Marriage, ſhe trembled with fear of doing ſomething that ſhe fancy'd ſhe ought not to do without the Conſent of her Father, ſhe was ſenſible of the Advantage, but had been ſo us'd to a ſtrict Obedience, that ſhe could not without Horror think of Violating it, and therefore beſought him, as he valu'd her Repoſe not to urge her to that, and told him further that if he fear'd any Rival, ſhe would give him what other Aſſurance and Satisfaction he pleas'd, but that of Marriage, which ſhe could not conſent to, till ſhe knew ſuch an Aliance would not be Fatal to him; for ſhe fear'd as paſſionately as he lov'd her, when he ſhould find ſhe had occaſion'd him the loſs of his Fortune, or his Fathers Affection, he would grow to hate her; tho' he anſwered to this, all that a fond Lover could urge, yet ſhe was reſolv'd, and he was forc'd to content himſelf with obliging her by his Prayers and Proteſtations, his Sighs and his ſhowers of Tears to a Contract, which they ſolemnly made each other, vowing on either ſide, that they would never Marry any other, this being ſolemnly concluded, he aſſum'd a Look more Gay and Contented than before, he preſented her a very rich Ring, which

ſhe

ſhe durſt not put on her Finger, but hid it in her Boſom: and beholding each other now as Man and Wife, ſhe ſuffer'd him all the decent Freedoms he could wiſh to take, ſo that the hours of this Voyage ſeem'd the moſt ſoft and charming of his Life, and doubtleſs they were ſo, every touch of *Atlante* tranſported him, every look pierc'd his Soul, and he was all Raptures of Joy, when he conſider'd this charming lovely Maid was his own.

Charlot all this while was gazing above Deck, admiring the motion of the little Veſſel, and how eaſily the Wind and tide bore her up the River; ſhe had never been in any thing of this Kind before, and was very well pleaſed and entertain'd, when *Rinaldo* call'd her down to eat, where they enjoy'd themſelves as well as was poſſible, and *Charlot* was wondering to ſee ſuch a Content in their Eyes.

But now they thought it was high time for them to return, they fancy the Footman miſſing them at Church, would go home and Alarm their Father, and the Knight of the ill Favour'd Countenance, as *Charlot* call'd Count, *Vernole*, whoſe ſeverity put their Father on a greater reſtriction of them than naturally he would do of himſelf; At the Name of this Count, *Rinaldo* chang'd colour, fearing he might be ſome Rival, and asked *Atlante*, if this *Vernole* was a kin to her, ſhe anſwered No; but was a very great Friend to her Father, and on who from their Infancy, had had a particular concern for their breeding, and was her Maſter for *Philoſophy*. Ah! reply'd *Rinaldo* ſighing, this Man's concern muſt proceed from ſomething more than Friendſhip for her Father, and therefore conjured her to tell him, whether he was not a Lover? A Lover reply'd *Atlante*; I aſſure you, he is a perfect *Antidote* againſt that Paſſion; and tho' ſhe ſuffered his Ugly Preſence

now, ſhe ſhould loath and hate him, ſhould he name but Love to her.

She ſaid, ſhe believ'd ſhe need not fear any ſuch Proſecution, ſince he was a Man, who was not at all Amorous, that he had too much of the *Satyr* in his Humour to harbour any ſoftneſs there: and Nature had form'd his Body to his Mind, wholly unfit for Love; and that he might ſet his Heart abſolutely at reſt, ſhe aſſur'd him her Father had never yet propos'd any marriage to her, tho' many advantagious ones are offer'd him every day.

The Sails being turn'd to carry them back from whence they came; after having diſcours'd of a thouſand things, and all of Love and Contrivance to carry on their Mutual Deſign, they with Sighs parted, *Rinaldo* ſtaying behind in the Pleaſure Boat, and they going a Shore in the Whery, that attended; after which he caſt many an Amorous and ſad Look, and prehaps was anſwer'd by thoſe of *Atlante*.

It was paſt Church time two or three Hours; when they arriv'd at Home wholly unprepared with an excuſe, ſo Abſolutely was *Atlante's* Soul poſſeſt with Softer Buſineſs. The firſt Perſon they met withal was the Footman, who open'd the Door, and began to cry out, how long he had waited in the Church, and how in Vain; without giving them time to reply, *De Pais* came towards 'em, and with a Frowning Look, demanded where they had been? *Atlante* who was not accuſtomed to Excuſes and Untruth, was a while at a ſtand, when *Charlot* with a Voice of Joy cryed out, Oh, Sir we have been a Board of a fine little Ship: At this *Atlante* bluſht fearing ſhe would tell the Truth. But ſhe proceeded on, and ſaid; that they had not been above a Quarter of an Hour at Church, when the

the *Lady* —— with some other *Ladies* and *Cavaliers*, were going out of the Church, and that spying them, they wou'd needs have them go with 'em; my Sister Sir, continued she, was very loath to go, for fear you should be angry, but my *Lady* ——— was so importunate with her on one side, and I on the other; because I never saw a little Ship in my Life, that at last we prevailed with her, therefore good Sir, be not angry. He promised them he was not, and when they came in, they found Count *Vernole*, who had been inspiring *De Pais* with Severity, and councel'd him to chide the Young *Ladies*, for being too long Absent, under Pretence of going to their Devotion, nor was it enough for him to set the Father on, but himself with a Gravity, where Concern and *Malice* were both apparent, reproacht *Atlante* with Levity, and told her, he believ'd she had some other Motive, then the Invitation of a *Lady*, to go on Ship-board, and that she had too many Lovers, not to make them doubt that this was a Design'd thing, and that she had heard Love from some one, for whom it was designed: To this she made him but a short reply, that if it was so, she had no reason to conceal it, since she had Sense enough to look after herself, and if any Body had made Love to her, he might be assur'd it was some one, whose Quality and Merit deserv'd to be heard; and with a look of Scorn, she past on to another Room and left him silently raging within with Jealousie, Which if before she tormented him, this Declaration increas'd it to a Pitch not to be conceal'd. And this Day he said so much to the Father, that he resolv'd forthwith to send *Charlot* to a *Nunery*, and accordingly the next Day, he bid her prepare to go: *Charlot*, who was not yet arrived to the Years of Distinction, did not much regret it, and having no trouble, but leaving her Sister, she prepared to go to a *Nunery* not many Streets from

that

that where ſhe dwelt. The *Lady Abbeſs* was her Father's Kinſ-woman, and had treated her very well, as often as ſhe came to viſit her, ſo that with ſatisfaction enough, ſhe was condemned to a *Monaſtick* Life, and was now going for her Probation Year: *Atlante* was troubled at her departure, becauſe ſhe had now no body to bring and to carry Letters between *Rinaldo* and ſhe: However ſhe took her leave of her, and promis'd to come and ſee her, as often as ſhe ſhould be permitted to go a broad, for ſhe fear'd now ſome conſtraint extraordinary would be put upon her, and ſo it happedn'd.

Atlante's Chamber was that to which the Belcony belong'd, and though ſhe durſt not appear there in the day time, ſhe could in the Night, and that way give her Lover as many hours of her converſation, as ſhe pleaſed without being perceived: but how to give *Rinaldo* notice of this ſhe could not tell, who not knowing *Charlot* was gone to a *Monaſtery*, waited many days at his Window to ſee her; at laſt they neither of them knowing who to truſt with any Meſſage, one day when he was, as uſual, upon his watch, he ſaw *Atlante* ſtep into the Belcony, who having a Letter, in which ſhe had put a peice of Led, ſhe toſt it into his Window, whoſe Caſemen was open, and run in again unperceived by any but himſelf, the Paper contain'd only this.

My Chamber is that which looks into the Belcony, from whence, tho' I cannot converſe with you in the day, I can at Night when I am retired to go to Bed, therefore be at your Window, Farewel.

There needed no more to make him a diligent watcher, and accordingly ſhe was no ſooner retired to her Chamber, but ſhe would come into the Belcony, where ſhe fail'd not to ſee him attending at his Window, this happy contrivance was thus carry'd on for many Nights, where they entertain'd

tertain'd one another, with all the indearment that two hearts could dictate, who were perfectly united and aſſured of each other, and this pleaſing Converſation would often laſt till day appeared, and forced them to part.

But old *Belyuard* perceiving his Son frequent that Chamber more than uſual, fancyed ſomething extraordinary muſt be the cauſe of it, and one Night asking for his Son, his *Vallet* told him he was gone into the great Chamber, ſo this was called: *Belyuard* asked the *Vallet* what he did there, he told him he could not tell, for often he had lighted him thither, and that his Maſter would take the Candle from him at the Chamber Door, and ſuffer him to go no further; tho the old Gentleman could not imagin, what affairs he could have alone every Night in that Chamber, he had a curioſity to ſee, and one unlucky Night, putting off his ſhoes he came to the Door of the Chamber which was open, he entered ſoftly, and ſaw the Candle ſet in the Chimney, and his Son at a great open Bay Window; he ſtopt a while to wait when he would turn, but finding him immovable, he advanced ſomething further, and at laſt heard the ſoft Dialogue of Love, between him and *Arlante*, whom he knew to be ſhe, by his often calling her by her Name in their diſcourſe, he heard enough to confirm him how Matters went, and unſeen as he came, he returned, full of indignation and thought how to prevent ſo great an Evil, as this Paſſion of his Son might produce, at firſt he thought to round him ſeverely in the Ear about it, and upbraid him for doing the only thing he had thought fit to forbid him, but then he thought that would but terrifie him for a while, and he would return again, where he had ſo great an incilnation if he were near her; he therefore reſolves to ſend him to *Paris*, that by abſence he might forget the young Beauty,

that

that had charmed his Youth: Therefore, without letting *Rinaldo* know the Reaſon, and without taking notice that he knew any thing of his Amour, he came to him one day, and told him all the Miſfers he had for the improving him in noble Sciences were very dull, or very remiſs; and that he reſolved he ſhould go for a Year or two, to the Academy at *Paris*. To this the Son made a thouſand Evaſions; but the Father was poſitive, and not to be perſwaded by all his Reaſons, and finding he ſhould abſolutely diſpleaſe him, if he refuſed to go, and not daring to tell him the dear Cauſe of his Deſire to remain at *Orleance*. He therefore, with a breaking Heart, conſents to go, nay, reſolves it, though it ſhould be his Death; but alas! he conſiders that this parting will not only prove the greateſt Torment upon Earth to him, but that *Atlante* will ſhare in his Misfortunes alſo: This Thought gives him a double Torment, and yet finds no way to evade it.

The Night that finiſhed this fatal Day, he goes again to his wonted Station, the Window; where he had not ſigh'd very long, but he ſaw *Atlante* enter the Balcony: He was not able a great while to ſpeak to her, or to utter one Word. The Night was light enough to ſee him at the wonted place; and ſhe admires at his ſilence, and demands the reaſon in ſuch obliging Terms, as adds to his Grief; and he, with a deep Sigh, replied, urge me not, my fair *Atlante*, to ſpeak, leſt by obeying you, I give you more cauſe of Grief, than my ſilence is capable of doing; and then ſighing again, he held his Peace, and gave her leave to ask the cauſe of theſe laſt Words. But when he made no Reply, but by ſighing, ſhe imagin'd it much worſe than indeed it was; and with a trembling and fainting Voice ſhe cryed, Oh! *Rinaldo*, give me leave to divine that cruel News you are ſo unwilling to tell me: It is ſo, added ſhe, you are deſtined to ſome more fortu-

fortunate Maid than *Atlante*: At this Tears ſtopp'd her Speech, and ſhe could utter no more. No, my deareſt Charmer, replied *Rinaldo* (elevating his Voice) if that were all, you ſhould ſee with what Fortitude I would die, rather than obey any ſuch commands: I am vowed yours to the laſt Moment of my Life, and will be yours in ſpight of all the oppoſition in the World; that Cruelty I could evade, but cannot this that threatens me. Ah! cryed *Atlante*, let Fate do her worſt, ſo ſhe ſtill continue *Rinaldo* mine, and keep that Faith he hath ſworn to me entire: What can ſhe do beſide that can afflict me? She can ſeparate me, cryed he, for ſome time from *Atlante*. Oh! replied ſhe, all Misfortunes fall ſo below that which I firſt imagined, that methinks I do not reſent this, as I ſhould otherwiſe have done; but I know when I have a little more conſidered it, I ſhall even die with the Grief of it. Abſence being ſo great an Enemy to Love, and makes us ſoon forget the Object beloved: This, though I never experienced, I have heard, and fear it may be my Fate. He then convinced her Fear with a thouſand new Vows, and a thouſand Imprecations of Conſtancy. She then asked him, if their Loves were diſcovered, that he was with ſuch haſte to depart. He told her, nothing of that was the cauſe; and he could almoſt wiſh it were diſcovered, ſince he could reſolutely then refuſe to go; but it was only to cultivate his Mind, more effectually than he could do here, 'twas the care of his Father to accompliſh him the more, and therefore he could not contradict it. But, ſaid he, I am not ſent where Seas ſhall part us, nor vaſt diſtances of Earth, but to *Paris*; from whence he might come in two Days to ſee her again, and that he would expect from that Balcony, that had gave him ſo many happy Moments, many more when he ſhould come to ſee her. He beſought her to ſend him away with all the ſatisfaction ſhe could, which ſhe could no other

therwiſe do, than by giving him new Aſſurances, that ſhe would never give away that Right he had in her, to any other Lover: She vows this with innumerable Tears; and is almoſt angry with him for queſtioning her Faith. He tells her then he has but one Night more to ſtay, and his Grief would be unſpeakable, if he ſhould not be able to take a better leave of her than at a Window; and that if ſhe would give him leave, he would by a Rope or two tied together, ſo as it may ſerve for Steps, aſcend her Balcony; he not having time to provide a Ladder of Ropes. She tells him, ſhe has ſo great a confidence in his Vertue and Love, that ſhe will refuſe him nothing, though it would be a very bold venture for a Maid, to truſt her ſelf with a paſſionate young Man, in ſilence of Night; and though ſhe did not exert a Vow from him to ſecure her, ſhe expected he would have a care of her Honour. He ſwore to her, his Love was too Religious for ſo baſe an Attempt. There needed not many Vows to confirm her Faith, and it was agreed on between them, that he ſhould come the next Night into her Chamber.

It happened that Night, as it often did, that Count *Vernole*, lay with Monſieur *De Pays*, which was in a Ground-room juſt under that of *Atlantes*: And as ſoon as ſhe knew all were in Bed, ſhe gave the Word to *Rinaldo*, who was attending with the impatience of a paſſionate Lover below under the Window, and who no ſooner heard the Balcony open, but he aſcended with ſome difficulty, and entered the Chamber, where he found *Atlante* tremble with joy and Fear: He throws himſelf at her Feet, as unable to ſpeak as ſhe; who nothing but bluſhed and bent down her Eyes, hardly daring to glance 'em towards the dear Object of her Deſires, the Lord of all her Vows: She was aſhamed to ſee a Man in her Chamber, where yet none had ever been alone, and by Night too. He ſaw her Fear,

Fear, and felt her Trembling, and after a thouſand Sighs of Love had made way for Speech, he beſought her to fear nothing from him; for his Flame was too ſacred, and his Paſſion too holy to offer any thing, but what Honour with Love might afford him. At laſt he brought her to ſome Courage, and the Roſes of her fair Cheeks aſſumed their wonted Colour, not bluſhing too Red, nor languiſhing too Pale. But when the Converſation began between them, it was the ſofteſt in the World: They ſaid all that parting Lovers could ſay, all that Wit and Tenderneſs could expreſs: They exchanged their Vows a new, and to confirm his, he tied a Bracelet of Diamonds about her Arm; and ſhe returned him one of her Hair, which he had long begged, and ſhe had on purpoſe made, which claſped together with Diamonds; this ſhe put about his Arm, and he ſwore to carry it to his Grave. The Night was very far ſpent in tender Vows, ſoft Sighs and Tears on both ſides; and it was high time to part; but as if Death had been to have arrived to them in that Minute, they both linger'd away the time, like Lovers who had forgot themſelves; and Day was near approaching when he bid farewel; which he repeated very often, for ſtill he was interrupted by ſome commanding Softneſs from *Atlante*, and then loſt all his Power of going; till ſhe, more couragious and careful of his Intereſt, and her own Fame, forc'd him from her, and it was happy ſhe did ſo; for he was no ſooner got over the Balcony, and ſhe had flung him down his Rope, and ſhut the Door, but *Vernole*, whom Love and Contrivance kept waking, fancied ſeveral times he heard a noiſe in *Atlante*'s Chamber. And whether in paſſing over the Balcony, *Rinaldo* made any noiſe or not, or whether it were ſtill his jealous Fancy, he came up in his Night-Gown, with a Piſtol in his Hand. *Atlante* was not ſo much loſt in Grief, though ſhe were all in Tears,

but

but ſhe heard a Man come up, and imagined it had been her Father, ſhe not knowing of Count *Vernole*'s lying in the Houſe that Night; if ſhe had, ſhe poſſibly had taken more care to have been ſilent: But whoever it was, ſhe could not get to Bed ſoon enough, and therefore turned her ſelf to her dreſſing Table, where the Candle ſtood, and where lay a Book open of the Story of *Ariadne* and *Theſias*. The Count turning the Latch, entered halting into her Chamber, in his Night-Gown clapped cloſe about him, which betrayed an ill-favoured Shape, his Night-cap on, without a Perriwig, which diſcovered all his lean withered Jaws, his Face pale, and his Eyes ſtaring, and making altogether ſo dreadful a Figure, that *Atlante*, who no more dreamt of him than of a Devil, had poſſibly have rather ſeen the laſt. She gave a great Shriek, which frightned *Vernole*; ſo both ſtood for a while ſtaring on each other, till both we recollected: He told her, the care of her Honour had brought him thither; and then rolling his ſmall Eyes round the Chamber, to ſee if he could diſcover any Body; he proceeded and cried, Madam, if I had no other motive than your being up at this time of Night, or rather of Day, I could eaſily gueſs how you have been entertained. What Inſolence is this, ſaid ſhe, all in a Rage, when to cover your Boldneſs of approaching my Chamber at this Hour, you would queſtion how I have been entertained; either explain your ſelf, or quit my Chamber; for I do not uſe to ſee ſuch terrible Objects here. Poſſibly thoſe you do ſee, ſaid the Count, are indeed more agreeable, but I am afraid have not that regard to your Honour as I have. And at that Word he ſtepped to the Balcony, opened it, and looked out, but ſeeing no Body, he ſhut it too again. This enraged *Atlante* beyond all Patience; and ſnatching the Piſtol out of his Hand, ſhe told him, he deſerved to have it aimed at his Head, for having

having the impudence to queſtion her Honour, or her Conduct, and commanded him to avoid her Chamber as he loved his Life; which ſhe believed he was fonder of than of her Honour; She ſpeaking this in a Tone wholly tranſported with Rage; and at the ſame time holding the Piſtol towards him, made him tremble with Fear, and he now found whether ſhe were guilty or not, it was his turn to beg pardon: For you muſt know however it came to paſs, that his Jealouſie made him come up in that fierce Poſture, at other times *Vernole* was the moſt tame and paſſive Man in the World; and one who was afraid of his own Shadow in the Night: He had a natural averſion for danger, and thought it below a Man of Wit or common Senſe, to be guilty of that brutal thing called Courage or Fighting; his *Philoſophy* told him, it was ſafe ſleeping in a whole Skin, and poſſibly he apprehended as much Danger from this *Virago*, as ever he did from his own Sex, he therefore fell on his Knees, and beſought her to hold her fair Hand, and not to ſuffer that, which was the greateſt mark of his Reſpect to be the cauſe of her Hate or Indignation. The pitiful Faces he made, and the ſigns of mortal fear in him, had almoſt made her Laugh, at leaſt it allayed her Anger, and ſhe bid him riſe and play the Fool hereafter ſomewhere-elſe, and not in her preſence, yet for once ſhe would deign to give him this Satisfaction, that ſhe was got into a Book, which had many moving Stories very well writ, and that ſhe found her ſelf ſo well entertained, ſhe had forgot how the Night paſſed. He moſt humbly thanked her for this Satisfaction, and retired, perhaps not ſo well ſatisfied as he pretended.

After this he appeared more ſubmiſſive and reſpectful towards *Alante*, and ſhe carried her ſelf more reſerved and haughty towards him, which

was one Reaſon he would not yet diſcover his Paſſion.

Thus the time ran on at *Orleance*, while *Rinaldo* found himſelf daily languiſhing at *Paris*. He was indeed in the beſt Academy in the City, amongſt a number of brave and noble Youths; where all things that could accompliſh them, was to be learnt by thoſe that had any Genius. But *Rinaldo* had other Thoughts and other Buſineſs; his time was wholly paſt in the moſt ſolitary parts of the Garden, by the Melancholy Fountains, and in the moſt gloomy Shades, where he could with moſt Liberty breath out his Paſſion and his Griefs. He was paſt the Tutorage of a Boy; and his Maſters could not upbraid him, but found he had ſome ſecret cauſe of Grief, which made him not mind theſe Exerciſes, which were the delight of the reſt; ſo that nothing being able to divert his Melancholly, which daily increaſed upon him: He fear'd it would bring him into a Fever, if he did not give himſelf the ſatisfaction of ſeeing *Atlante*. He had no ſooner thought of this, but he was impatient to put it into Execution; he reſolves to go (having very good Horſes) without acquainting any of his Servants with it. He got a very handſom and light Ladder of Ropes made, which he carried under his Goat, and away he rid for *Orleance*, ſtay'd at a little Village till the darkneſs of the Night might favour his Deſign: And then walking about *Atlante*'s Lodgings, till he ſaw a Light in her Chamber; and then making that noiſe on his Sword, as was agreed between them. He was heard by his adorable *Atlante*, and ſuffered to mount her Chamber; where he would ſtay till almoſt break of day, and then return to the Village, and take Horſe and away for *Paris* again. This once in a Month was his Exerciſe, without which he could not live, ſo that his whole Year was paſt in riding between

Or-

Orleance and *Paris*, between exceſs of Grief and exceſs of Joy by turns.

It was now that *Atlante* arrived to her fifteenth Year, ſhon out with a Luſtre of Beauty greater than ever; and in this Year of the abſence of *Rinaldo*, had carried her ſelf with that ſeverity of Life, without the youthful deſire of going abroad, or deſiring any Diverſion, but what ſhe found in her own retired Thoughts: that *Vernole*, wholly unable longer to conceal his Paſhon, reſolved to make a Publication of it, firſt to the Father, and then to the lovely Daughter, of whom he had ſome hope, becauſe ſhe had carried her ſelf very well towards him for this Year paſt; which ſhe would never have done, if ſhe had imagined he would ever have been her Lover: She had ſeen no Signs of any ſuch Misfortune towards her in theſe many Years he had converſed with her, and ſhe had to cauſe to fear him. When one Day her Father taking her into the Garden, told her what Honour and Happineſs was in ſtore for her, and that now the Glory of his fallen Family would riſe again, ſince ſhe had a Lover of an illuſtrious Blood, allied to Monarchs, and one whoſe Fortune was newly encreas'd to a very conſiderable degree, anſwerable to his Birth. She changed colour at this Diſcourſe, imagining but too well, who this illuſtrious Lover was: when *De Pays* proceeded and told her, Indeed his Perſon was not the moſt agreeable that ever was ſeen, but he married her to Glory and Fortune, not the Man; and a Woman, ſays he, ought to look no farther.

She needed not any more to inform her who this intended Husband was, and therefore burſting forth into Tears, ſhe throws her ſelf at his Feet, imploring him not to uſe the Authority of a Father, to force her to a thing ſo contrary to her In-

clinations; aſſuring ſhe could not conſent to any ſuch thing, and that ſhe would rather die than yield: She urged many Arguments for this her Diſobedience. But none would paſs for current with the old Gentleman, whoſe Pride had flattered him with hopes of ſo conſiderable a Son-in-Law: he was very much ſurprized at *Atlante*'s refuſing what he believed ſhe would receive with Joy; and finding that no Arguments on his ſide could draw hers to an obedient conſent, he grew to ſuch a Rage as very rarely poſſeſt him, vowing if ſhe did not conform her Will to his, he would abandon her to all the cruelty of Contempt and Poverty, ſo that at laſt ſhe was forced to return him this Anſwer, that ſhe would ſtrive all ſhe could with her Heart, but ſhe verily believed ſhe ſhould never bring it to conſent to a Marriage with Monſieur the Count. The Father continued threatning her, and gave her ſome Days to conſider of it: So leaving her in Tears he returned to his Chamber, to conſider what anſwer he ſhould give Count *Vernole*, whom he knew would be impatient to learn what Succeſs he had, and what himſelf was to hope, *De Pays*, after ſome conſideration, reſolved to tell him, ſhe received the offer, very well; but that he muſt expect a little Maiden nicety in the Caſe, and accordingly did tell him ſo; and he was not at all doubtful of his good Fortune.

But *Atlante*, who reſolved to die a thouſand Deaths rather than break her ſolemn Vows to *Rinaldo*, or to marry the Count, caſt about how ſhe ſhould avoid it with the leaſt hazard of her Father's Rage. She found *Rinaldo* the better and more advantagious Match of the two, could they but get his Father's Conſent: He was beautiful and young: His Title was equal to that of *Vernole*, when his Father ſhould die; and his Eſtate exceed-

ed

ed his; yet ſhe dares not make a Diſcovery, for fear ſhe ſhould injure her Lover, who at this time, though ſhe knew it not, lay ſick of a Fever, while ſhe was wondering that he came not as he uſed to do: However ſhe reſolves to ſend him a Letter, and acquaint him with the Misfortune which ſhe did in theſe Terms.

Atlante to *Rinaldo.*

MY Father's Authority would force me to violate my ſacred Vows to you, and give them to the Count Vernole, *whom I mortally hate, yet could wiſh him the greateſt Monarch in the World, that I might ſhow you I could even then deſpiſe him for your ſake. My Father is already too much inraged by my denial to hear Reaſon from me, if I ſhould confeſs to him my Vows to you: So that I ſee nothing but a proſpect of Death before me; for aſſure your ſelf, my* Rinaldo, *I will die rather than conſent to marry any other: Therefore come, my* Rinaldo, *and come quickly, to ſee my Funerals, inſtead of thoſe Nuptials they vainly expect from*

Your Faithful

Atlante.

This Letter *Rinaldo* received; and there needed no more to make him fly to *Orleance*: This raiſed him ſoon from his Bed of Sickneſs, and getting immediately to hers, he arrived at his Father's

Houſe, who did not ſo much admire to ſee him, becauſe he heard he was ſick of a Fever and gave him leave to return if he pleas'd, he went directly to his Fathers Houſe, becauſe he knew ſomewhat of the buſineſs, he was reſolv'd to make his paſſion known as ſoon as he had ſeen *Atlante*, from whom he was to take all his meaſures, he therefore fail'd not, when all were in Bed to riſe and go from his Chamber, into the Street; where finding a light in *Atlante's* Chamber, for ſhe every Night expected him, he made the uſual ſign, and ſhe went into the Balcony, and he having no conveniency of mounting up into it, they diſcourſt, and ſaid all they had to ſay, from thence, ſhe tells him of the *Counts* paſſions, of her Fathers Reſolution and her own, which was rather to dye his than live any bodies elſe, and at laſt as their laſt refuge, they reſolv'd to diſcover the whole Matter, ſhe to her Father, and he to his, to ſee what Accommodation they could make, if not to dye together: They parted at this reſolve, for ſhe would premit him no longer to ſtay in the Street after ſuch a ſickneſs; ſo he went home to Bed but not to ſleep.

The next day at Dinner *Monſignore Bellyuard* believing his Son abſolutely cur'd by abſence of his paſſion, and ſpeaking of all the News of the Town, among the reſt, told him he was come in good time to Dance at the Wedding, of *Count Vernole* with *Atlante* the Match being agreed on; No Sir, reply'd *Rinaldo*, I ſhall never Dance at the Marriage of Count *Vernole* with *Atlante*, and you will ſee in *Monſieur De Pais* Houſe a Funeral ſooner then a Wedding, and thereupon he told his Father all his paſſion, for that lovely Maid: and aſſur'd him if he would not ſee him laid in his Grave, he muſt conſent to this Match; *Bellyuard* roſe in a fury, and told him he had rather

rather see him in the Grave then in the Arms of *Alante*, not continued he, so much for any dislike I have to they Young Lady, or the smallness of her Fortune, but because I have so long warn'd you from such a passion, and have with such care endeavour'd by your absence to prevent it he travest the Room very fast, still protesting against this Aliance, and I was deaf to all *Rinaldo* could say, on the other side, the day being come wherein *Alante* was to give her final Answer to her Father, concerning her Marriage with *Count Vernole*, she assum'd all the Courage and Resolution she could to withstand the Storm, that threaten'd a Denial; and her Father came to her, and demanding her Answer; she told him, she could not be the Wife of *Vernole*, since she was Wife to *Rinaldo*, only Son to *Bellyard*: if her Father stood before, he grew like a Man distracted at her Confession, and *Vernole* hearing them lowd, ran to the Chamber to learn the Cause, where just as he entred, he found *De Pays* Sword drawn and ready to kill his Daughter, who lay all in Tears at his Feet, he with-held his hand, and asking the cause of this Rage, he was told all that *Alante* had confest, which put *Vernole* quite beside all his Gravity, and made him discover the infirmity of Anger, which he us'd to say ought to be dissembl'd by all Wise Men, so that *De Pays* forgot his own to appease his, but 'twas in vain, for he went out of the House vowing Revenge on *Rinaldo*, and to that end being not very well assur'd of his own Courage, as I said before, and being of the Opinion that no Man ought to expose his Life to him, who has injur'd him; he hir'd *Swis* and *Spanish* Soldiers to attend him in the nature of Footmen, and watcht several Nights about *Bellyards* Door, and that of *De Pays*, believing he should sometime or other see him under the Win-

dow of *Atlante*, or prehaps mounting into it, for now he no longer doubted, but this happy Lover was he, whom he fancy'd he heard go from the Balcony that Night, he came up with his Piſtol, and being more a *Spaniard* than a *French* Man in his Nature, he reſolv'd to take him any way Ungarded or Unarmed if he came in his way.

Atlante who heard his threatnings, when he went from her in a rage, fear'd his Cowardiſe might put him on ſome baſe Action, to deprive *Rinaldo* of his Life, and therefore thought it not ſafe to ſuffer him to come to her by Night, as he had before done; but ſent him word in a Note that he ſhould forbear her Window, for *Vernole* had ſworn his Death; this Note came unſeen by his Father to his Hands; but this could not hinder him from coming to her Window, which he did as ſoon as it was dark, he came thither, only attended with his Vallet and two Footmen, for now he cared not who knew the Secret; he had no ſooner made the ſign, but he found himſelf incompaſs with *Vernoles* Bravoes; and himſelf ſtanding at a diſtance, cry'd out, that is he: with that they all drew on both ſides, and *Rinaldo* receiv'd a Wound in the Arm, *Atlante* heard this, and ran crying out that *Rinaldo* preſt by numbers would be kill'd. *De Pays* who was reading in his Cloſet, took his Sword, and ran out, and contrary to all expectation, ſeeing *Rinaldo* Fighting with his back to the Door, pull'd him into the Houſe, and fought himſelf with the Bravoes. Who being very much wounded by *Rinaldo*, gave ground and ſheer'd off: and *De Pays* putting up Old *Billo* into the Scabbard went into his Houſe, where he found *Rinaldo* almoſt Fainting with loſs of Blood, and *Atlante* with her Maids binding up his Wound, to whom *De Pays* ſaid, this Charity *Atlante* very well becomes you, and is what I

can

can allow you; and I could wiſh you had no other Motive for this Action: *Rinaldo* by degrees recovered of his Fainting, and as well as his weakneſs would permit him, he got up and made a low Reverence to *De Pays*, telling him, he had now a double Obligation to pay him all the reſpect in the World, firſt for his being the Father of *Atlante*, and ſecondly, for being the Preſerver of his Life, two tyes that ſhould eternally oblige him to Love and Honour him, as his own Parent! *De Pays* reply'd, he had done nothing but what common Humanity compelled him too: but if he would make good that reſpect he profeſt towards him, it muſt be in quitting all hopes of *Atlante*, whom he had deſtin'd to another, or to an eternal incloſure in a Monaſtery, he had another Daughter, whom if he would think worthy of his regard, he ſhould take his Aliance as a very great Honour, but his Word and Reputation, nay his Vows, were paſt to give *Atlante* to *Count Vernole*; *Rinaldo*, who before he ſpoke, took meaſure from *Atlantes* Eyes, which told him, her Heart was his; return'd this Anſwer to *De Pays*: that he was infinitely glad to find by the generoſity of his Offer, that he had no Averſion to his being his Son-in-Law, and that next to *Atlante*, the greateſt Happineſs he could wiſh would be, his receiving *Charlot* from his hands, but that he could not think of quitting *Atlante*, how neceſſary ſoever it would be for her Glory and his —— (the further) Repoſe: *De Pays* would not let him at this time, argue the Matter further ſeeing he was Ill, and had need of looking after, he therefore begg'd he would for his Healths ſake retire to his own Houſe, whither he himſelf Conducted him; and left him to the care of his Men, who were eſcap'd the Fray; and return'd to his own Chamber, he found *Atlante* retir'd, and ſo

he

he went to Bed full of Thoughts, this Night had increas'd his Eſteem for *Rinaldo*, and leſſon'd it for *Count Vernole*, but his Word and Honour being paſt, he could not break it, neither with ſafety nor honour; for he knew the haughty reſenting Nature of the *Count*, and he fear'd ſome danger might arrive to the brave *Rinaldo*, which troubled him very much, at laſt he reſolv'd, that neither might take any thing ill at his Hands, to looſe *Atlante*, and ſend her to the Monaſtery where her Siſter was, and compel her to be a Nun, this he thought would prevent miſchiefs on both ſides, and accordingly the next day (having in the Morning ſent word to the Lady *Abbeſs* what he would have done, he carries *Atlante* under pretence of viſiting her Siſter, which they often did) to the Monaſtery, where ſhe was no ſooner come, but ſhe was led into the incloſure, her Father he had rather Sacrifice her then ſhe ſhould be the cauſe of the Murther of two ſuch Noble Men as *Vernole* and *Rinaldo*.

The noiſe of *Atlantes* bing inclos'd was ſoon ſpread all over the buſie Town, and *Rinaldo* was not the laſt to whom the News arriv'd, he was for a few days confin'd to his Chamber, where when alone, he raved like a Man diſtracted, but his Wounds had ſo incenſed his Father againſt *Atlante*, that he ſwore he would ſee his Son dye of them rather then ſuffer him to Marry *Atlante*, and was extremly over-joyed to find ſhe was Condemned for ever to the Monaſtery, ſo that the Son thought it the wiſeſt Courſe, and the moſt for the advantage of his Love, to ſay nothing to contradict his Father, but being almoſt aſſured *Atlante* would neither conſent to be ſhut up in a Cloyſter and Abandon him, he flatter'd himſelf with hope, that he ſhould ſteal her from thence, and Marry her in ſpight of all oppoſition: this

he

he was impatient to put in practiſe he believed, if he were not permitted to ſee *Atlante*, he had ſtill a kind Advocate in *Charlot*, who was now arriv'd to her thirteenth Year, and infinitely advanc'd in Wit and Beauty. *Rinaldo* therefore often goes to the Monaſtery ſurrounding it, to ſee what poſſibility there was of accompliſhing his Deſign, if he could get her Conſent, he finds it not impoſſible, and goes to viſit *Charlot*, who had command not to ſee him or ſpeak to him; this was a Cruelty he lookt not for, and which gave him an unſpeakable trouble, and without her aid it was wholly impoſſible to give *Atlante* any account of his Deſign, in this perplexity he remain'd many days, in which he Languiſht almoſt to Death, he was diſtracted with thought, and continually hovering about the Nunnery-Walls, in hope at ſometime or other to ſee or hear from the lovely Maid, who alone could make his Happineſs, in theſe Traverſes he often met *Vernole*, who had liberty to ſee her when he pleas'd, if it happen'd that they chanc'd to meet in the day time, though *Vernole* were attended with an Equipage of Ruffins, and *Rinaldo* but only with a couple of Footman, he could perceive *Vernole* ſhun him, grew pale and almoſt tremble with fear ſometimes, and get to the other ſide of the Street, and if he did not, *Rinaldo* having a mortal hate to him, would often bear up cloſe to him, that he would joſtle him againſt the Wall, which *Vernole* would patiently put up and paſs on, ſo that he could never be provok'd to fight by day light, how ſollitary ſoever the place was where they met, but if they chanc'd to meet at night they were certain of a Skirmiſh, in which he would have no part himſelf, ſo that *Rinaldo* was often like to be aſſaſſinated, but ſtill came off with ſome ſlight Wound: this continued ſo long and made ſo great a noiſe in the Town, that the two

two Old Gentlewomen were mightily Alarm'd by it, and *Count Bellyuard* came to *De Pays* one day to diſcourſe with him of this Affair, and *Bellyuard* for the preſervation of his Son, was almoſt conſenting, ſince there was no Remedy, that he ſhould Marry *Atlante*: *De Pays* confeſt the Honour he proffer'd him, and how troubled, he was, that his word was already paſt to his Friend the *Count Vernole*, whom he ſaid ſhe ſhould Marry or remain for ever a Nun, but if *Rinaldo* could diſplace his Love from *Atlante*, and place it on *Charlot*, ſhe ſhould gladly conſent to the Match: *Bellyuard* who would now do any thing for the repoſe of his Son, tho he believ'd this exchange would not paſs, yet reſolv'd to propoſe it, ſince by Marrying him, he took him out of the Danger of *Vernole's* Aſſaſſinates, who wou'd never leave him till they had diſpatcht him, ſhould he marry *Atlante*.

While *Rinaldo* was contriving a thouſand ways to come to ſpeak to, or ſend Billets to, *Atlante*, none of which would ſucceed without the Aid of *Charlot*, his Father came and propoſed this Agreement between *De Pais* and himſelf, to his Son. At firſt *Rinaldo* received it with chang'd Countenance, and a Breaking Heart; but ſwiftly turning from Thought to Thought, he conceiv'd this the only way to come at *Charlot*, and ſo conſequently at *Atlante*, he therefore after ſome diſſembl'd regret conſents, with a ſad put-on-Look: and *Charlot* has notice given her to ſee and entertain *Rinaldo*; as yet they had not told her the Reaſon, which her Father would tell her, when he came to viſit her, he ſaid, *Rinaldo* overjoy'd at this Contrivance, and his own Diſſimulation, goes to the *Monaſtery*, viſits *Charlot*, where he ought to have ſaid ſomething of this Propoſition, but wholly bent upon other Thoughts, he ſolicits her to convey

ſome

ſome Letters and Preſents to *Atlante*, which ſhe readily did, to the unſpeakable Joy of the poor Diſtreſt. Sometimes he would talk to *Charlot* of her own Affairs, asking her, if she reſolved to become a *Nun:* To which she would ſigh, and ſay, if she muſt, it would be extreamly againſt her Inclinations; and, if it pleaſed her Father, she had rather begin the World with any tolerable Match.

Things paſt thus for ſome Days, in which our Lovers were happy, and *Vernole* aſſured he ſhould have *Atlante.* But at laſt *De Pais* came to viſit *Charlot*, who asked her if ſhe had ſeen *Rinaldo*, she anſwered, she had: And how does he entertain you, reply'd *De Pais*? Have you received him as a Husband? and has he behaved himſelf like one? At this a ſudden Joy ſeized the Heart of *Charlot*; and loath to confeſs what she had done for him to her Siſter, she hung down her blushing Face to ſtudy for an Anſwer. *De Pais* continued, and told her the Agreement between *Bellyuard* and him, for the ſaving of Blood-ſhed, She who bleſt the Cauſe, whatever it was, having always a very great Friendſhip and Tenderneſs for *Rinaldo*, gave her Father a thouſand Thanks for his care, and aſſured him, ſince she was commanded by him, she would receive him as her Husband. And the next Day, when *Rinaldo* came to viſit her, as he uſed to do, and bringing a Letter with him, wherein he propoſed the ſight of *Atlante*: He found a Coldneſs in *Charlot*, as ſoon as he told her his Deſign, and deſired her to carry the Letter. He asked the reaſon of this change: She tells him she was informed of the Agreement between their two Fathers, and that she lookt upon her ſelf as his Wife, and would act no more as a Confident, that she had ever a violent Inclination of Friendſhip for him, which she would ſoon improve into ſomething more ſoft.

He

He could not deny the Agreement, nor his Promiſe; but it was in vain to tell her, he did it only to get a Correſpondence with *Atlante*; ſhe is obſtinate, and he as preſſing with all the Tenderneſs of Perſwaſion: He Vows he can never be any but *Atlante*'s, and ſhe may ſee him die, but never break his Vows. She urges her Claim in vain, ſo that at laſt ſhe was overcome, and promiſed ſhe would carry the Letter, which was to have her make her eſcape that Night. He waits at the Grate for her Anſwer, and *Charlot* returns with one that pleaſed him very well, that was, that Night her Siſter would make her eſcape, and that he muſt ſtand in ſuch a place of the *Nunnery* Wall, and ſhe would come out to him. After this ſhe upbraids him with his falſe Promiſe to her, and of her Goodneſs to ſerve him after ſuch a Diſappointment. He receives her Reproaches with a thouſand Sighs, and bemoans his Misfortune in not being capable of more than Friendſhip for her, and vows, that next *Atlante*, he eſteems her of all Womenkind. She ſeems to be obliged by this, and aſſured him, ſhe would haſten the Flight of *Atlante*; and taking leave, he went home to order a Coach, and ſome Sevants to aſſiſt him.

In the mean time Count *Vernole* came to viſit *Atlante*; but ſhe refuſed to be ſeen by him: And all he could do there that Afternoon was entertaining *Charlot* at the Grate, to whom he ſpoke a great many fine things, both of her improved Beauty and Wit; and how happy *Rinaldo* would be in ſo fair a Bride, ſhe received this with all the Civility that was due to his Quality; and their Diſcourſe being at an end, he took his leave, it being towards the Evening.

Rinaldo, wholly impatient, came betimes to the corner of the dead wall, where he was appointed to ſtand, having ordered his Footmen and Coach to come

come to him as ſoon as it was dark, while he was there walking up and down, *Vernole* came by the end of the Wall to go home, and looking about, he ſaw at the other end *Rinaldo* walking, whoſe Back was towards him, but he knew him well, And though he feared and dreaded his Buneſs there, he durſt not encounter him, they being both attended but by one Footman a piece. But *Vernole*'s Jealouſie and Indignation was ſo high, that he reſolved to fetch his *Bravoes* to his Aid, and come and aſſault him; for he knew he waited there for ſome *Meſſage* from *Atlante*.

In the mean time it grew dark, and *Rinaldo*'s Coach came with another Footman; which were hardly arrived, when *Vernole* with his aſſiſtance came to the Corner of the Wall, and ſcreening themſelves a little behind it, near to the place where *Rinaldo* ſtood, who waited now cloſe to a little Door, out of which the Gardiners uſed to throw the Weeds and Dirt. *Vernole* could perceive anon the Door to open, and a Woman come out of it, calling *Rinaldo* by his name; who ſtept up to her, and caught her in his Arms, with ſigns of infinite joy. *Vernole* being now all rage, cryed to his *Aſſaſſinate*, fall on and kill the Raviſher, and immediately they all fell on; *Rinaldo*, who had only his two Footmen on his ſide, he was forced to let go the Lady, who would have run into the Garden again, but the Door fell too and lockt; ſo that while *Rinaldo* was fighting, and beaten back by the *Bravoes*, one of which he laid dead at his Feet, *Vernole* came up to the frighted Lady, and taking her by the Hand, cryed, come, my fair Fugitive, you muſt along with me. She, wholly ſcared out of her Senſes, was willing to go any where out of the Terror ſhe heard ſo near her, and without Reply, gave her ſelf into his Hand; who carried her directly to her Father's Houſe, where ſhe was no ſooner

com-

ſome, but he told her Father all that had paſt, and how ſhe was running away with *Rinaldo*, but that his good Fortune brought him juſt in the lucky Minute. Her Father turning to reproach her, found by the Light of a Candle, that this was *Charlot* and not *Atlante*, whom *Vernole* had brought home, at which *Vernole* was extreamly aſtoniſht. Her Father demanded of her, why ſhe was running away with a Man, who was deſigned her by conſent. Yes, ſaid *Charlot*, you had his conſent, Sir, and that of his Father, but I was far from getting it; I found he reſolved to die rather than quit *Atlante*; and promiſing him my Aſſiſtance in his Amour, ſince he could never be mine, he got me to carry a Letter to *Atlante*, which was to deſire her to fly away with him. Inſtead of carrying her this Letter, I told her he was deſigned for me, and had cancelled all his Vows to her: She ſwooned at this News; and being recovered a little, I left her in the Hands of the *Nuns* to perſwade her to live; which ſhe reſolves not to do without *Rinaldo*. Though they preſs'd me, yet I reſolved to purſue my Deſign, which was to tell *Rinaldo*, ſhe would obey his kind Summons. He waited for her; but I put my ſelf into his Hands in lieu of *Atlante*, and had not the Count received me, we had been married by this time, by ſome falſe Light that could not have diſcovered me: But I am ſatisfied if I had, he would never have lived with me longer than the Cheat had been undiſcovered, for I find them both reſolved to die, rather than change; and for my part, Sir, I was not ſo much in love with *Rinaldo*, as I was out of love with a Nunnery; and took any opportunity to quit a Life abſolutely contrary to my Humour. She ſpoke this with a Gayety ſo brisk, and an Air ſo agreeable, that *Venole* found it toucht his Heart; and the rather becauſe he found *Atlante* would never be his;

LOVE-LETTERS
BY
Mrs. A. Behn.

LETTER I.

YOU bid me write, and I wiſh it were only the Effects of Complaiſance that makes me obey you; I ſhould be very angry with my ſelf, and you, if I thought it were any other Motive: I hope it is not, and will not have you believe otherwiſe. I cannot help however wiſhing you no Mirth, nor any Content in your Dancing-Deſign; and this unwonted Malice in me I do not like, and wou'd have conceal'd it if I cou'd, leaſt you ſhou'd take it for ſomething which I am nor will believe my ſelf guilty of. May your Women be all Ugly, Ill-natur'd, Ill-dreſs'd, Ill-faſhion'd, and Unconverſable; and, for your greater Diſappointment, may every Moment of your Time there be taken up with Thoughts of me, (a ſufficient Curſe;)

and yet you will be better entertain'd than me, who poſſibly am, and ſhall be, uneaſie with Thoughts not ſo good. Perhaps you had eas'd me of ſome Trouble, if you had let me ſeen, or known you had been Well: but theſe are Favours for better Friends; and I'll endeavour not to reſent the Loſs, or rather the Miſs of 'em. It may be, ſince I have ſo eaſily granted this Deſire of yours, in writing to you, you will fear you have pull'd a Trouble on——— but do not: I do by this ſend for you——— You know what you gave your Hand upon; the Date of Baniſhment is already out, and I cou'd have wiſh'd you had been ſo Good-natur'd as to have diſobey'd me. Pray take notice therefore I am better Natur'd than you: I am profoundly Melancholy ſince I ſaw you; I know not why, and ſhou'd be glad to ſee you when your Occaſions will permit you to viſit

Aſtrea.

LETTER

LETTER II.

YOU may tell me a Thouſand Years, my dear *Lycidas*, of your unbounded Friendſhip; but after ſo unkind a Departure as that laſt Night, give me leave (when ſerious) to doubt it; nay, 'tis paſt doubt: I know you rather hate me; What elſe could hurry you from me, when you ſaw me ſurrounded with all the neceſſary Impoſſibilities of ſpeaking to you? I made as broad Signs as one could do, who durſt not ſpeak, both for your ſake and my own; I acted even imprudently to make my Soul be underſtood, that was then (if I may ſay ſo) in real Agonies for your Departure. 'Tis a wonder a Woman, ſo violent in all her Paſſions as I, did not (forgetting all Prudence, all Conſiderations) fly out into abſolute Commands, or at leaſt Intreaties, that you would give me a Moment's time longer. I burſt to ſpeak with you, to know a Thouſand Things; but particularly, how you came to be ſo barbarous, as to carry away all that cou'd make my Satisfaction: You carry'd away my Letter, and you carry'd away *Lycidas*; I will not call him mine, becauſe he has ſo unkindly taken himſelf back. 'Twas with that Deſign you came; for I ſaw all Night with what reluctancy you ſpoke, how coldly you entertain'd me, and with what pain and uneaſineſs you gave me the only Converſation I value in the World. I am aſham'd to tell you this: I know

your peeviſh Vertue will miſinterpret me: But take it how you will, think of it as you pleaſe; I am undone, and will be free; I will tell you, you did not uſe me well: I am ruin'd, and will rail at you —— Come then, I conjure you, this Evening, that after it I may ſhut thoſe Eyes that have been too long waking. I have committed a Thouſand Madneſſes in this; but you muſt pardon the Faults you have created. Come and do ſo; for I muſt ſee you to Night, and that in a better Humour than you were laſt Night. No more; obey me as you have that Friendſhip for me you profeſs; and aſſure your ſelf, to find a very welcome Reception from,

Lyſſidas,

Your

Aſtrea.

LETTER III.

WHEN ſhall we underſtand one another? for I thought, dear *Lycidas*, you had been a Man of your Parole: I will as ſoon believe you will forget me, as that you have not remember'd the Promiſe you made me. Confeſs you are the teazingſt Creature in the World, rather than ſuffer me to think you neglect me, or wou'd put a ſlight upon me, that have choſen you from all the whole Creation, to give my entire Eſteem to. This I had aſ-

ſur'd

ſur'd you Yeſterday, but that I dreaded the Effects of your Cenſure to Day; and though I ſcorn to guard my Tongue, as hoping 'twill never offend willingly, yet I can, with much adoe, hold it, when I have a great mind to ſay a Thouſand Things, I know will be taken in an ill ſenſe. Poſſibly you will wonder what compells me to write, what moves me to ſend where I find ſo little Welcome; nay, where I meet with ſuch Returns, it may be I wonder too. You ſay I am chang'd: I had rather almoſt juſtifie an Ill, than Repent, maintain falſe Arguments, than yield I am i'th' Wrong. In fine, Charming Friend *Lycidas*, whatever I was ſince you knew me, believe I am ſtill the ſame in Soul and Thought; but that is, what ſhall neverhurt you, what ſhall never be but to ſerve you, Why then did you ſay, you wou'd not ſit near me? Was that, my Friend, was that the Eſteem you profeſs? Who grows cold firſt? Who is chang'd? and Who the Agreſſor? 'Tis I was firſt in Friendſhip, and ſhall be laſt in Conſtancy: You, by Inclination, and not for want of Friends, have I plac'd higheſt in my Eſteem; and for that Reaſon your Converſation is the moſt acceptable and agreeable of any in the World — and for this Reaſon you ſhun mine. Take your Courſe; be a Friend like a Foe, and continue to impoſe upon me, that you eſteem me when you flie me: Renounce your falſe Friendſhip, or let me ſee you give it entire to

Aſtrea.

LETTER IV.

I Had rather, dear *Lycidas*, ſet my ſelf to write to any Man on Earth than you, for I fear your ſevere Prudence and Diſcretion, ſo nice, may make an ill Judgment of what I ſay: Yet you bid me not diſſemble; and you need not have caution'd me, who ſo naturally hate thoſe little Arts of my Sex, that I often run on freedoms, that may well enough bear a Cenſure from People ſo ſcrupulous as *Lycidas*. Nor dare I follow all my Inclinations neither, nor tell all the little Secrets of my Soul: Why I write them, I can give no account; 'tis but fooling my ſelf, perhaps, into an Undoing. I do but (by this ſoft Entertainment) rook in my Heart, like a young Gameſter, to make it venture its laſt Stake: This, I ſay, may be the Danger; I may come off unhurt, but cannot be a *Winner*: Why then ſhou'd I throw an uncertain Caſt, where I hazard all, and you nothing? Your ſtanch Prudence is Proof againſt Love, and all the the Bank's on my ſide: You are ſo unreaſonable, you wou'd have me pay where I have contracted no Debt; you wou'd have me give, and you, like a Miſer, wou'd diſtribute nothing. Greedy *Lycidas*! Unconſcionable! and Ungenerous! You wou'd not be in Love for all the World, yet wiſh I were ſo, Uncharitable!—— Wou'd my Fever cure you? Or a Curſe on me make you Bleſs'd? Say *Lycidas*, Will it? I have heard, when two Souls kindly meet, 'tis a

yaſt

vaſt Pleaſure, as vaſt as the Curſe muſt be, when Kindneſs is not equal; and why ſhould you believe that neceſſary for me, that will be ſo very incommode for you? Will you, dear *Lycidas*, allow then, that you have leſs Good-nature then I? Pray be juſt, till you can give ſuch Proofs of the contrary, as I ſhall be Judge of; or give me a Reaſon for your Ill-nature. So much for Loving.

Now, as you are my Friend, I conjure you to conſider what Reſolution I took up, when I ſaw you laſt, (which methinks is a long time) of ſeeing no Man till I ſaw your Face again; and when you remember that, you will poſſibly be ſo kind as to make what haſt you can to ſee me again: Till then, have Thoughts as much in favour of me as you can; for when you know me better, you will believe I merit all. May you be impatient and uneaſie till you ſee me again; and bating that, may all the Bleſſings of Heaven and Earth light on you, is the continued Prayers of,

Dear *Lycidas*,

Your True

Aſtrea.

LETTER V.

THough it be very late, I cannot go to Bed; but I muſt tell thee, I have been very Good ever ſince I ſaw thee, and have been a writing, and have ſeen no Face of Man, or other Body, ſave my own People. I am mightily pleas'd with your Kindneſs to me to Night; and 'twas, I hope, and believe, very innocent, and undiſturbing on both ſides. My *Lycidas* ſays, He can be ſoft and dear when he pleaſe, to put off his haughty Pride, which is only aſſum'd to ſee how far I dare love him ununited. Since then my Soul's Delight you are, and may ever be aſſur'd I am, and ever will be yours, befal me what will; and that all the Devils of Hell ſhall not prevail againſt thee: Shew then, I ſay, my deareſt Love, thy native ſweet Temper: Shew me all the Love thou haſt undiſſembl'd; then, and never till then, ſhall I believe you love; and deſerve my Heart, for God's ſake, to keep me well: and if thou haſt love (as I ſhall never doubt, if thou art always as to Night) ſhew that Love, I beſeech thee; there being nothing ſo grateful to God, and Mankind, as Plain-dealing. 'Tis too late to conjure thee farther: I will be purchas'd with Softneſs, and dear Words, and kind Expreſſions, ſweet Eyes, and a low Voice.

Farewel,

Farewel; I love thee dearly, paſſionately, and tenderly, and am reſolv'd to be eternally,

My only dear Delight, and

Joy of my Life, thy

Aſtrea.

LETTER VI.

SInce you, my deareſt *Lycidas*, have preſcrib'd me Laws and Rules, how I ſhall behave my ſelf to pleaſe and gain you; and that one of theſe is not Lying or Diſſembling; and that I had to Night promis'd you ſhou'd never have a tedious Letter from me more, I will begin to keep my Word, and ſtint my Heart and Hand. I promis'd tho' to write; and tho' I have no great Matter to ſay more, than the Aſſurance of my Eternal Love to you, yet to obey you, and not only ſo, but to oblige my own impatient Heart, I muſt, late as 'tis, ſay ſomething to thee.

I ſtay'd

I ſtay'd after thee to Night, till I had read a whole Act of my new Play too; and then he led me over all the way, ſaying, Gad you were the Man: And beginning ſome rallying Love-diſcourſe after Supper, which he fancy'd was not ſo well receiv'd as it ought, he ſaid you were not handſome, and call'd *Philly* to own it; but he did not, but was of my ſide, and ſaid you were handſome: So he went on a while, and all ended that concern'd you. And this, upon my Word, is all.

Your Articles I have read over, and do not like 'em; you have broke one, even before you have ſworn or ſeal'd 'em; that is, they are writ with Reſerves. I muſt have a better Account of your Heart to Morrow, when you come. I grow deſperate fond of you, and wou'd fain be us'd well; if not, I will march off: But I will believe you mean to keep your Word, as I will for ever do mine. Pray make haſt to ſee me to Morrow; and if I am not at home when you come, ſend for me over the way, where I have ingaged to Dine, there being an Entertainment on purpoſe to Morrow for me.

For God's ſake make no more Niceties and Scruples than need, in your way of living with me; that is, do not make me believe this diſtance is to eaſe you, when indeed 'tis meant to eaſe us both of Love; and, for God's ſake, do not misinterpret my Exceſs of Fondneſs; and if I forget my ſelf, let the Check you give be ſufficient

ſufficient to make me deſiſt. Believe me, dear Creature, 'tis more out of Humour and Jeſt, than any Inclination on my ſide; for I could ſit eternally with you, without that part of diſturbance: Fear me not, for you are (from that) as ſafe as in Heaven it ſelf. Believe me, dear *Lycidas*, this Truth, and truſt me. 'Tis late, Farewel; and come, for God's ſake, betimes to Morrow, and put off your fooliſh Fear and Niceties, and do not ſhame me with your perpetual ill Opinion; my Nature is proud and inſolent, and cannot bear it: I will be uſed ſomething better, in ſpight of all your Apprehenſions falſly grounded. Adieu, keep me as I am ever yours.

Aſtrea.

By this Letter, one would think I were the Niceſt thing on Earth; yet I know a dear Friend goes far beyond me in that unneceſſary Fault.

LETTER VII.

My Charming Unkind,

I Wou'd have gag'd my Life you cou'd not have left me ſo coldly, ſo unconcern'd as you did; but you are reſolv'd to give me Proofs of your No Love: Your Counſel, which was was given you to Night, has wrought the Effects which it uſually do's in Hearts like yours.

Tell

Tell me no more you love me; for 'twill be hard to make me think it, tho' it be the only Bleſſing I ask on Earth: But if Love can merit a Heart, I know who ought to claim yours. My Soul is ready to burſt with Pride and Indignation; and at the ſame time, Love, with all his Softneſs aſſails me, and will make me write: ſo that, between one and the other, I can expreſs neither as I ought. What ſhall I do to make you know I do not uſe to condeſcend to ſo much Submiſſion, nor to tell my Heart ſo freely? Though you think it Uſe, methinks, I find my Heart ſwell with Diſdain at this Minute, for my being ready to make Aſſeverations of the contrary, and to aſſure you I do not, nor never did, love, or talk at the rate I do to you, ſince I was born: I ſay, I would ſwear this, but ſomething rouls up my Boſome, and checks my very Thoughts as it riſes. You ought, Oh Faithleſs, and infinitely Adorable *Lycidas!* to know and gueſs my Tenderneſs; you ought to ſee it grow, and daily increaſe upon your Hands: If it be troubleſome, 'tis becauſe I fancy you leſſen, whilſt I encreaſe, in Paſſion; or rather, that by your ill Judgment of mine, you never had any in your Soul for me. Oh unlucky, oh vexatious Thought! Either let me never ſee that Charming Face, or eaſe my Soul of ſo tormenting an Agony, as the cruel Thought of not being belov'd. Why, my Lovely Dear, ſhould I flatter you? or, Why make more Words of my Tenderneſs, than another Woman, that loves as well, wou'd do, as once you ſaid? No, you ought rather to believe that I ſay more, becauſe I have more than

any

any Woman can be capable of: My Soul is form'd of no other Material than Love; and all that Soul of Love was form'd for my dear, faithleſs *Lycidas*—— Methinks I have a Fancy, that ſomething will prevent my going to Morrow Morning: However, I conjure thee, if poſſible, to come to Morrow about Seven or Eight at Night, that I may tell you in what a deplorable Condition you left me to Night. I cannot deſcribe it; but I feel it, and wiſh you the ſame Pain, for going ſo inhumanely: But, oh! you went to Joys, and left me to Torments! You went to Love alone, and left me Love and Rage, Fevers and Calentures, even Madneſs it ſelf! Indeed, indeed, my Soul! I know not to what degree I love you; let it ſuffice I do moſt paſſionately, and can have no Thoughts of any other Man, whilſt I have Life. No! Reproach me, Defame me, Lampoon me, Curſe me, and Kill me, when I do, and let Heaven do ſo too.

Farewel—— I love you more and more every Moment of my Life—— Know it, and Goodnight. Come to Morrow, being *Wedneſday*, to, my Adorable *Lycidas*, your

Aſtrea.

LETTER VIII.

WHy, my deareſt Charmer, do you diſturb that Repoſe I had reſolved to purſue, by taking it unkindly that I did not write? I cannot diſobey

diſobey you, becauſe indeed I wou'd not, tho' 'twere better much for both I had been for ever ſilent; I propheſie ſo, but at the ſame time cannot help my Fate, and know not what force or credit there is in the Vertue we both profeſs; but I am ſure 'tis not good to tempt it: I think I am ſure, and I think my *Lycidas* juſt; But, oh! to what purpoſe is all this fooling? You have often wiſely conſidered it; but I never ſtay'd to think till 'twas too late; and whatever Reſolutions I make in the abſence of my lovely Friend, one ſingle ſight turns me all Woman, and all his. Take notice then, my *Lycidas*, I will henceforth never be wiſe more; never make any Vows againſt my Inclinations, or the little-wing'd Deity. I do not only ſee 'tis all in vain, but I really believe they ſerve only to augment my Paſſion. I own I have neither the Coldneſs of *Lycidas*, nor the Prudence; I cannot either not Love, or have a Thouſand Arts of hiding it; I have no Body to fear, and therefore may have ſome Body to Love: But if you are deſtin'd to be he, the Lord have mercy on me; for I am ſure you'll have none. I expect a Reprimand for this plain Confeſſion; but I muſt juſtifie it, and I will, becauſe I cannot help it: I was born to Ill Luck; and this Loſs of my Heart is, poſſible, not the leaſt part on't. Do not let me ſee you diſapprove it, I may one Day grow aſham'd on't, and reclaime, but never, whilſt you blow the Flame, tho' perhaps againſt your Will. I expect now a very wiſe Anſwer; and, I believe, with abundance of Diſcretion, you will caution me to avoid this Danger that threatens. Do ſo, if you have a mind to make me launch

far-

farther into the main Sea of Love: Rather deal with me as with a right Woman; make me believe my ſelf infinitely belov'd. I may chance, from the natural Inconſtancy of my Sex, to be as falſe as you wou'd wiſh, and leave you in quiet: For as I am ſatisfi'd I love in vain, and without return, I am ſatisfi'd that nothing, but the thing that hates me, cou'd treat me as *Lycidas* do's; and 'tis only the vanity of being belov'd by me can make you countenance a ſoftneſs ſo diſpleaſing to you. How cou'd any thing, but the Man that hates me, entertain me ſo unkindly? witneſs your excellent Opinion of me, of Loving others; witneſs your paſſing by the end of the Street where I live, and ſquandring away your time at any Coffee-Houſe, rather than allow me what you know in your Soul is the greateſt Bleſſing of my Life, your dear *dull* melancholy Company; I call it dull, becauſe you can never be gay or merry where *Aſtrea* is. How cou'd this Indifference poſſeſs you, when your malicious Soul knew I was languiſhing for you? I dy'd, I fainted, and pin'd for an Hour of what you laviſh'd out, unregardleſs of me, and without ſo much as thinking on me! What can you ſay, that Judgment may not paſs? that you may not be condemn'd for the worſt-natur'd, incorrigible Thing in the World? Yield, and at leaſt ſay, My honeſt Friend *Aſtrea*, I neither do love thee, nor can, nor ever will; at leaſt let me ſay, you were generous, and told me plain blunt Truth: I know it; nay worſe, you impudently (but truly) told me your Buſineſs wou'd permit you to come every Night, but your Inclinations wou'd not: At leaſt this was honeſt, but very unkind, and not over civil. Do not you, my Amiable *Lycidas*, know

I wou'd

I wou'd purchaſe your ſight at any Rate; Why this Neglect then? Why keeping diſtance? *But as much as to ſay, Aſtrea, truly you will make me love you, you will make me fond of you; you will pleaſe and delight me with your Converſation, and I am a Fellow that do not deſire to be pleas'd, therefore be not ſo civil to me; for I do not deſire civil Company, nor Company that diverts me.* A pretty Speech this; and yet if I do obey, deſiſt being civil, and behave my ſelf very rudely, as I have done, you ſay, this two or three Days—— then, Oh, *Aſtrea!* where is your Profeſſion? where your Love ſo boaſted? your Good-nature, *&c.*? Why truly, my dear *Lycidas*, where it was, and ever will be, ſo long as you have invincible Charms, and ſhew your Eyes, and look ſo dearly; tho' you may, by your prudent Counſel, and your wiſe Conduct of Abſence, and marching by my Door without calling in, oblige me to ſtay my Hand, and hold my Tongue: I can conceal my Kindneſs, tho' not diſſemble one: I can make you think I am wiſe, if I liſt; but when I tell you I have Friendſhip, Love and Eſteem for you, you may pawn your Soul upon't: Believe 'tis true, and ſatisfie your ſelf you have, my dear *Lycidas*, in your *Aſtrea* all ſhe profeſſes. I ſhou'd be glad to ſee you as ſoon as poſſible (you ſay *Thurſday*) you can: I beg you will, and ſhall, with Impatience, expect you betimes. Fail me not, as you wou'd have me think you have any value for

Aſtrea.

I beg you will not fail to let me hear from you, to Day being *Wedneſday*, and ſee you at Night if you can.

FINIS.